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JUNE IN ST. PETERSBURG

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REMEMBER,' said the bosun, 'keep awake and mind what I told you. D' ye hear me, boy? The company won't stand sleeping on watch.'

'Neither will I,' vouchsafed the boy, who, although able to sleep in any imaginable posture, greatly preferred the supine one.

He was n't much of a boy even as small boys go. He had just turned thirteen and he looked younger. His face was swollen from too violent sleep, prematurely disturbed; and decidedly he had not washed lately. On his cheeks were rosy valleys running parallel with sooty ridges of coal dust and knolls of tar and rust; probably he had cried in his sleep and rubbed his face with his knuckles. The blue dungarees and the jumper he wore were several sizes too large for him and were not yet broken in; they resembled a starched armor in which the boy had been placed accidentally and then forgotten. On his feet he had high leather sea boots with wooden soles. The blue velvet school cap, adorned with a yellow cockade and stuck carelessly on

his soft, ash-blond hair, was really a very becoming head covering for a child — almost romantically so; but when the cap was put to practical use and forced to hobnob with dungarees, sea boots, and a dirty face, its small utility value and the hitherto latent madness of its hatter became strongly accented.

The bosun, too, was a seafaring anomaly. In the first place he was too old; he had served his company off and on for sixty years; and he had a silver medal inscribed 'Experto Crede,' a promise of a pension after 'a few more voyages,' and rheumatism to show for it. The bosun was as neat as the boy was untidy. He always dressed in black clothes, on duty or off, and disregarding temperatures, calms, or squalls, be it off Algiers or Archangel, he always wore a bowler hat on his bald, shrunken head, and needle-pointed yellow shoes on his tired old feet. The shoes, and also the red-and-white-striped celluloid collars with ties to match which he affected, he bought in any handy Mediterranean port ('You can't go wrong buying haberdashery from the Dagos,'

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he used to say). An outfitting shop in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, catering to a missionary clientele, had provided him with suits and bowler hats since the Franco-Prussian War.

'I'm turning the ship over to you, boy,' continued the bosun.

'I ain't in no position to miss it,' answered the boy.

The bosun did not pay any attention to the boy's sauciness. He had dragged too many boys out of their bunks in his day, and watched their perverse lack of appreciation and stubborn animosity, to expect a sensible answer. Instead he was secretly satisfied that the boy was n't a member of the whimpering clan. He almost let escape a 'Very well, boy,' but, remembering the oceans of experience which divided the black suit from the dungarees and the dignity which must be preserved intact underneath the bowler hat, he checked himself in time and went below to turn in after an encouraging 'Mind what I told you, boy, or . . .'

The boy's first anchor watch had begun. The *S. S. Brynhild* had arrived empty that June day in 1908 at St. Petersburg from its Skager-Rak home port and had moored in Bolschaya Neva to buoys between two barges from which pit props for Hull were going to be loaded. The boy had been sent to bed at Kronstadt. The jolts and the rough handling which the little old tramp steamer had had to put up with from overbearing, pushing tugs and clumsy, badly navigated barges while coming up the crowded Morskoi Channel had rocked the boy to sleep; the racket from working gears, winches, and hatch covers, and the loud talking and horseplay which the men had indulged in while changing clothes before going ashore, had n't in any way disturbed his slumber. At pratique, when the crew had been mustered and examined in the forecastle, the zealous mate had tried to shake daylight

into him. The quarantine doctor interfered.

'No need for that kind of thing in Russia, *monsieur*,' he said, visibly irritated.

'Just as well, Doc. You are seeing him at his best right now. When awake he is a bleedin' plague,' the mate answered, dumping the boy like a bag of meal into the bunk.

The bosun looked on in silence. 'The mate ought to know better,' he reflected, 'than to shake the boy like that before foreigners. It makes a bad impression and it's against the principles of the company. Why don't he go about it in a humane way? Twist the little devil's ears a turn or two, or, still better, if he could catch him with those sea boots off, wrench his toes and watch him come to and squirm.'

II

The boy was n't too sleepy to find his way to the galley for something to eat when the bosun had turned in. The cook had gone ashore, but on the range, which was still warm, simmered a pot of thick pea soup with a large slab of American salt pork hidden in its depths. The boy divided the pork into two portions, the fat and the lean; shuddering, he dumped the fat back into the pot and put the lean between a couple of hard ship's biscuits. With his dirk he manipulated the lock of a cupboard labeled 'Salon Stores Only' until it sprang open. Banishing the troubles of to-morrow (in this case the cook's reactions), he stripped a freshly baked cake of its covering of raisins and nuts and filled his pockets with dried prunes and sugar cubes. He returned to the forecastle head and, leaning against the capstan, ate his supper with relish. It was then a bit past eight o'clock in the evening and the sun was still high in the sky. The daylight would last until about eleven o'clock, when it would be

spelled off for a couple of hours by the pale northern twilight.

The boy didn't worry about the anchor watch. It lasted from eight in the evening to four in the morning, when the crew was called. Then he had to polish brass and trim lamps for another four hours until eight o'clock. The next twelve hours were his own. On this particular night an extra job was added to the usual routine work. Leftovers from a previous cargo of grain had been found rotting in the forward hold and had been collected and piled on the deck and covered with a tarpaulin. As the port regulations prohibited the dumping of refuse in the harbor, the bosun had ordered the boy to dump the grain surreptitiously during the night. He knew in a hazy way what he was supposed to do (the bosun had told him over and over again) and he was perfectly drilled in what he could get away with. The men in the forecastle had said that Boniface, the three-legged shepherd dog more commonly known as 'Boneface,' could be depended upon to chase away Abraham-men and sneak thieves and to give the alarm if the lights went out or the anchor showed signs of dragging. The men also said that if old Boneface had n't lost his starboard-number-one leg while loitering around a butcher shop in Palermo he would have tended to the ship's bell as well. The boy asked if he had done this before the accident. Well, it seemed there had n't been any call for it. No offense meant, but in those carefree days the ship always carried smart, lively-stepping boys, not the kind that turned a peaceful home into a floating hell by asking silly questions.

'The men are all right, though,' mused the boy. 'That old bosun in his gravedigger's suit would be all right, too, if he didn't say one thing and mean another.' The captain, a tall, moody sort of man, who, according to

the men, spent most of his time at sea quilting and playing the ocarina and when ashore betting on horse races, never noticed the boy; nor did the second mate, a youngster just out of navigation school and too busy with his duties. If the cook went raving mad once in a while he probably had private reasons for it; no use to go into that. But the mate . . . The boy hated the mate. When the boy had been seasick in the choppy Kattegat the mate had kept him on deck until he was cured; when the boy had gone to sleep on the lookout the mate had handed him a candle and a hammer and had sent him down in the spooky chain locker to chip rust in the middle of the night; when the boy had spilled the captain's coffee on the bridge deck the mate had rubbed the boy's face in it. The boy's misdeeds and the mate's never-failing retribution had become so interwoven and spectacular that the men congratulated themselves upon the fact that if the ship had to carry a boy (which they doubted) it could n't possibly carry one who suited the mate less — a fact so wholesome and stimulating that they ceased grumbling over the weather and the poor chow and instead fell enthusiastically upon the new topic of the day.

III

The food stowed away, the boy turned his attention upon the city for the first time. Like most children, and indeed a great many grown-up persons as well, he had pictured St. Petersburg as a loud, wintry city where pig-eyed, potato-nosed moujiks led dancing bears, where leering Cossacks brandished nagaiikas, and where priests with candle grease in their whiskers and icons under their arms stamped chilled feet around great bonfires that burned brightly on the street corners. What disappointed him most when face to face with the

actual St. Petersburg (after the snow and ice had melted as befitted the season) was the clammy, heavy heat which forced him to remove his jumper and sea boots. The stillness of the city undermined his boyish spirit — a stillness which the clatter of the tramcars moving slowly along the immense, cobbled quays and the slam-bang of the many church bells could only intensify and make more creepy. And lastly the graveness of the huge piles of dull red stone — mostly barracks, hospitals, fortresses, and palaces — made him feel that he was out of place here.

Although he was as eager as any pup that makes small, queer noises and bangs its tail against a hard floor to attract attention, the boy could not catch the city's sympathetic eye. Sprawling all around him in the stifling heat, it remained cold and distant; it refused to give him a soft hand to nuzzle against. Seemingly it wished to be remembered only as a name on the chart upon which the course of his voyage was plotted — a voyage taking him, against his will, he did n't know where.

The boy did n't blame anybody but himself for his predicament. He had grown too old, too old at thirteen, for the Orphan Home. As soon as the boys placed there had reached his age they had to go out and scratch for themselves.

'We believe in giving our boys the very best start possible in life,' the superintendent had said casually, as if pinch-hitting for Dame Fortune were the least important of his many chores. 'We always send our most promising boys to sea. You are hale and hearty and of good sense, my boy. If you were not, we would make a parson or a school-teacher out of you.'

So to sea they had sent him. He had nothing to complain of; the Orphan Home never turned a boy out barehanded. They gave him a sea bag crammed with mattress and blanket,

oilskin, cup and plate, and a combination knife, fork, and spoon. On top of this they placed a poisonous-looking chunk of yellow salt-water soap, a scrubbing brush, and the New Testament, and sprinkled the whole with a goodly amount of assorted advice. The boy had, so far, restricted himself to the use of the bottom content. The matron told him to keep the blue velvet school cap. She hinted that, wherever he went in the great wide world, he would meet up with other boys forging ahead in life and wearing proudly the emblem of the old institution which had guided their first tottering steps. He did n't mind forging ahead, whatever that was, but, knowing the older boys' habit of ordering him about, he drew the line at being recognized. Still, he had to put up with the stinking old thing; it was the only cap he had.

When the *S. S. Brynhild* arrived in Hull, the consul of his country would put him on a train for Falmouth, where another consul would nab him. What happened after that the boy did n't know. When he had told the men about Falmouth, the lone gentleman of the forecastle had looked sidewise, scratched his head, and expectorated into the cold stove; the polite couple had confined themselves to scratching and expectorating and the remaining majority had merely spat — this demonstration signifying exactly nothing, because that's what they would have done anyhow, Falmouth or no Falmouth. Only Jan, the big Hollander, whose size made it possible for him to dispense with formalities, had spoken. 'That's where the full-rigged guano ships touch for orders, ain't it?' he had asked.

The answer came in the form of another salvo aimed at the hapless stove.

The mate was less considerate. Once, when the boy 'snaked' the ship while steering, the mate clutched his arm until it went to sleep and turned blue

and yellow, and barked, 'Better not pull that stunt in your next ship. If you do, they'll take you apart and throw what ain't any good overboard.'

Then he stepped backwards a few paces, looked the boy over, and concluded, 'And if I'm any judge of varmints, that means the whole of you — cap an' all.'

IV

At midnight, when the boy forgot to sound eight bells, the bosun, an aged Hamlet in one-piece underwear and bowler hat, haunted the ship to investigate. At last he found the boy in the chartroom surrounded by dog-eared, ancient copies of *Kladderadatsch*, *Le Rire*, *Strix*, and the *Redeemer* — 'a life line for errant seamen in exotic ports.' It being too late to bother about the bell, the bosun gave the impotent *Redeemer* a vicious kick and led the miscreant by the scruff of the neck down to the grain pile, which was as yet untouched.

'If it ain't overboard by the time the mate comes aboard you'll catch it, and if the Harbor Patrol spots you you'll catch it, so pick yer choice,' lectured the bosun somewhat illogically, but the odds against the boy's keeping out of trouble were so heavy that he did n't deign to waste time by suggesting a middle, successful way to get rid of the grain.

The boy fell to pitching the evil-smelling stuff into the river. After about an hour, when (if he could trust his sleep-drunken eyes) the pile had grown larger instead of smaller, he heard Boneface come limping along the deck. Looking up to find out if anything was amiss, he noticed that he was n't alone. A stranger, and a woman at that, was standing on the forecastle head looking down upon him. His first impulse was to run for the bosun, but, when he did n't hear Boneface barking,

he calmed down a bit. Boneface was negotiating the iron ladder leading to the forecastle head as rapidly as his three legs permitted. The woman — or rather the girl, for she seemed very slender and graceful among the heavy machinery surrounding her — stood perfectly still, but tense and ready to vault the railing if the dog charged her.

Boneface circled her twice slowly, sniffed at her bare legs, and, finding nothing to get excited about, scrambled down the ladder again. The girl followed the dog. She approached the boy, held out an empty sack, pointed at the grain, and smiled. The boy understood. Sure, she could have it and good riddance. He was n't afraid any longer; the girl and her sack were going to save him a lot of dirty work. She went back upon the forecastle head and disappeared over the railing. The boy ran after her and watched her climb down the hawser by which the starboard barge was made fast to the ship. On the barge she collected an armful of old sacks, secured them with a line, and threw it to the boy. He hauled up the bundle and the girl boarded the ship again.

While helping the girl to fill her sacks, the boy glanced at her on the sly. She was only a girl all right, perhaps seventeen or eighteen, but she was full grown, and she was wonderfully limber and active. She would have to be, judging from the way she had climbed that hawser with its dangerous rat guard. She had on neither shoes nor stockings and she wore nothing on her head. So far as the boy could make out she was dressed only in a short red skirt and a sleeveless, blousy-looking upper thing embroidered with colored yarn. Her hair, plaited in two braids and wound around her head, would have reached to her knees if freed; it was charcoal black, not bluish black, and the boy thought it was lovely. He did n't care

much about her nose, a saucy little feature, tilted upwards almost as much as his own. Her cream-and-strawberry complexion did n't impress him either; it was entirely too common where he had come from. But her hair made up for those shortcomings; it simply fascinated him.

She made nice company even if bashful glances and charming, fleeting blushes had to substitute for conversation. Soon they had filled all the sacks — ten of them — and the pile of grain was half gone. The boy made up a tackle, swung out a boom, and they lowered the heavy sacks by hand power. Although steam was up he did n't dare to run a winch; it would have roused everybody aboard the ship. He felt bad about it, because he would have liked to impress the girl with his ability. The girl went overboard again to empty the sacks. While down on the barge, she pointed at a razorback hog and a scrawny little cow not much bigger than a Shetland pony. The boy nodded dreamily. The barge was the wilderness, the starved 'critters' were the Israelites, the *S. S. Brynhild* was heaven, and he himself was Old Man Jehovah who furnished the manna. But who was the girl? He could n't place her. The Scripture said nothing about a barefooted, dark-haired girl, in a red skirt, coming unexpectedly up from Bolschaya Neva. And the boy was glad of it. He did n't want to share her with anybody — not even with the Old Testament.

While they were busy filling the second and last batch of sacks, the boy suddenly felt hungry. He took the girl by the hand and led her to the galley. She shied at first, but when the boy opened the galley door, and with a magnificent gesture with his grimy little paw bade her behold the splendor, she had to capitulate. More than likely she had never before seen anything like it.

The boy rattled the rings of the range, worked the little pump which conveyed water from the fresh-water tanks, turned the coffee grinder and the meat grinder, and made a bad nick in the meat block (the cook's pride) with the heaviest cleaver he could lay his hands upon — all in order to make her acquainted with the technicalities of a culinary workshop. Then he lifted the lid of the pot containing the still-warm pea soup and invited her to partake. Scorning plates, they ate happily directly out of the pot. When the piece of salt fat American pork bobbed to the surface the girl clapped her hands out of sheer joy. The boy acted as any thoughtful host would have done. After having cut off a small portion for Boneface, who had scented the banquet, he presented the girl with the whole chunk. No, she would have none of it unless the boy kept her company. Straining his sense of chivalry to the utmost, he managed to down a slice of warm, jellied fat, but it was worth it. She licked her fingers so bewitchingly and enjoyed herself so much that the boy would have done anything possible to keep her happy.

A visit to the 'Salon Stores Only' completed the feast. The boy was going to make an incision in the bottom of the already browbeaten cake, but the girl's natural housekeeping instinct revolted at such a sacrilege and she held him back. Instead, she pounced upon the sugar cubes and the dried prunes. Declining to eat them on the spot, she pointed in the direction of the barge, and the boy understood; she wanted to save some for the folks. He 'borrowed' one of the cook's least offensive dishrags and made up a dainty little parcel for her to take away.

The meal had cemented their friendship. Flustered with happiness, pea soup, and youth, they returned, hand in hand, to the work.

V

Next evening, when the boy went on watch, he looked down at the starboard barge for the girl. She was n't there. The old bargemaster, who might have been her grandfather, touched his cap respectfully when he noticed the boy. The girl had probably told him that their benefactor was the tiniest member of the crew. The razorback had swelled to the size of a fox terrier and the little cow looked almost bovine. The boy wished that he had more rotten grain to squander; then perhaps the girl would come aboard again. Now, she had already forgotten him. Perhaps pea soup would bring her back, though? He ran over to the galley to see if the cook had left anything good on the range. The galley door was padlocked. The cook had placed a covered dish outside. In it were six cold potatoes, a handful of ship's biscuits, a dyspeptic-looking herring, and a cryptic little memorandum saying, 'Hope ye choke.' The bosun saved him from doing some desperate act.

'Make ready the skiff for the captain,' he called.

'Can you row?' asked the captain.

'Yes, sir,' said the boy optimistically.

The captain seemed too preoccupied to notice the boy's crab-catching and fumbling, and they reached the landing stage without mishap.

'Return to the ship at once. Don't hang around here. Have you been ashore yet?' asked the captain.

'No, sir,' said the boy.

'Well, you may go sometime on your spare time. Tell the bosun that you have my permission,' said the captain, and handed him a silver coin. The boy fingered it ecstatically. Perhaps it was a ruble. It was heavy enough and shiny enough to be almost anything.

Back on board the ship, the hours passed slowly for the boy. At midnight

he sounded eight bells on the dot, but soon afterwards he whistled for Boneface and, doing an excellent imitation of the bosun, told the dog, 'I'm turning the ship over to you, Boneface. Mind what I told you, dog, or . . .' Then he climbed into a lifeboat and went to sleep.

He awoke when something soft touched his eyes. Whatever it was, it was nice and tender. He did n't dare to move; if he did, the spell would surely break. But when the girl lifted her fingers from his eyes and raised his head slightly, he knew that the spell would never break as long as she was near him. How glad he was that she had returned! Her presence changed everything. Loneliness and fear disappeared; the battered, rusty old *S. S. Brynhild* became a hospitable home; even the great, hulking city lost its aloofness.

Sitting by his side in the lifeboat, the girl spoke to him and pointed towards the city. Literally he did n't understand a word of what she said, but it did n't matter. When she pointed at the dark masses of Peter and Paul, the fortress, she shuddered and moved instinctively closer to the boy; when she outlined the great Prospekts, the Nevskii, the Gorokhovaya, the Voznesenskii, which, with the Admiralty as a base, thrust themselves into the city like an enormous, brilliantly illuminated trident, she spoke so excitedly and so fast that the boy, without the least difficulty, could imagine the richness and the splendor of the streets. She crossed herself and swayed slightly, back and forth, at the sight of the churches, but when the fireworks on Apothecaries' Island flared unexpectedly she hid behind the boy's back. Fireworks were nothing new to the boy. Spluttering and whizzing, he staged a display of his own, and his histrionic talent must have been equal to the girl's, because soon she was peeking bravely at the authentic display.

After the finish of the fireworks, they went exploring. He showed her the compass, the telescopes, the wheel, and he wound the chronometers (a capital offense). He ransacked the flag locker and bedecked her with pennants and signal flags until she looked like a Maypole. They went down in the salon (also a capital offense) and sat reverently on the red plush settee and admired the dining table, which was covered with a checkered oilcloth and on which reposed the table cruet, a clever — if flyspecked — contraption which, no matter how violently the ship pitched, always kept its balance. (The boy demonstrated and broke the vinegar bottle!) The whir and the groaning from the pumps and the dynamos in the engine room tempted them to investigate. They did n't venture far. The intense heat and the stale smells of oil, grease, and bilge water, the unfamiliar sounds, and the ghastly dull gauge lights repulsed them and they turned back. They were fresh-air creatures; the cool dewy steel deck and the deep-blue starry sky were good enough for them.

The boy stumbled over his midnight lunch. Blushing furiously, he apologized for the scanty fare. He need not have done so, for, judging by her enraptured mien, lean Scandinavian herring delighted her just as much as fat American pork. They carried the dish up to the forecastle head, and, instead of pleasing the cook by choking, they got a great deal of nourishment — not to mention laughter and herring bones — out of the meal.

The hours fled rapidly and soon it was time to call the crew. Before they said good-bye, the boy showed her the skiff and pointed at the sun and the approximate spot in the sky where it ought to be at eight o'clock in the morning. They were going ashore when he was done with his work. Nodding her head, she accepted his invitation.

VI

For the next ten days the boy and the girl were almost inseparable. The tall, straight, barefooted girl and the small boy, also barefooted, in his dungarees and with the blue velvet cap pushed back on his head, roamed all over St. Petersburg. The boy held the silver ruble clutched in his fist for emergency expenses, but nobody seemed able to exchange it. If they boarded a tramcar, the conductor took a good look at them and suspended traffic indefinitely. The summer days were long and a bit of entertainment was always welcome.

Where did the little foreigner come from and what was he doing in Russia? After many exclamations and much moustache twirling, the conductor consulted the motorman and the passengers, and the girl was asked to state the case once more. Thereafter the conductor eyed everybody defiantly and wished to know if anybody present would estimate the boy to be past six years of age and therefore excluded from the privilege of traveling gratis, and, if such were the case, would the gentleman please prove it, and, granted that it could be proved, was it customary in Russia to extract money from a child thousands of miles away from home, and if, indeed, such a custom was prevalent, would the gentleman please, etc., etc. Extracting money from children must have been an uncommon pastime in Russia, because the conductor always started the car triumphantly and the women passengers poked into bundles and market baskets for cucumbers and sugared buns to tempt the boy with and crowded closer to the girl for more intimate details. Even the policemen, when the girl asked them for directions, were not above letting the traffic handle itself for ten minutes or so while they interviewed the girl and punched the boy

playfully in the stomach to find out what kind of man he was.

The boy soon changed his opinion about the city. It was n't hard-faced and unyielding any more. The sun shone every day and the people, instead of throwing children to the wolves, smiled when they passed by. The city was dotted with parks where anybody was welcome to rest on the green turf or join in the games played by young and old. They spent whole days on the communal bathing beaches, playing in the water or sunning themselves on the strand. They had no sins to regret and no blemishes to hide; even if mixed bathing had n't been the custom of the country, they were too healthy and unspoiled to pay undue attention to mere nakedness. The girl brought needle and thread and cut down and fixed the boy's oversized dungarees or did sewing of her own while the boy slept untroubled with his head on her lap.

In the afternoon they often went to some of the seamen's taverns along the river front, where the music and the dancing never stopped. If they managed to find a seat in a corner, they ordered glasses of tea and bread. The magic ruble kept itself as intact here as in the tramcars. The waiter took the coin to the proprietor and pointed out his odd customers. The proprietor, or more often his wife, added a couple of hard-boiled eggs or a piece of sausage to the order and told the waiter to return the money to the boy. Sometimes a foreign seaman, his ballast trimmed a bit unevenly, would put his arm around the girl or pass a pointed remark. The girl never hesitated to retaliate. She struck quickly and she struck so hard that the baffled courtier retreated, only to be rushed by the boy. At this ludicrous stage the man would usually collect himself and beg the girl to pardon him for his mistake; if he did n't, the laughing bystanders would snatch the

boy out of the man's reach and send the drunken seaman flying through the door. The music and the dancing, the loud singing and the stamping, enchanted them. If the girl had n't kept track of the time the boy would have been hours late for the anchor watch.

The pretty, vivacious ladies in high-laced boots and starched white shirt-waists used to come over to their corner to finger the girl's braided hair and to bend the boy's head backwards and look into his eyes. Once the youngest and the prettiest of them all snatched his velvet cap, put it on her head, and danced alone, on her toes, around and around the room. All noise stopped abruptly and everybody stood so still that the boy believed he could hear himself blushing — blushing at the thought of how awful that cap must be if a lady liked it so well. When the dance ended, the lady ran across the floor, put the cap back on his head, and kissed him square on the mouth. The spellbound audience came to life again. Everybody, with the exception of the boy and the girl, applauded, shouted, stamped, and banged on the tables. The boy, too dazed to know quite what had happened, tried to wipe the unfamiliar patchouli scent off his lips with the back of his hand, and the laughter and the noise grew still louder. The girl, her eyes cloudy with emotion and looking straight ahead, took his hand and they walked out, the boy wondering why the din was dying down so quickly and why everybody looked so uncomfortable.

VII

The *S. S. Brynhild* was entering the Gulf of Finland. The spires of St. Petersburg had disappeared, but the bastions of Kronstadt were still clearly etched abaft. The wind, blowing strong from up Bothnia way, was turning out good-sized seas which broke over the high deck cargo, seeped through

the pit props until they reached the deck, and swished out through the scuppers, making the ship look like a pitching old black-painted sieve daubed here and there with red lead. Out in the Baltic they would catch it good and plenty on the starboard side, so the mate and all hands were busy rigging life lines and securing odds and ends.

The boy was downhearted. He had known that he would have to part with the girl, but he had n't known how hard it was going to be until she had taken him in her arms and brushed her lips against his cheek. He would have liked to kiss her, but, not knowing how to go about it, he had offered her the silver ruble instead. She had put it back into his pocket and smiled. He had cut the cockade off his cap and she had pinned it to her embroidered blouse. In return she had given him a dandy leather sheath for his dirk. That was all.

The mate sent the boy aft to salute the naval guard ship. The boy knew how to do it and it was lots of fun. When the bows of the two vessels were on an even line he would slowly lower the ship's flag and keep it down until the cruiser answered by dipping her blue St. Andrew's cross. The captain and the pilot aboard the *S. S. Brynhild* would touch their caps and the ranking officer on the quarter-deck of the cruiser would do likewise. The boy loosened the lanyard and turned about to estimate the distance to the cruiser. But the white rakish man-of-war was doomed to play a secondary rôle this time. A wheezy, wood-burning tug, towing the two barges that the boy knew so well, was being overtaken by the *S. S. Brynhild*. The boy could hardly believe his eyes. On the last barge was the girl, steering with the tiller between her knees and waving excitedly to him. The boy greeted her in a truly royal manner; he honored her by dipping the flag of his king and country. The girl

grabbed a garment from a clothesline next to her, held it out straight, lowered it majestically, and raised it slowly again. One moment her barge rode the crest of a white-capped, green sea, and the tall, slender girl, lovelier than any mermaid, her strong white arms raised above her coal-black hair and supporting the tattered, faded blue skirt which the stiff breeze held straight and free from wrinkles like a piece of sheet iron, was high up among the screaming, looping sea gulls; the next moment it pitched downwards, until the hem of the skirt was barely visible, only to reappear in full view a bit farther away.

Then the cruiser flashed by. Its many decks were crowded with laughing, cheering sailors who had witnessed the astounding spectacle of a king's emblem bowing humbly to a girl's ragged skirt. The sailors did n't content themselves with laughing and cheering; they waved their white, be-ribboned hats and blew kisses toward the girl. Even the officers on the quarter-deck smiled interestedly and trained binoculars on the girl. The mate, crazy with rage and shaking his fist, came running on top of the deck cargo. The boy made no belated efforts to salute the mighty flag of an emperor and a czar. He was going to be true to the girl. And he was. When the mate knocked him down and lifted him up to knock him down again the boy butted his head into the mate's stomach, broke away, and crawled to the railing to have a last look at the girl. It was too late. The steep seas and the thick smoke from the tug blotted out the barges. The bosun caught the boy and hustled him up to the bridge and the captain.

The captain looked moodier than ever. The first day at sea was always hard on him. He had n't found his true embouchure on the ocarina yet and his nerves, still raw and sore from the excitements of the St. Petersburg race courses, needed soothing with a few

slip-and-treble stitches. And now this brawl between the mate and that forlorn little pup that the bosun held imprisoned in his bony hands only made matters worse.

'He should be put in irons, sir,' raved the mate. 'I did n't mean to hit him, but by Gawd, sir, he tried me sorely. That worthless barge wench . . .'

The boy tried to swing at the mate, but the pilot — a bearded, jocular, German-speaking Balt — gathered him in his arms and chuckled, '*Ach, der Spitzbubel! Ach, der Spitzbubel!*'

'Beggin' yer pardon, sir,' croaked the bosun, while holding his bowler hat pressed respectfully against his chest, 'them Muscovites ain't gonna put up with bein' slighted. The company is bound to hear from 'em. Diplomatic rippycushions an' perlitical strife is —'

The captain cut him short.

'Carry on, Mister Mate. The boy may relieve the man at the wheel. As for you, Bosun, confine your repercussions and strife to the starboard up-rights. I can't use any bad omens on the bridge,' he said, looking disgustedly at the bosun's black suit. 'It's blowing

too hard already.' Then he beckoned to the pilot and they went into the chartroom to talk shop.

The boy repeated the course and took the wheel. The seas were running so bad that he had to 'walk the spokes' before he could turn the heavy, old-fashioned wheel. The second mate felt sorry for him. 'Mister Mate' would certainly keep the kid on deck all night to give him a slight foretaste of coming punishment; and, as an added 'attraction,' across the seas was an undermanned, starvation-fed, full-rigged guano ship awaiting him. Surely the little beggar did n't have much to be happy about. Still, the boy seemed to be smiling. His face, smeared with caked blood and salt spray, was a shocking background for happiness, but it fairly glittered with joy. Suppose he had been hit too hard in the head?

The second mate became downright uneasy when the boy suddenly took off his blue velvet cap, pressed his split lips to the vacant space once covered by the cockade, and then flung it far out into the Gulf of Finland.

JOHN L. LEWIS

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

At the present time, two men dominate the American political scene in such a way that all others beside them appear as playing minor parts. The first one is President Roosevelt, the second is John L. Lewis, President of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Both are endowed with a magnetic personality and a capacity for appealing to the imagination of the millions who believe in them or hate them. In the daily thoughts of every American they occupy a very large place. It is impossible to forget that they exist and that their ideas, their words, and their actions influence the thoughts and the lives of millions of men of to-day and of to-morrow.

They are profoundly different from one another. The aristocratic gentleman who has been elevated from the elegant privacy of the Hyde Park manor to the democratic and public home life of the White House has kept about him an air of the eighteenth century, the philosophical daring of those noblemen who flirted with the French Revolution before it started, and, when it did, promptly lost their powdered wigs, and with them their heads.

John Llewellyn Lewis is one hundred years younger. He looms up out of Zola, on a background of factory smoke and surging black mobs of nineteenth-century industrial slaves. He has come out 'from the bowels of the earth,' still blinking in the sunlight, to lead the oppressed workers, in the name of Justice,

to the attack of a tyrannical Society of selfish rulers.

Still both these men are essentially of to-day; they are imbued with the spirit of these times. Each of them pushes forward relentlessly, leading his respective crusade toward aims which are not clear but which inspire his followers with unlimited hope and courage.

Are they allies or enemies? Will they meet in the Promised Land? Or are they headed for a clash which will spell disunion in this country through factional conflicts and class warfare?

We do not know, and they do not know themselves, because in spite of the power they wield they are not alone. Behind them are millions of men and women, economic and political forces, clashes of interests and clashes of ideas, an infinitely complex world in which they are but accidental agents designated by fate to shape an unknown future.

I

John L. Lewis has no publicity agent that I know of, but fame has been kind to him. The obscure son of a Welsh miner has, at the age of fifty-seven, attained as much renown as Shirley Temple at eight. This, by itself, is an extraordinary achievement.

The rise has been slow and difficult. John Lewis meant little to the average American two years ago. He was seldom photographed and practically never quoted. It was known that he was the

head of the United Mine Workers, which includes 400,000 men, but except among those who follow closely the problems of Labor his name was mentioned much less often than that of William Green.

At the time of the NRA he made a brief appearance in connection with the famous Section 7A, but the NRA died and the problems of Labor were not interesting, except as a factor in the fight against the depression — that is, under the general aspect of unemployment and relief. The past history of John Lewis was not sufficiently startling to attract the attention of a public that likes the ups and downs of fortune, the thrills of a battle to win money or recognition, sudden miracles like the fantastic ascension of Father Coughlin or the Robin Hood pranks of Huey Long.

John L. Lewis was just a Labor leader, a trades-union official, which means in the eyes of the public something between a political boss and a self-appointed foreman. Even to-day it is difficult to dramatize his early life except for those who find in the intestine wars of the Labor organizations the same epic element as in the *Iliad*. But those are rare. Most people find more romance and poetry in the love affairs of a king or of a movie star. The most interesting incident in John Lewis's life, from the ordinary point of view, is the fact that when he was young, and a mule driver in the West, a personal feud developed between him and his mule. The mule tried to corner him and kick him to death, but John Lewis, who is endowed with great muscular strength, brained the mule with a pickaxe. This is good material for a future legend, but it cannot compare with Hercules strangling two snakes in his cradle. And besides, there is no other trait of the same kind to report, except the knocking out of an obstreperous rival in a meeting, and a few idiosyncrasies such as the habit of climbing on a chair

'with astounding agility for a man of his size' in the midst of a conversation, in order to relax his muscles.

Nevertheless John L. Lewis has by now imposed himself on the public with such success that it is the dream of every photographer to get a good picture of him, and the moral duty of every public writer to try his hand at the description of his appearance and character.

The reasons for this rather abrupt stepping into fame of an Iowa coal miner are of course mainly circumstantial. If he had not split with the A. F. of L. to launch his C. I. O. movement in a spectacular way; if he had not imported the sit-down strikes into America; if he had not managed to take in his own hands the whole problem of the relations between Labor and Capital, he would still be a very unimportant figure in a world badly overcrowded with turbulent personalities. But besides these circumstances there remains the fact that John Lewis, as a man, cannot leave anybody indifferent, because he is thoroughly and triumphantly conspicuous. He cannot be easily classified in any category. He resembles nobody but himself.

His shaggy mane is as memorable as the parted hair of Mrs. Simpson, his eyebrows as remarkable as Hitler's moustache and much thicker. His frown is less banal than the Napoleonic mimicry of Mussolini, and quite as impressive. His voice has a booming quality which can be overpowering, but it can also fade out suddenly into a mumbling which sounds like the buzzing of a big bumblebee.

To a European who is often distressed by the monotonous pattern of American faces, John Lewis's head is as striking as that of Lloyd George, Balzac, or Beethoven. He is powerfully built, but not on the classic lines of the athlete. There is nothing smooth about him, nothing crisp, nothing collegiate. As Louis Adamie wrote, he is 'vaguely

tremendous.' But those who dislike him say that he looks like a Shakespearean ham actor, and it is true that his head gives the impression of having been made up with various attributes not belonging to the same character. This head itself is too big. The eyes are too unflinching and too luminous for the general coarseness of the face. The nose is too small, the upper lip too long and too bare, which makes the mouth appear as if it were out of place.

He gives the impression of a man entirely absorbed by one aspect of life — not the genial one. He is sombre, and the paleness of the face intensifies the sensation of blackness that one feels about him. He can be majestic and impersonal to the point of discomfort when he stares straight in front of him with his blue eyes; but then he will change suddenly, bend forward, put his hand on your knee and become intense, direct, and appealing. His expression at times is that of a Chinese war mask, and at others that of a country doctor who believes more in the effect of words than in medicine.

II

The first time I saw John L. Lewis was at a dinner given just before the elections in honor of Miss Frances Perkins. John Lewis sat at the speakers' table, and although his mere aspect would have been enough, it was more his attitude of total detachment verging on solemn boredom that attracted attention. In the optimistic and radiant atmosphere that prevailed at this banquet, during which the conditions of the laboring classes were described as constantly improving under the benevolent care of the New Deal, John Lewis struck a note of silent pessimism which was positively ominous. He was singular and menacing, like a thundercloud rising on the horizon at the end of a perfect day.

The next time I saw him was quite recently, to interview him for my paper, and this time, frankly, I liked him.

I discovered that beyond this bituminous and overdramatic appearance of his there was a quality of humaneness and simplicity which made the conversation effortless and perfectly pleasant. The word 'charm' does not seem to fit, and yet I can think of no other: John Lewis has charm, and plenty of it.

I did not have to ask him many questions. He talked willingly and, I believe, with utter frankness, for the simple reason that within the scope of his present action he is too engrossed by the tremendous task he has undertaken to bother much about the interpretation that may be given to his words.

Before I met him, and since, the most frequent remark I have heard is that John Lewis is not sincere, that he is merely furthering his own ambition, that the so-called organization of the industrial workers is just another racket.

This question of the sincerity of the motives of any man who happens to be in the political limelight is one that can be endlessly discussed and seldom solved. The truth is that in most cases, and with very few exceptions, leaders have a natural tendency to identify themselves with their movement in such a way that their personal interests become those of the cause they are fighting for. This is true of John Lewis. That the success of his crusade will also mean his own glorification is obvious, and he seems quite prepared to expand personally just as far as that crusade will carry him. The weight of his present and future responsibilities is light on his shoulders. Someone very close to him told me a few days later, as we were discussing this point, 'You can be sure that if he became President of the United States he would not change. He would be just the same man he is now and always has been.'

During the whole conversation I had

with him, John Lewis seldom said 'I.' He spoke of 'we,' or 'the movement.' Other people tell me that he is not always so humble, but I had no unusual impression of boastfulness while he spoke. He has none of the histrionic spirit which made Huey Long such a colorful figure. Nor does he seem to have the vanity of authorship which most leaders of movements display.

It appears that among his followers, especially among the coal miners, he is venerated with fanaticism. Young babies have been given his name, and someone who attended a meeting at which he spoke last year tells me that he was hailed as the Savior of Humanity and compared to Jesus Christ.

For the occasional visitor who, like myself, does not come to him in a state of blind devotion, there is no reflection of such worship. Nevertheless John Lewis gives the distinct impression of being the whole of his movement. The idea of it, its mystic content, its dynamic quality, are his. He is the living symbol of the crusade he has started.

The same person who told me that he would remain unchanged if he ever came to dwell in the White House also admitted that if he died suddenly the whole movement would suffer a tremendous setback, and I believe that to be true. The long struggle of Labor began before Lewis was born. It will go on after his death; but for the moment, and in America, he personifies it, because he is more powerful, more dramatic, and probably cleverer than any of his potential rivals.

III

To define the objectives of John Lewis happens to be simple, and the difficulty begins only beyond the formulation of the programme.

'The aim of our movement,' John Lewis told me, 'is to organize the work-

ers in order that they may obtain a larger participation in the benefits of modern industry. They have a legal right to organize, but this right has remained academic. We intend to enforce the recognition of this right on the employers who still deny it.'

This is the primary aim and the immediate object of the present struggle.

'But,' adds John Lewis, 'I am not blind to the fact that such a movement has other consequences. Its by-product is political, in the sense that through their organization the workers of America will acquire a greater participation in the government of this country. What we want is to create an Industrial Democracy. . . .'

Thus the President of the C. I. O., departing frankly from the traditional attitude of other American Labor leaders, asserts that the vast army which he seeks to discipline will become a much more powerful political factor than it has ever been. However, and according to John Lewis, the political complexion of this organized mass is not to be predetermined. He told me that he was strictly neutral in this matter. Whether the unionized workers are Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Trotskyists, or anything else they choose, is of no concern to him. But the industrial unions will develop political thinking in the working classes and enable them to exert more freely their political rights. This, in the eyes of John Lewis, is of paramount importance.

It is indeed. Judged by European precedents, the C. I. O. movement represents the first effective attempt to organize a Labor movement in America which may ultimately find political expression in a Labor Party.

The parallels with similar developments elsewhere are numerous, but can it happen here? Is John Lewis the man around whom such a party can be formed, or is the two-party system so strong that he will have to content

himself with an encroaching alliance with one of them? The writer admits readily that he is not competent to answer these questions, but certain observations and comparisons with similar situations in Europe can be made.

To begin with, there is the important fact that John Lewis is as American as a buffalo. This means that like all successful leaders of movements in America, whether their object be the prevention of drinking, the furtherance of an old-age pension plan, or the protection of bird life, he believes and knows that he cannot get a large following in this country if he can be suspected of affiliation with any established doctrine not indigenous to America. He has an instinctive dislike for all 'isms,' and although the movement which he directs may follow certain foreign patterns and borrow foreign methods, such as the sit-down strike weapon, the spirit must remain American. The vagueness of the ultimate aim, the pragmatic quality of the C. I. O. crusade, are characteristic.

Miss Dorothy Thompson, who has a vast experience of European conditions, was quick to point out this aspect of John Lewis's action. "'Organize the workers" is fine,' she said in substance, 'but organize them for what? What does Mr. Lewis mean by Industrial Democracy, and what medium does he envisage through which Labor may act politically?'

To which the only possible answer seems to be, at the moment, that the great impulse to go somewhere, followed by as many people as can be found who want to move along with you, is not peculiar to John Lewis. Outside the Trotskyists with their dialectics, the Fascists with their strait-jacket discipline, or Mr. Henry Ford who thinks he must be right because he has been successful, nobody works on a blueprint to-day, and those who, like John Lewis, try to integrate them-

selves in the present order of things without wishing to upset it completely are, of necessity, opportunists.

This is difficult for the liberal thinkers to accept. But then, the whole world of to-day is an uncomfortable place for them, because, although they believe it is their duty and their *raison d'être* to think reasonably in an unreasonable world, they find that Liberalism is not a system or a school of thought any more. It is merely a personal inclination to take upon oneself all the unsolved problems of the outside world. The liberal is a living Gordian knot dangerously exposed to the casual methods of too many Alexanders.

IV

When I told some of my friends that I had seen John Lewis they jumped as if I had announced that I had interviewed the Devil himself. To them the President of the United Mine Workers is not the same kind of human being as themselves. They firmly believe that his real purpose is to sabotage everything which is good, sound, and worth living for in America, and that when he says he is working for the welfare of the laboring classes he is either deceiving them or himself or both.

When I was a child in Paris, some twenty-five years ago, law-abiding citizens lived for a long while in a state of chronic terror because a fellow named Pataud, who was the leader of the electricians' union, used to cut off the current every so often as a means of intimidating the *Compagnie Générale d'Électricité*. Suddenly, in the middle of dinner, the lights would go out and there would be a great rush for candles and oil lamps. Personally I enjoyed these accidents thoroughly, but I remember well how my family got excited and jittery about it. They saw in Pataud the forerunner of an imminent revolution; it was currently said that he

should be put in jail and perhaps shot.

Of course they were right in a certain sense: the harmless vexations of Pataud were followed by more severe conflicts and by general strikes which had to be curbed by force. It all led to the Russian Revolution and then to the Italian and the German reactions, and again back to France to the sit-down strikes of last June, and now to the sit-down strikes in Michigan and elsewhere. But all this has taken twenty-five years, and there has been a war in between for good measure. The point I wish to make is that the conflict between Capital and Labor — or, to put it more broadly, between the static elements of the population and those whom Auguste Comte described as being 'camped in the midst of Society' — this conflict is not new and nowhere near being solved. It is fundamental and universal, but in America it is rendered even more acute than elsewhere by the fact that, in spite of everything said to the contrary, there exists a hierarchy between different groups of American citizens based on the age of their Americanization and on their racial origin. Those who have immigrated two or three and more generations ago and those who are of Anglo-Saxon or Northern European stock enjoy a spiritual preference over others.

Now it so happens that a large percentage of the industrial workers do not belong to these privileged groups. In the popular mind they are not imbued with the same spirit of pure Americanism as the farmers, for instance. That this point of view is unjust and prejudiced does not change the fact that it exists, and no foreign observer living here for some time can fail to notice it. Speaking of the strikers in Detroit, an American confrère of mine told me with complete conviction, 'Those fellows ought to be shot down with machine guns. No real American would behave like these rascals.'

The dread of John Lewis as leader of Labor is based more or less openly on such sentiments. In spite of all his personal magnetism, of the fact that he has the reputation of never breaking his word, in spite of his reading Shakespeare and being liked by many of the big industrialists (and their wives), he represents in the eyes of the non-laboring classes something un-American; and it does him no good at all to have a \$12,000 job, to ride in a Cadillac, and to stop in a suite at the St. Regis when he is in New York.

Were he a chief executive in a big corporation instead of being at the head of a vast holding of Labor unions, such a way of living would be considered quite normal, but from the point of view of those who usually stop at the St. Regis, and have a chauffeur, John Lewis is not the 'boy who made good.' He brings unpleasant associations of ideas with other revolutions in which the leaders of the mob — be they sans-culottes or bolsheviks — always begin (and end) by occupying the palaces of the rich and enjoying a luxurious life.

To those who hated Roosevelt during the election campaign, and who still cannot bring themselves to like him, John Lewis gives ample proof of the accuracy of their predictions. They knew that if President Roosevelt was re-elected the terrible things which we are now witnessing would happen and that the President would condone them, either because he is afraid of John Lewis, to whom he is tied by secret pledges, or because it does not matter to him whether sit-down strikes are illegal or justified provided they annoy the 'economic royalists.'

In France, when M. Léon Blum refused to enforce the law in a similar situation last June, the reactions were identical. To occupy the Renault factories in Billancourt was just as unlawful as to occupy the plants of General

Motors in Flint. Then, too, the government refused to use force against the strikers and preferred to negotiate very much in the same way as Governor Murphy has done in Michigan. The main difference was that, France being completely centralized, the results of these negotiations were immediately translated into national legislation.

There was another difference, due to the fact that Léon Jouhaux, the head of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* (equivalent of the A. F. of L.), is, under the Popular Front formula, in a much more powerful position than either William Green or John Lewis. He is consulted in all matters of importance, even when they do not concern Labor directly. He has a seat on the Board of Direction of the Bank of France. In fact, through his control over all the trades-unions, he exerts tremendous political power, and it is contended by many Frenchmen that the real government of France is not in the hands of Léon Blum but in those of Léon Jouhaux.

Now when John Lewis speaks of increasing the participation of Labor in the government of the United States, one may wonder if he envisages himself in a similar position. This would mean that, as head of the C. I. O., he would be able to represent all the unionized workers of America and give or refuse his support to the government in a much more effective way, even, than he has done during the last elections.

In other words, this would mean the transposition to America of a Popular Front formula, the basis of which is a compromise between the static or bourgeois elements and the encamped groups. This has worked not too badly in France up to now, because it so happens that the Government of M. Blum has complied generally with the wishes of the C. G. T., and the C. G. T., on the other hand, has helped M. Blum by maintaining a good deal of discipline

among its member unions. The equilibrium which the Popular Front represents will work just as long as the leaders of organized Labor and the Government agree; but what would happen if M. Blum were succeeded by a Premier not to the taste of M. Jouhaux is anybody's guess, and many French observers believe that the only other alternative is, at the present juncture, some sort of Fascist rule.

The situation in America is far from being as advanced as this, but is this the goal toward which Mr. Lewis is headed, consciously or not? There are many obstacles in the way which do not exist in France. The A. F. of L. still prevents the total unification of the American Labor movement under one leader. Besides, and by his own admission, John Lewis has a great educational task cut out for him before he can say that his troops are really well disciplined. There are also sectional complications: this is not really a country, but a vast empire with the most diversified conditions. Still, it would seem that if Mr. Lewis is going anywhere, it is in some such direction.

V

It may interest the conservative readers to know that this probable development is viewed with many misgivings by the really radical elements in this country.

It would take too long to describe the fantastic bickerings, schisms, shufflings and reshufflings, which are going on in these groups here and elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the Communists do not consider that the present situation offers any ground for a revolution. As a matter of fact, what the Communists really want to do next is very much of a puzzle. Still in the obedience of Moscow, they find that Moscow is now more interested in furthering the national aims of Russia than in blow-

ing up the whole capitalistic world. Stalin, having made up his mind that for the moment, at least, it is expedient to be on friendly terms with the democracies, has no intention of throwing a monkey wrench that might break up the delicate International Popular (or Democratic) Front which is being built up against Fascism and Naziism.

The Socialists, on the other hand, are not following the same programme in America and in France. In France they are considered by the true Marxians to have sold out to Capitalism by becoming nationalists and bourgeois. The American Socialists, unlike the Communists, played no Popular Front tactics at the last elections. They did not support Roosevelt and they did not expel the Trotskyists from their ranks, as did the French Socialists. They maintained their independence and their Marxian virginity.

From this sketchy account it is easy to see that the radical elements in this country have varying opinions on what John Lewis is doing. By and large, the real revolutionaries distrust him completely, and for the same reasons as many conservatives and liberals. They think that his position is unsound because he has not thought out the political consequences of his movement. They think a Labor leader should not receive a salary of \$12,000 a year. They think that John Lewis is building up a machine which will be run dictatorially and not in the interests of the workers. They fear that by the time John Lewis has organized Labor, and obtained recognition in the form of national legislation and agreements, there will be nothing left of the Labor movement but a huge bureaucracy manoeuvred from the top by powerful bosses entirely subservient to the Washington Government, which is equivalent, from the point of view of Marxian logic, to being subservient to Capitalism.

A very radical friend of mine told me that he could not understand why the conservatives were afraid of John Lewis, because what he was doing in fact was to block revolutionary thought among the workers. 'Although he may not realize it,' this friend said, 'John Lewis is completely imbued with petty bourgeois ideology, and therefore unable to think in any other terms than the immediate present and his immediate surroundings.'

Thus there are more ways than one of judging John L. Lewis.

In the meanwhile Mr. Lewis, trusting himself and his followers, like a Biblical prophet marches forward. 'If I did not believe in the intelligence of the American workers,' he said to me with convincing earnestness, 'I would cease to believe in Democracy.'

And so it would appear that John Lewis's conception of Democracy, like that of President Roosevelt, is that of the crusader and founded on an optimistic outlook toward human perfectibility. To survive, it must be kept in motion toward a goal which, like the Promised Land, will only be mapped out when one gets there. This is distinctly unpleasant to those who believe that the Promised Land is a Paradise Lost, and disturbing to those whose duty it is to survey the road and look ahead — that is, the thinkers and the intellectuals.

The only consolation is that John Lewis, who is a powerful dynamic force to-day, may become static to-morrow. It will then be much easier to define his place in the world. For the moment, however, Mr. Lewis is not prepared to sit down on his job.

'Your lament,' he once wrote to William Green, 'is that I will not join you in a policy of anxious inertia. Candidly, I am temperamentally incapable of sitting down with you in sackcloth and ashes, endlessly intoning: *O tempora, O mores!*'

GOVERNMENT BY PRESSURE

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

THE old New England town meeting was a democratic institution — an unusual phenomenon among modern men. From that root grew our form of government by chosen representatives of the people.

But Congress is not a town meeting in any sense. For in the town meeting each individual represented himself and spoke for himself. Members of Congress do not speak for themselves. They speak for their constituencies.

The members of Congress need not fully agree with what they themselves say. They need not believe altogether what they advocate. Senator Ashurst, for instance, who boasts of his inconsistency in speech and interview, is no less a man because he constantly disagrees with himself. He tries always to agree with his constituency, to fathom the wish of his constituency and to act accordingly. That is the essence of representative government.

The House of Representatives had always been that sort of body — a group of men who cleave to the will of their constituencies. The Senate, before direct election by the people, according to the Seventeenth Amendment, aspired to a different attitude. Whereas the lower house was supposed to keep its ear close to the ground, the upper house was expected to take a national, a more aloof, a more impersonal view.

Since the direct election of Senators,

however, they, like Representatives, have put their ears to the ground. It might even be suggested that some members of this august body wear amplifiers.

II

Members of the Congress may discover the wishes of their constituencies by two simple methods: one is to go back to the bailiwicks to find out by painstaking search what public opinion there really is; the other is to wait for the information to come to them in the form of letters, telegrams, petitions, editorials.

The first method is difficult and troublesome; the second is quite facile. In fact, it has in recent years been simplified by the activities of pressure groups and by the use of mass pressure methods by scientifically conducted agencies of publicity. During the Roosevelt régime the government has actually accelerated the activities of pressure groups and has employed for its purposes a huge corps — the largest ever assembled — of publicity men under the general supervision of that most competent of press agents, Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee. Michelson is without peer in the organization and direction of mass pressure.

A pressure group is a number of men and women who organize for the purpose of enforcing their will upon a suf-

ficient number of members of Congress to vote for legislation they favor. Such groups have always existed in the United States and have maintained effective agencies in Washington. Under older methods, men engaged in this practice were called lobbyists, the name coming from the assumption that they meet the Senators and Representatives in the lobbies of their respective houses and tell them their troubles.

Of course the lobbyist does no such thing. He meets whomever he seeks to meet in all sorts of ways, openly or secretly, in a direct, businesslike fashion or at a social gathering. Many lobbyists are former Congressmen or even cabinet officers or party leaders unto whom current gentlemen of the Congress may be beholden for past favors. Some of them are lawyers and others are former newspaper men who know their way around Washington.

Nowadays, when administrative law has become so important, a lobbyist who is socially on good terms with bureau chiefs, or even second-line administrators, can get things done for his employers. Sometimes this means coming into possession of advance information of what will be done, so that pressure may be developed back home in advance of the act. Washington, like every capital in the world, is full of leaks and rumors, and men earn a living supplying the data thus gathered to interested parties. Pressure groups thus utilize their agents not only to exert pressure but to obtain advance information.

III

But new pressure groups have come into existence which do not depend upon lobbyists at all. They exert direct mass pressure upon Congress. They depend more upon creating situations which startle the country. They utilize the class prejudices to which

such free rein has been given during the past few years.

These men and women have as much to defend as any corporation which employed a lobbyist to look after tariff legislation in the old days. They have, for instance, a vested interest in the various relief agencies which involve a redistribution of wealth without the direct exchange of productive labor for money.

Now, with unemployment practically at an end in manufacturing industries, WPA pressure groups fight to continue the existence of their particular organizations after they have long outlived their usefulness. They conduct strikes and sit-downs in government agencies as though they were combating an employer who pays them for work produced. Actually they are living on public charity to which they are not entitled, but which is a bounty to keep them from starving either when there is no work or when they will not work.

The pressure exerted by these groups upon local officials is potent. In New York City their power has grown to such dimensions that the Park Commissioner is in constant difficulty in his effort to get work out of these people, part of whose cost the city pays.

First of all, those who live on the WPA constitute a sufficient number everywhere to represent a political power. Secondly, there are always middle-class individuals whose humane instincts lead them to believe everything they hear if it is told by a so-called underdog. Then there is an organized mass of professional social workers, who have thrived upon government expenditures and who use the agencies of their organizations to press-agent the needs of WPA workers.

The result is that mayors are frightened. What will all this pressure mean in the next election? They know that

conditions do not warrant the expenditures which the WPA people want to make permanent — and to which each city contributes perhaps more than it ought. They bring pressure to bear on the governors of states and on the President of the United States. 'For the love of everything political,' they shout, 'get these WPA creatures out of our hair! Give them money and more money until after the next election.'

But there is always a next election, and the WPA money-takers know that and they frighten the politicians by their mass pressure tactics. Every time there is even a rumor of balancing the budget or economy in government, they threaten a march on Washington. And if there is anything that the President does not like, and that Congress does not like, it is a march on Washington.

So give them their money. Let them have what they want. That will relieve the pressure.

IV

Of course, that starts pressure from other groups. Taxpayer groups promote nation-wide propaganda to call attention to the menace of high taxes. 'Fifty-three taxes in a loaf of bread!' they scream. But they are discredited.

The National Association of Manufacturers, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the Liberty League, the Crusaders, the Women Investors, and kindred organizations keep up the cry against high taxes. But they were defeated in the last election, so they do not count. They opposed the mandate, and the government insists that it received a mandate. Therefore the government can ignore the pressure from such sources.

Besides, these groups represent Business, and Business is vicious. In fact, government propaganda is devoted to convincing the American people that

Business is vicious. The propagandists even seek to convince the business man himself that he is vicious. They have already so convinced many wives and children of business men, who are to hang their heads in shame when they come home for dinner. The terms 'Economic Royalists,' 'Princes of Plenty,' 'Defeatist Lawyers,' and so on, are not the mere vituperations of political partisanship. They are the result of careful planning in the science of mass pressure. They serve to develop an inferiority complex and thus to break down morale. Says Johnny to his father, 'Are you an Economic Royalist?' and the old gentleman splutters and wonders what the younger generation will say next. Government thus relieves itself from the pressures of these groups either by smearing their leaders or by winning them away from their colleagues by high office, by flattery, or by undermining their faith in their personal futures.

Business pressure on government is, then, for the present not effective. Nevertheless it continues in many forms, and in some respects is beginning to influence those who are disappointed with the work of the present administration.

The business man as an individual, nevertheless, is still frightened and timid. He is not so scared as he was during Senator Black's inquisitions, but he does fear that they may be renewed.

The American business man is still on the defensive, and therefore avoids overt use of pressure methods. He is afraid of a boomerang. He does not know when any effort he may put forth to protect his position will be used against him. He fears income tax investigations; he fears that when his company comes before the SEC with regard to future financing he might be held up to his disadvantage; he fears dissolution suits; he fears all sorts of reprisals.

Further, he is frightfully confused by the varieties of lines taken by his colleagues. Some are even hailing John Lewis, Governor Murphy, and Franklin D. Roosevelt as saviors. The line of reasoning of those who feel that way is similar to the thought which generated support among German industrialists for Hitler. They say that Lewis is a 'dealt' person — he listens to reason: a transaction can be entered into with him which takes the bloom off a strike; that he is flattered by association with the financially great and the socially élite, and that therefore they can put things over on him and he will put things over for them — all of which is interesting, if true, but involves an emphasis on double-crossing which is frightfully demoralizing.

If ever boring from within was done in American industry, it has taken place in connection with the attitude of big business toward the personality of John Lewis — and the result is that pressure groups among business men and business organizations are without vitality. Not only is American business currently on the defensive, but it is not making a virile stand.

For the sake of accurate reporting, the preceding sentence must be modified, because self-interest always finds a way to protect itself. The policies of defeatism pursued by business are proving and will continue to prove futile because it is altogether impossible for John Lewis or anyone else to guarantee industrial peace.

After so many years of mass propaganda, in which every vehicle of pressure was utilized to accomplish mass dissatisfaction, nothing can be done to stem the tide of hatred until it has run its course. Nor is it possible to chart that course in advance any more than to foretell the exact nature of a flood. It is even possible that those who are out in front of the mass — John Lewis, Homer Martin, Philip Murray,

Adolphe Germer, Powers Hapgood, and their associates — may be engulfed in the muddied waters along with the captains of industry. Rank-and-file movements may even turn their leadership aside for a time if the leaders continue to win strikes in which there is no advantage to the worker.

Because of the confusing results of current strike settlements and the inept response of a section of business leadership to mass pressure, there is ample revolt, ample resentment, in business circles against the breakdown in resistance to this pressure. And there will undoubtedly be a re-forming of ranks, with a resultant business pressure upon government.

V

One of the most startling political escapades of the present régime is the story of Mr. James H. Rand, Jr., the head of the Remington-Rand Company, manufacturers of typewriters and business equipment, whose principal customer ordinarily should be the Government of the United States.

In the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, Mr. Rand was an agency of government pressure. He was, in fact, the 'white-haired boy' among business men. He was the leading spirit in the Committee of the Nation, which was a body of business men organized for the purpose of making popular the administration's early monetary policies. They were against gold; they were for the Roosevelt silver policy; they were for cheap money. Mr. Rand did much to make Mr. Roosevelt popular among business men. The Committee of the Nation actually attempted to make everything appear to be rational and sound and beneficial to business.

How 'Jimmy' Rand and Franklin D. Roosevelt came to fall out, I do not know. But early in the spring of

1934 Dr. William A. Wirt, of Gary, Indiana, a man of hitherto unblemished reputation and a truly great educator, appeared before a Committee of the House, introduced by James H. Rand, Jr., sponsored by the Committee of the Nation, and spoke of a plot to remake the American form of government.

Dr. Wirt reported a conversation he said he had with a group of 'Brain Trusters,' among whom was Rexford Guy Tugwell. In view of the sit-down strikes and the attempt to pack the Court, his statements take on a new significance. Let me quote one or two paragraphs which relate to the subject we are now discussing. Dr. Wirt said:

I was frankly told that I underestimated the power of propaganda. That, since the World War, propaganda had been developed into a science. That they could make the newspapers and magazines beg for mercy by threatening to take away much of their advertising by a measure to compel only the unvarnished truth in advertising.

That they could make the financiers be good by showing up at public investigations the crooks in the game. And that the power of public investigation in their own hands alone would make the cold chills run up and down the spines of the other business leaders and politicians — honest men as well as crooks. . . .

They were sure that the leaders of industry and labor could be kept quiet by the hope of getting their own share of the government doles in the form of loans, and contracts for material and labor — provided they were subservient.

They were sure that the colleges and schools could be kept in line by the hope of Federal aid until the many New Dealers in the schools and colleges had control of them.

Well, the pressure machine was put on Dr. Wirt and Mr. Rand. By the use of propaganda, Dr. Wirt was made to appear so ridiculous that he retired to Gary mortified. He had really sought to aid his country and his President, and a steam roller went over him and flattened him out.

James H. Rand, Jr., and his company have had unending labor troubles since he fell out with his former allies. He has apparently been thrown to the dogs and shown no mercy.

Is there a relationship between what happened to Rand and his support of Dr. Wirt's attack on certain New Dealers? Frankly, I do not know. But the effect is to strengthen the fear psychology which is so characteristic of business men to-day. After all, the government is a huge customer and can shift orders to competitors, and business men are afraid of that. The lesson that Rand may or may not have learned has not gone unnoted in Wall Street, and companies which have to go before the SEC, the ICC, or the FTC tend to conform to the New Deal. Thus, pressure has done the trick.

VI

Labor pressure on government is now terrifyingly effective. John Lewis has openly challenged the President, and every little Lewis does the same kind of threatening. In effect, they say: 'We elected you — deliver!'

And although the President did once gently slap Mr. Lewis's wrist, and although General Hugh Johnson did with some semblance of authority announce that Lewis was not as close to the President as the public thought, the fact remains that up to the moment of writing the President and his Secretary of Labor have protected Mr. Lewis in every situation where he needed their aid. Some day, when men cease to fear administration pressure, the story will be told of how much that assistance has meant in the development of the C. I. O. Perhaps it will come out in the course of Congressional investigations; but, in confidence, one hears many startling tales — and one can only hope that some of them may not be true.

Labor pressure on Senators and Rep-

representatives is equally forceful, effective, overt, and threatening. The 75th Congress may candidly be recognized as a labor Congress (as a body, thus far, and except on one issue: the Supreme Court), dominated by the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. And it is curious that, whereas these labor organizations are fighting each other, neither the President nor Congress dares to antagonize either of them.

Quite apart from the avoidance of a Congressional investigation of the sit-downs, which would have disclosed government complicity, it was even difficult to get through a resolution condemning this outrageous practice. It is interesting to note that Senator Robinson, when he consented to the introduction of a resolution, insisted that it should be one of such a nature that the President would not have to sign it; and when the resolution finally passed the Senate it was diluted by modifying unrelated matter which served to divert attention from the main issue. The Senate was apparently afraid to pass an out-and-out anti-sit-down resolution.

The President, who has commented on every subject, has been silent on actual revolutionary conduct in several states, and has seen to it that his silence is fully protected by his agents in Congress. There can be no question that Congress and the President recognize the dangers of the sit-down; they could follow the example of William Green of the A. F. of L., who is ardently calling attention to the dangerous course even at the risk of being accused of scabbing.

But C. I. O. pressure is now so potent that no agency of government risks a test of strength with it. Yet in Flint, Michigan, where the C. I. O. staged its most dramatic exhibition of strength, the voters at a by-election voted down all C. I. O. candidates for public office. And the Michigan legislature declared its opposition to the sit-down.

VII

There is no scientific gauge of the pressure of public opinion. The Gallup test is supposed to be superior to all others because its appraisal of the respective strength of presidential candidates turned out to be fairly accurate. Yet it is difficult to know whether this or similar estimates of public opinion are correct at the moment of polling, or whether, if they are then correct, the views expressed at that time are sustained over any period of time.

It is the tendency of politicians to estimate pressure on altogether a different basis. They try to determine exactly how much harm a particular pressure group can do. It is a kind of public blackmail. For instance at this moment, if the Liberty League supports a candidate, he may be defeated; but if it opposes a candidate he will not necessarily be defeated. On the other hand, John Lewis contends, and it has not been denied, that he and his party elected President Roosevelt, Governor Murphy, and Governor Earle. As long as that record stands, John Lewis and the C. I. O. have a large number of public officials fairly frightened.

However, pressure groups nearly always exceed the bounds of decency. In fact, the entire conception of pressure — other than the right of petition — exerted on a public official is indecent. No matter how general the practice has become, it runs counter to the democratic tradition. Therefore a resistance to it is inevitably set up by public officials congenitally incapable of being blackmailed. For instance, pressure on Senator Wheeler or Senator Carter Glass is a dangerous experiment, because such men explode too easily and tend to take the public into their confidence. The result is such a boomerang as the President's Supreme Court proposal is proving to be. In that instance more pressure was exerted

than could be borne, and the free men responded accordingly.

VIII

It is impossible to eliminate pressure groups in a free society, but we should be vigilant to identify them and to discover their motives. Almost every measure of Congress provides some benefit to some group — and the task is to avoid turning a temporary benefit into a vested interest fought for by a pressure group. Social workers have in recent years taken advantage of the emergencies developed by the depression and the recovery to establish just such vested interests, and they are fighting for them as Mr. Grundy fought for his tariff. The continuous and often ridiculous quarrel between Mr. Harry Hopkins and Mr. Ickes for control of funds is part of the social workers' struggle to maintain newly created vested interests established by group pressure upon government.

The Anti-Saloon League developed the modern pressure group formula of direct assault upon the individual public official, threatening him with defeat and insisting that he abide by their programme irrespective of his personal opinion. They poured money into Congressional districts to defeat particular candidates and made the lives of appointed officials miserable by constant snooping and tattling. Few public men dared to resist this pressure. Al Smith did — and made a career of it; but by and large, politicians tended to cringe before the whip of this pressure organization. It was not until Al Capone's oligarchy made itself utterly obnoxious that a popular revolt freed politicians from this pressure.

Similarly, the evils of the sit-down might have resulted in a popular revolt against the domination of government by John Lewis. John Lewis, however, is afraid of his own weapons, and if he

can control the rank and file of the C. I. O. the sit-downs will disappear. The independence, the daring adherence to principle on the part of Walter Chrysler, undoubtedly influenced public opinion, but the more significant explanation is the resistance to the method by local communities and the workers themselves. Only politicians feared the lash of this pressure. And as no labor movement can be effective in opposition to local public opinion, the sit-down will be dropped.

The problem that the C. I. O. faces, then, is how to maintain pressure on politicians without dramatic activities which maintain the impression of terrific pressure on the front pages of newspapers.

For this is essential. Some pressure groups work secretly, because they get the best advantages that way. Such a pressure group as the C. I. O. must exert its pressure through the press. Its technique is to pile up events, occurrences, activities, until the sole issue before the nation is the C. I. O. This gives the impression of tremendous strength. The strength may or may not be as great as the impression, but what matters is the impression, not the reality. The effect of this technique is triple: —

1. The workers feel that this is the dominant movement.
2. The politicians cringe before it.
3. The natural enemies of the movement prepare to compromise.

This technique has one weakness. It must have access to the front pages of newspapers. The Lindbergh flight, the Gedeon murders, an earthquake, a flood — anything might drive it off the front page. Unless genuine strength is achieved before it is driven off the front page, a new dramatic event must be staged to maintain the pressure. That is the reason for the terrific speed of the C. I. O., in which defeat was risked all the time. For instance, it is known

beyond question that, had General Motors not agreed to the absurd Knudsen-Murphy letter, the C. I. O. would have lost the General Motors strike as it lost the Chrysler strike. Speed is essential, because the strike is fought in the newspapers and the sit-down itself is window-trimming. This technique in mass pressure is available only for causes which cannot rely for support upon a general public approval. Their task is to become established before disapproval can affect them.

Another type of mass pressure is embodied in the President's Fireside Addresses. These are, of course, the perfection of a political device. But nothing that has ever been tried by any public man in the past, or by anyone else at the present time, has been equally effective. The President makes no attempt really to put over an idea or a cause. He puts over Franklin D. Roosevelt. The voice, the choice of words, the ring of sincerity, the appeal to the heart — it all goes over.

President Roosevelt, by his use of the radio, has developed a mass pressure upon Congress which made the 74th Congress a rubber stamp. The 75th Congress is beginning to rebel against this condition. Thus far, this year, the President's use of the radio has not been as effective as heretofore; and unless he restores his pressure upon his public, there will be a lessening of their pressure upon Congress. As the rubber-stamp character of Congress is the product of this pressure technique, any lessening of the pressure will result in a change in the attitude of Congress toward the President. It may restore the authority of the Democratic Party over the New Deal.

Finally, it must be noted that John Lewis, realizing the weakening in the independence of Congress, turns on the pressure in the interest of his particular

cause. Paul Mallon, in a dispatch from Washington on May 9, describes the blocking of the resolution in the Senate against the sit-down strike. He says, 'The job was done by a man on the telephone with the voice of a Hamlet in rage.' That was the voice of John Lewis. The *Congressional Record* of the days when this debate took place makes very distressing reading. Senators devote themselves to blocking the resolution. Not one sound argument appears against the resolution. Not one attempt is made to defend the legality of the sit-down. The opponents of the resolution attempt, time after time, to confuse the issue, and finally a compromise resolution saves the face of John Lewis. No wonder that Senator Bailey, disgusted and weary, breaks the Democratic ranks and in anger says: —

Mr. President, I am going to be very definite about this matter. Who involved the President of the United States in this situation? I did not. The Senate did not. The Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Byrnes] did not. John Lewis did. We had just as well confront the fact. He stood upon the housetops of this land, and, in excess of arrogance, announced that he had elected Mr. Roosevelt President, that he had contributed half a million dollars to the campaign fund, and he demanded that the President of the United States of America come to his deliverance and take his side. . . . I wish the President had said, 'I am very grateful to Mr. Lewis for his help in the election. . . . But I am the President of the United States and the servant of all the people. I do not intend that anyone shall ever say to the President that he has to do this, or that he has to do that, or that he has to do the other.' I wish he had said that; and had he done so there would have been an end to such a situation in America. But he did not say it.

In that speech appears all the resentment, the bitterness, even the anguish of a Senator who finds himself no longer able to bend his knee to pressure.

'FORMIDABLE!'

BY HENRY WALES

I

L-A-C-O-N-F-E-R-E-N-C-E—N-A-V-A-L-E—
D-A-N-S—L-I-M-P-A-S-S-E—L-A—M-I-S-S-I-
S-S-I-P-P-I—D-E-B-O-R-D-E—S-E-S—B-A-N-
C-S—L-A—R-E-V-O-L-U-T-I-O-N—R-A-V-A-
G-E—T-O-U-T-E—L-A—C-H-I-N-E . . .

I read the bulletins on the electric news sign at the Place de l'Opéra in Paris on the sunshiny afternoon of May 21, 1927, as I waited for a taxi. The naval conference at Geneva was deadlocked over America's demand for 8-inch gun cruisers; the song writers' favorite, the Mississippi, was threatening to burst its levees; revolution was spreading over China. Earl Carroll had had a bathtub party, the Snyder murder case was red hot, Mae West was in jail over a doubtful play. That was the news of the day.

What's this the slithering, incandescent letters are spelling? I leaned from the taxi window to catch the message: —

A-V-I-A-T-E-U-R—A-M-E-R-I-C-A-I-N—S-E-
N-V-O-L-E—S-E-U-L—V-E-R-S—P-A-R-I-S

As we turned the corner I wondered what pilot could have hopped off solo for Paris. Commander Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin had both been waiting at Roosevelt Field for favorable weather. But they would n't fly alone. Noel Davis and Wooster had been killed in crashes. These were the principal contenders for the Orteig prize of \$25,000 for the first New York to Paris

flight. But this solo pilot? Who was he? There must be some mistake.

At the office of the *Chicago Tribune*, where I was chief Paris correspondent, I found a cable from the day city editor: —

CHARLES LINDBERGH FLYING ALONE
LEFT NEWYORK SEVEN FIFTYTWO SAM
FOR PARIS STOP COVER FULLEST.

Who the devil was Charles Lindbergh?

My secretary did n't know. My assistant did n't know. Bernard Ragner, editor of the Paris edition of the *Tribune*, did n't know. The Pacific & Atlantic photo service did n't know. Even the French copy boy who leisurely cycled my dispatches to the Bourse, and usually knew everything — he did n't know.

'Cable New York for a complete fill-in,' I told my junior leg-man.

The Paris afternoon editions came up carrying blackface bulletins under three-column heads with a New York date line. M. Lindbergh was nicknamed *le Veinard*, the Lucky One, it seemed. He was a mail pilot. Only a *petite* beast accompanied him, a little cat. If the hunger attacked him, he had three sandwiches of ham. For the thirst, a bottle of *café*. He flew an *appareil* Ryan with a *moteur* of the Wright. He had set a record transcontinental from *la Californie* to New York at 175 kilometres per hour.

Frankly, I did n't think Lindbergh would make it. Still I had to clean up my end of the early phases of the yarn: the French reaction, preparations for his arrival 'if,' quotes from some big shots, what the American colony and prominent tourists thought. First I went to the American Embassy.

'It's too bad. I'm sorry he started just at this time,' said Ambassador Myron T. Herrick with sincere regret. 'The French are extremely sensitive on the subject of a transatlantic flight. It's only thirteen days since Nungesser and Coli.'

I knew all about the Nungesser and Coli affair. Rumor that the Frenchmen had reached New York, had 'circled over the Battery while thousands of spectators on the roof of the Aquarium cheered,' had been published as fact. There had been anti-American outbreaks in Paris when the story had been corrected.

Next I called on M. Paul Painlevé, French Minister of War, in his dingy little walk-up flat in the rue de Babylone. He had given out a glowing statement on the supposed arrival at New York of Nungesser and Coli. But the fussy little man now only scowled at the Siamese pet cats prowling around on his desk.

'*Mais oui*, I express my heartfelt desire that the young man succeeds in his perilous mission,' he said. 'But I can give no statement until he actually arrives. Lindbergh,' he mused. 'That sounds like a German name.'

I reached the Ritz Bar in the rue Cambon at the peak of the cocktail hour. Frank, the barman, had set odds of ten to one against the success of the flight. Dana Pond and Gilbert White, both well-known painters, insisted the odds were too low. Jo Davidson, the sculptor, and Kim, Duke of Manchester, insisted they were too high. Several bets were made.

Major Billy Bishop, Canadian ace,

and Sir Alan Cobham, who had just blazed the air trail to the tip of South Africa, discussed Lindbergh's chance from the technical standpoint.

Across the corridor in the 'steam room,' Ethel Levey, the actress, was talking about the flight to Pearl White, serial movie queen, Margaret Hawkesworth, society dancer, and the Morgan twins — Thelma, Lady Furness, and Gloria Vanderbilt.

I toddled along to the office and wrote 600 words of Paris reaction to the Lindbergh flight. I played up the interest that well-known personalities were taking in it, and carried Frank's betting odds of ten to one against.

Just after 1 A. M. we got a flash. The 'Lone Eagle' had passed over St. John's, Newfoundland! On the wall map I measured it off. He had covered about a third of the way, a thousand miles, and at better than a hundred miles an hour. Now he faced 1600 miles of open sea to Ireland, the first land on his course. I wondered if this fellow really meant business. Would he — could he — turn back now if he encountered heavy weather over the ocean?

'More than a hundred men have flown the Atlantic already,' Ragner remarked. 'The crews of the English dirigible R-33 and the German "reparations" Zeppelin, Alcock and Brown, the Britishers back in 1920, and the United States Army pilots that went around the world.'

On the way home I stopped in at Jed Kiley's night club in the rue Fontaine. In a Cossack costume — he had been doing the sword dance — Jed announced the flash I gave him: —

'Through the courtesy of the *Chicago Tribune*, I am happy to inform you that Charles Lindbergh, the American aviator flying to Paris, has just passed over Newfoundland. At his present speed he should reach Paris to-morrow

— that is, to-night — sometime around ten o'clock.'

Pandemonium broke loose. Ralph Dort sent two magnums of champagne to the jazz band. Worthington Hine led the singing of the American anthem, continuing with 'America' and winding up with 'Give My Regards to Broadway.' Mary McCormic sang 'La Marseillaise.' The French clientele, and the waiters and the wine boys, joined in the applause.

Around the corner in the rue Blanche, I stopped at Chez Florence and gave the news to Palmer Jones, the colored piano player. The celebration broke up Frisco's Charleston contest, which Lloyd and Carmen Pantages had won for eight nights running.

Big ebony Harvey sang 'Mademoiselle from Armentières' and Mary Lewis did 'California, Here I Come.' Mabel Boll, in a 'sweater' woven of slender gold and platinum wires, bet Jean Nash Dubonnet 5000 francs the pilot would reach France.

Everybody in the place was making the flight with Lindbergh, marking his course over the sea on the tablecloths with lipsticks and burnt matches. From the stuffy restroom I telephoned the office, dictating a 200-word add on Paris's reception of the latest news, stressing the lack of any show of hostility on the part of the French. Then I went home.

Next morning there were two cables from my home office. The first one read: —

COVER LINDBERGH PERSONALLY
PLENTY HI STOP COOPERATE PANDA FOR
PICTURES.

They wanted all the human interest (hi) stuff they could get. And I was to help Pacific and Atlantic with photos. The other cable read: —

NYTIMES BOUGHT LINDBERGH'S STORY
FIVE THOUSAND STOP TRY GET HIS
STATEMENT ELSEWHERE.

Holy mackerel! I knew Lindbergh would get across now. I could see his arrival. Jimmy James, the *Times* correspondent, and his staff would take possession of Mr. Lindbergh — kidnap him if necessary; hide him in some hotel; milk the story to the last detail. With the yarn safely in type, they'd invite the rest of us to meet the hero, get his autograph. I groaned at the prospect.

My only chance — if Lindbergh got to Paris — was to get as much of a statement from him as I could before the *Times* put him on ice. But that would take some help and I was short-handed. My staff was scattered about Europe on important assignments. The Paris edition was running on a skeleton crew. I phoned Kiley and Harry Arnold, then a private banker, in the Place Vendôme. Both promised to meet me at the Café Napolitain at five o'clock.

Before then there were a million things to do. First instruct all local correspondents at the ports — Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque — to be on the lookout for Lindbergh. I instructed them to wire the office if he landed in their territory. Then I took an option on a charter plane at Bourget to fly to wherever Lindbergh might land if he failed to reach his goal.

I telephoned the Prefecture of Police. M. Paul Guichard, *sous-chef de sûreté*, reported: —

'We'll have a hundred gendarmes on the field and thirty mounted Gardes Républicains. That will be sufficient to keep the crowds back and maintain order. We anticipate no trouble. But we will be ready for any development.'

The Ministry of Aviation in the Boulevard St. Germain stated: 'All airdromes, military and civilian, between the coast and Paris will be lighted throughout the night. All beacons and searchlights will operate continually.

All our technical resources are at the disposition of the American aviator.’

The Minister of Marine said: ‘Orders have been sent to naval bases to send destroyers to patrol waters in their areas. These vessels will be prepared to guide Lindbergh to the nearest port, or to pick him up if he is forced down.’

I left the Ministry and headed for the Quai d’Orsay. Count Charles de Chambrun, liaison officer between the Foreign Office and the press, greeted me.

‘M. Briand has issued instructions for all help and courtesy to be extended to M. Lindbergh,’ he said. ‘A government official will be at Bourget to welcome the aviator. He will be received by the municipal authorities. Passport and customs formalities will be waived. Sufficient police will be on hand to guard him against any demonstration.’

I telephoned the Embassy.

‘Mr. Herrick will be at the field to meet him,’ said Sheldon Whitehouse, the Counselor.

The story was beginning to feel big, like a real yarn.

II

I was late at the ‘Nap,’ but Kiley and Arnold were later. Several of my English colleagues were having apéritifs. Suddenly there was a wild cheer. Everyone was staring at the electric sign at the corner of the Opéra, opposite. The last words of the bulletin were trailing off: —

B-E-R-G-H—A-U-D-E-S-S-U-S—L-I-R-E-L-A-N-D . . .

‘See that?’ yelled Kiley as he sat down at the terrace table.

‘He got across!’ shouted Arnold.

‘C’est formidable!’ mumbled the *garçon* as he brought three *fines à l’eau*.

We stopped at Arnold’s bank and I cashed a check for 10,000 francs. I did n’t intend to run out of money.

To-morrow was Sunday, and there was no telling where Lindbergh might land.

At the office I knocked off 800 words of advance, right down to the reaction on Lindbergh’s arrival over Ireland. Then we drove out to Le Bourget.

A good-sized crowd was already at the field. A gang of laborers were setting up a fence of chicken wire to keep the people clear of the landing area. A hundred gendarmes and a platoon of mounted Gardes were there, the latter picturesque with burnished copper helmets and long horsehair cockades, and big clanking sabres at their sides.

Le Bourget airdrome is about 1200 yards wide and nearly two miles long. The commercial airport is on the east side of the field. There is a long line of concrete hangars with the Administration Building in the centre. On the ground floor are the executive offices, the customs rooms, the passport control bureau. On the second floor is the restaurant and bar. Opposite, on the west side, is the military flying field, with old wooden and canvas hangars, dugouts, and bombproofs used during the war.

I checked up the communications facilities at once. A couple of ‘taxi-phones’ — coin-in-the-slot contraptions which invariably failed to work. The switchboard for the field had only three trunk lines — not many when a couple of hundred reporters start phoning.

There was M. Nugues, manager of the Commercial Cable Company, a subsidiary of the Postal Telegraph.

‘*Bonjour*, Monsieur Wales. We are all prepared to handle your dispatches this evening. We have a direct wire from the field right into our office in Paris. This young man’ — he nodded toward a youth in a red necktie — ‘will telephone your dispatch to a stenographer. She will type it and put it on the cable, *sans délai*.’

Western Union had no one at the field. For some time the correspond-

ents had been using Commercial exclusively because it had reduced its press rate nearly two cents a word below the Western Union tariff.

The youth in the scarlet cravat called M. Nugues. 'The office has information that the *aviateur Américain* Lindbergh has been sighted passing over England, west of Plymouth, proceeding toward France,' he read from his pad.

'*C'est formidable!*' said M. Nugues, and I agreed with him. This setup looked pretty good. The news gave me a kick. Lindbergh was now flying toward the Continent. Right into my territory!

Upstairs in the bar they had the news, too, from the Commandant of the field. The big room was crowded. There sat Mister James in the midst of his staff. The rest of the Yank correspondents were lined up at the bar. Scattered about were German newsmen, Italians, Spaniards, Belgians, Hollanders, Swedes, Austrians, Turks, Japanese; and camera and news-reel men en masse.

At a table alongside the *Times* crew sat the Embassy group, consisting of several secretaries, attachés, and clerks. With them was an American doctor, one of the staff of the hospital at Neuilly. He had his kit and a blanket roll.

'I'm all ready for him,' said the physician expansively, almost as though Lindbergh were flying the ocean solely to keep an appointment with him. 'He'll naturally be exhausted when he arrives. After thirty-six hours of flying you can understand that. First I'll give him a shot of brandy. Then a hypo. He'll need it, too. After he reacts he'll be a bit hungry. I'll give him some of this bouillon; and some black coffee to steady him. Then we'll wrap him up in these blankets and give him plenty of rest. I positively won't let him do any talking to-night.'

We looked covertly at Jimmy James and his cohorts, grim and silent.

It was twilight now. Thousands jammed the airport. Four brown canvas-covered lorries rolled in. Sixty or seventy more gendarmes jumped out. We could hear the clatter of hoofbeats as another squadron of Gardes Républicains drew up.

The Commandant of the airport, in dress uniform, stalked stiffly into the restaurant.

'*Messieurs,*' he said, lifting his right hand to his *képi* in salute, 'I have the honor to inform you that the aviator Lindbergh has passed over Cherbourg. He is en route to Paris.'

What an uproar! The crowd was yelling its head off. The last champagne was ordered. The Scotch had run out some time ago. But there was plenty of cognac and *vin rouge*. The Yank tourists in the café started singing and dancing. A red-headed girl got on one of the tables and proposed a toast to Lindbergh. We reporters tried to take it hard-boiled, as they do in the movies. But it gave us all a boost.

The horde from Paris was pouring into the airport. They came in every sort of vehicle. The wide stone military highway leading north from the gates of Paris was jammed with traffic. Autos were parked in the fields, in courtyards, in gardens, and on sidewalks to make room for the oncoming stream.

That was the populace. But the silk-hat crowd was also there in evening dress, costly furs, sparkling jewels, bare shoulders flashing beneath lamé cloaks. En route to the de luxe restaurants, they had ordered their chauffeurs to drive to Le Bourget instead when they learned the latest news.

Ambassador Herrick and his son Parmely drove up in the Embassy car. M. Guichard of the Prefecture convoyed them to the Administration Building. 'The biggest crowd since the

peace parade,' he said. 'I've sent for five hundred more police, Your Excellency.'

It was dark now. The floodlights marked the field in alternate patches of dazzling white and inky blackness. The Paris highway reflected a silver lane from the headlights of the oncoming cars. From the road a thick black mass of late arrivals scrambled toward the field.

Hawkers had appeared as if by magic. They sold flags and buttons, balloons, paper streamers. Others had set up barrels of red and white wine and kegs of beer for the thirsty ones.

I pushed into the room where the Commercial Cable had its open wire to Paris. The lad in the red necktie sat at his table, a huge packet of copy before him. He was reading a dispatch to the *dactylo* at the other end of the line:—

'L pour Louis, I pour Isaac, N pour Nathan, D pour David, B pour Benjamin, E pour Édouard, R pour Richard, G pour Georges, H pour Henri.'

Good Heavens! They still had to spell out the name of the principal—and only—actor in to-night's show! What chance had they of transmitting the copy which we were to pound out on our portables?

I decided then and there to leave the flash of the arrival to the news agencies: my job was to get a comprehensive, human-interest story and file it at the earliest possible moment. And I must get something direct from Lindbergh before the *Times* sealed him up.

Through the window I contemplated the glut of traffic on the highroad. Blocked solid to Paris, M. Guichard had told me. Like a crook, a reporter always picks an exit. I entered the office of the Commandant next door. There was a large map of Le Bourget on the wall. Slender white lines against the blue background traced railways, power lines, telegraph wires, brooks, ponds, forests, and roads.

'What's this?' I asked after studying the map, pointing to a thread-like line leading off to the west, south of the airport.

'It's a lane leading to La Courneuve,' said the Commandant. 'I don't think it's passable for traffic.'

I looked at it again: the second turning to the right.

It was after ten o'clock. Lindbergh would arrive any time now. Over a sandwich *jambon* and a *café fin*, I assigned Kiley to stick with the *Times* bunch, and Arnold with the Embassy group. They would follow Lindbergh wherever he was taken, then inform me at the office by phone.

III

We went out on to the field through the gate in the chicken-wire fence. Hundreds of persons with police cards were there: politicians, social leaders, theatrical folk, the diplomatic corps, reporters, camera men. Behind the wire were massed thousands of men, women, and children.

I had no overcoat and was chilly despite the brandy. I was nervous, as always when waiting on the edge of a big story with someone else on the inside track.

Suddenly the siren howled. Instantly the multitude was silent. The honking and tooting of the stalled automobiles abruptly ceased. Beside me an army sergeant was operating an *acousticon*, a contrivance like four giant phonograph horns mounted together on a swivel to pick up the sound of an airplane motor. The sergeant aimed the horns to the west, earphones strapped to his head.

Everyone listened intently. It was astonishing how long that noisy, restless crowd remained silent. Just as my ears discerned a tiny thread of sound, a great hoarse blast emerged from the crowd:—

'*Le voilà!* There he is!'

'*C'est un moteur Américain,*' whispered the mechanic to the sergeant. I recalled that in air raids during the war I had learned to distinguish the alternate 'hum-hum' of the fixed German motors from the steady 'whir' of the Allied engines.

The floodlights drenched the field in ghostly white. Presently in the distance my eyes made out a tiny, silvery speck. It was low, about five hundred feet. Simultaneously the crowd spotted it.

'*Le voici!*'

Overhead the plane swept on. It veered off to the east, was lost a moment, then threaded its way back and glided lower over the field. Delicately, skillfully, it reconnoitred the drome, feeling out the terrain. It reminded me of a great eagle, tired, lost, circling about warily, seeking a place to perch in a strange country. It made another turn at the far end of the field, was lost to sight a few seconds, then back it came. It was lower now and dropping steadily. It entered the zone of darkness just above the ground and disappeared. The glare of the floodlights obliterated it.

Through the tense silence came a light, muffled thud; then the roar of the motor as Lindbergh gave it the gun to taxi in. The crowd's pent-up feelings burst!

There was a mighty roar of released emotion and suspense. The host surged forward; the chicken wire stretched and strained. The police joined hands in a living cordon. The wires burst! The gendarmes were engulfed. I looked back to see the mob milling forward.

I set out on a dead run ahead of the wave, straight across the field toward the spot where I had heard the machine land. Police waved their arms to motion me back. A Garde Républicain spurred his mount at me. I kept going.

Just then the floodlights were shut off. The field was in darkness.

I galloped on. To right and left I could hear the thud of footfalls and the stertorous breathing of others racing with me. With every stride my eyes were becoming more accustomed to the darkness. Soon I could see the dim outlines of the military hangars and an indistinct mass moving slowly on the field. Then I made out moving figures coming from the other side of the drome. By this time my opponents in the race had been left behind. I was out in front in the sprint for Lindbergh.

Suddenly I was within a few yards of the plane. But before I reached it the figures from the opposite side of the field swept up and surrounded it. In the next second I was among them.

They were in uniform. One was a commandant with four gold *galons* on his sleeve; another a lieutenant; the rest were sergeants, corporals, mechanics. They were pulling and twisting at the door to the cabin of the slowly moving plane. Released from the inside, it sprang open. I looked in and saw the occupant, Lindbergh, the man who had flown solo across the ocean!

He sat on a cushion, practically on the floor. His legs were stretched out before him. He was bareheaded. He wore a leather jacket, breeches, puttees. He was manipulating instruments on the panel before him.

The soldiers swung the door too wide. It cracked ominously.

'Careful, there, don't break it,' were Lindbergh's first words.

The motor was still turning, the propeller flailing in staccato bursts. The plane moved slowly, jerkily.

'*Coupez, coupez,*' yelled Weiss, the Commandant.

Like a Niagara the rumble of the on-rushing multitude could be heard. The advance guard was almost up with us. In another instant it would be charging

into the whirling blades of the propeller.

Peering out, Lindbergh cocked his head, listened. Then he cut the motor. The prop snapped stiffly to rest.

The sergeants reached inside, seized Lindbergh, and slid him out carefully. They placed him on their shoulders; his feet never touched the ground. They babbled words of encouragement and praise — '*formidable, formidable!*'

'That's all right. Let me down,' said Lindbergh. He wanted to stretch to start the blood circulating in those cramped limbs. Not understanding his protests, the soldiers patted him affectionately on the back.

'Let him down! He wants to walk!' I shouted to them in French. But there was no escaping the homage of that group. Lindbergh reached over and slammed the cabin door shut.

'They want to carry you!' I yelled above the din, grabbing his sleeve. It was the first word he had heard in English, the first he could understand. He looked down and I had a clear vision of his countenance, youthful and determined, clear eyes, set lips, firm chin. I thought of the doctor waiting to give a collapsed hero a syringe of morphia.

'Say,' he spoke anxiously, 'this is Le Bourget all right?'

He knew he had arrived at his goal. He was certain. But he wanted final confirmation.

'Sure, this is Bourget.' I repeated his pronunciation of the word with the hard *g*. He shook his head with satisfaction.

'I knew it was,' he began. 'There's another . . .'

His remark was drowned in the brisk orders of Commandant Weiss. Already the outposts of the mob were upon us. There was no time to lose. I could see them coming through the darkness. And what was that in their hands?

Knives! I could see them gripping their short-bladed *couteaux*. The moon-

light glinted on the steel blades. My heart nearly stopped beating. Did they resent this man succeeding because their own compatriots had been lost?

Weiss grasped the situation in a flash. Barking orders, he assigned his men to protect the plane. They ranged around the machine. A corporal slugged a burly fellow who was slicing away at the fabric where *Spirit of St. Louis* was stenciled. The mob wanted souvenirs, bits of the covering of the fuselage and wings, as keepsakes.

'No, no! Don't do that!' yelled Lindbergh so forcibly that even they shrank back.

'It's all right! They'll take care of it!' I called.

'They sure took care of *him*,' said Lindbergh, pointing to the prostrate man who had been socked. Lindbergh was trying to balance himself on the sergeants' shoulders, like a novice riding a camel.

'*Allons, vite!* Bring him this way! Get him away from that plane before they tear it to pieces!' shouted Weiss. We staggered forward in the darkness, across the field.

I looked back. A woman lifted her child above the shoulder of a corporal guarding the plane and pressed the infant against the fuselage.

'Kiss it, my little one,' she said. 'It will bring you good luck.'

The going was difficult as I plunged after the group bearing Lindbergh. The field was overrun with people, surging about in search of the hero. Those we encountered did not recognize Lindbergh, misled probably by the French uniforms. Occasionally the blinding rays of searchlights swept over the field, illuminating long lanes of twisting, staggering humanity.

'*Par ici* — this way,' said Weiss, pointing toward the Administration Building. Lindbergh gripped his carriers tightly, one by his curly black

hair, another by the shoulder strap of his belt.

My foot sank into a hole; I sprawled forward. Two men fell on top of me. I lost my hat; searched for a moment, then abandoned it. I looked about for Lindbergh.

There he was, a few yards away. I could see him above the heads of the crowd. Bucking and pushing, I fought forward to rejoin him. I plodded along for a few strides to catch my breath. Then I looked up.

Good heavens! It was n't Lindbergh! These men were in uniform, but they were n't soldiers — they were police. They were carrying a girl. She had fallen, been trampled on, was injured. They were taking her to the first-aid station.

I almost wept. I had had Lindbergh right in my hands, and I had lost him! How should I ever find him again? I dashed back and forth. Many persons were being carried off the field.

From the direction of the Administration Building came a wild shout. A searchlight revealed a group of Gardes Républicains opening a lane toward the building, escorting someone in. I started in pursuit, bucking the crowd, stumbling over stones; it was like a dreadful dream wherein one races for his life through soft sand.

Then I was outside the building. Through the windows I could see the figure of a young man, bareheaded, fair, slender, being projected up the crowded staircase. The mob was cheering. I sighed with relief. I had found him again. They were taking him up for the official welcome from Ambassador Herrick and General Gouraud.

No chance to smash through that crowd! The police were too excited to recognize reporters' cards. But I must get in. He would say something to the Ambassador. That would be my only opportunity to hook him before the *Times* sewed him up.

There was a trellis for vines outside the building. I went up the flimsy latticework hand over hand as gendarmes below bellowed at me. I got through a window and stood on the sill — just in time to see the young man brought in.

Flashlights exploded and cameras snapped. The crowd screamed in enthusiasm. I stared. Somehow the youth did n't look familiar. He carried an aviator's helmet.

General Gouraud came to a magnificent salute. The handsome Mr. Herrick extended his right hand like a Roman senator. But the young man stopped them both: —

'I'm not Lindbergh. I work for the Radiator Company. I lost my hat on the field, and I found this helmet. They thought I —'

Before the sheepish lad could continue, the Ambassador grasped his hand.

'No harm done, my boy. I'm glad to see you.'

The *malentendu* was explained to General Gouraud. He dropped his salute. His aide signaled the waiters rattling a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket — not to open the wine. Everyone laughed except the bogus hero. He flushed, embarrassed. At a discreet signal from the General, he was convoyed downstairs. I followed in his wake.

Squeezing inch by inch down the hallway I heard through the transom the red-necktied youth slowly dictating copy into the telephone. It would take days to clear stories that way. An hour had passed since Lindbergh had landed. Should I try to find him or go in to Paris and file what I had? It was Saturday night! Copy had to be in early for those big Sunday editions.

Up to this minute I was n't scooped; they did n't have Lindbergh yet. I still had a fair crack at the biggest story I'd ever tackled. I would slap what I had on the cable, then go after the rest.

Out through the gates I trotted, on to the road, and into the chaos of cars and crowds. People were still coming. They had deserted their autos, were on foot. I dodged among them, keeping to the right side of the road.

More than a mile I continued. It was like swimming against a strong tide. I passed one intersection, but kept on. The blueprint had shown that as a blind road. In a quarter mile I came to another corner. It was the lane I had spotted. I turned off to the right along the narrow, dusty, unpaved thoroughfare. There was a glut of cars at the corner; beyond, it was deserted. I jogged along the empty road.

Not a person, not a vehicle, did I meet. I was stranded. It would take me all night to walk to Paris by this indirect route. And I had the biggest story since the war under my belt!

IV

Something loomed out of the night. I drew nearer. Lights! Music! Voices! A little *auberge*. And a red taxicab outside. Its flag was covered with the black *gaine* to indicate it was not in service. I went inside. The proprietor was at his zinc bar, playing a concertina. The remains of a meal were on the single table. There were empty bottles everywhere.

'*Une mariage*,' said the proprietor, pointing to the party. They were six — two elderly couples, a girl in a print dress and a bride's veil, the bridegroom, a middle-aged fellow with a walrus moustache. They were all pretty tight.

'A hundred francs to Paris,' I said.

The chauffeur-bridegroom scowled indifferently.

'Nothing doing; it's my wedding.'

'Two hundred francs.'

'*Non, non, et non*,' he repeated stubbornly. 'I'm with my *femme* and *la famille*.'

I gave him an American cigarette. He sucked in the smoke deeply. I gave him the packet.

'Hop in,' said the chauffeur. 'I'm going to La Gonesse. Maybe we'll meet someone.'

I jumped in beside him and the bride. Bursting with my story, I told him about Lindbergh, his marvelous flight, his reception, the crowds. But the driver was thinking of other things.

'*Voui, c'est formidable*,' he admitted absently. Then he pulled a bottle of red wine from the pocket of his greatcoat. He took a long swig and passed it to me.

'*Prends un coup*; it's good stuff.'

The nip of fiery Algerian wine made me feel better. I passed the bottle to the bride.

At a crossroad we pulled up. I clambered down and the taxi swung to the north, toward La Gonesse.

Two silent figures appeared in the road and moved noiselessly toward me. They carried revolvers; they looked me over with professional interest. I was a foreigner, obviously; hatless, muddy, dusty, in this lonely spot far from Paris. They were bicycle police. My press card established my identity. I told them of my desperate haste to get to Paris, to file my story.

'*Monte là*,' said the younger one. In a second I had mounted the handlebars of his straight-forked, military bike and we were rolling along toward La Courneuve.

They set me down in the deserted main street of La Courneuve, and proceeded to the *poste de police* to report. A car rumbled in the distance. It whizzed past as I signaled it to stop. Came the roar of another. I stepped into the centre of the street, facing the blazing headlights. I thought it would run me down. There was a squeal from the brakes, sparks from the locked tires. The long nose of the Mercedes-Benz came to rest within a yard of me.

A Japanese chauffeur in livery looked at me, alert, competent. A glass panel slid open. A monocled man in the rear seat asked in strong, Teutonic accents: —

'Que voulez-vous, monsieur?'

'I am an American journalist. Will you please take me to Paris?' I said in my best German.

'Ach so, you are American,' said the man in English. He beckoned to the Japanese. The front door opened and I climbed in beside the chauffeur.

We had passed the gates and the Parc Monceau before I knew it. The car pulled up before a handsome private house in the Avenue Hoche. The Japanese sounded the horn. Invisible hands opened the heavy iron gates.

'Thank you very, very much,' I called as I got out.

I grabbed a passing taxi. *'Quatre rue des Italiens!'* I yelled at the driver. I had decided to use the Western Union and write my piece right in the cable office. That would save the delay of my cyclist carrying my dispatch in 'takes' to be filed.

The sleepy night manager let me in. I asked for a typewriter and paper. I phoned my office. There was no word from Kiley or Arnold.

'Not a thing from Lindbergh, either,' said Ragner. 'Only that he landed at 10.33. We have some bulletins about the crowd, but Lindbergh seems to have disappeared.'

The manager brought the typewriter. 'We have n't had a line about Lindbergh,' he said. 'The boys don't file with us now.'

My plan was working fine. I slipped a carbon between two sheets, stuck them in the mill. Good thing I was used to a French keyboard.

CORANNEX NEWYORK

LEADALL LINDBERGH STOP

It was after midnight when I started to write. Considering that I use the

amateur's two-finger touch, I've always been pretty fast with a mill. But my speed amazed me. The rattling keys cleared page after page of copy. Sheet by sheet, in 300-word takes, they carried my running story to the sending machines, sent it on its way to New York over the submarine cable. I never went back to correct typographical errors or to edit copy. My story streamed off the typewriter directly into our office in West 45th Street. It was like having a leased wire across the ocean smack into the copy desk. Even the biggest brokerage houses could never afford that. A leased cable costs something like \$20,000 an hour.

Not a single note had I made. There had n't been a chance. But the yarn ran out through my fingers with never a hitch. The ribbon burst into shreds. Another machine appeared pronto. I skeletonized, dropping *the's*, *an's* and *a's*, and some prepositions.

'Message for you,' said the manager.

Cheers from my home office — from Boone, our relay man in New York; from Joe Pierson, the cable editor; from Teddy Beck, the managing editor; from Colonel Robert McCormick, the publisher; from his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*.

It was a clear beat — the first complete story to get across to America.

Further messages told me that other papers, clients of rival syndicates, were buying my story, unable to wait longer on Saturday night for their regular services. Mr. Beck sent me congratulations from a score of news editors and night editors from all over the United States.

Every cheer spurred me on to thump the machine faster. It was just after 3 A.M. when I signed off — 'more wales.' The manager estimated my file at close to 4000 words.

Ragner, of the Paris edition, called me on the phone: —

'We have n't a thing about Lindbergh himself, yet. None of the agencies has carried a line on him. The mornings have only his arrival. He's vanished somewhere. The crowd is leaving Le Bourget as fast as it can get transportation. The field is deserted now. No — no news from Kiley or Arnold.'

Lindbergh had disappeared! Fear gripped me. Had James been able to grab him? Would the cheers I had received change to sour squawks when the pilot's own story of his flight started to pour in from the opposition?

I thought of all the hotels or clubs — the American Hospital — every spot where Lindbergh might be. And I thought of the endless delay in driving about, ringing night bells, waiting for sleepy concierges, only to be told, '*Non, il n'est pas ici,*' and never being sure that the information was correct. It was three o'clock in the morning.

I grabbed a taxi. We swung into the Place d'Iéna, passed the familiar equestrian statue of George Washington, and pulled up before the Embassy. Half a dozen taxicabs and three or four private cars were at the curb.

I rang the bell; the grille swung open. The concierge, wearing a flannel nightgown, peeped from his lodge, muttered '*Bonsoir.*' A dignified butler opened the door. He uttered no word as he conducted me along the corridor and up the great staircase. I was bursting to ask if Lindbergh was there; but I could n't make the words come. We stopped at a door. The butler opened it. I entered.

A dozen of my colleagues were sitting or standing about in the room. In a flash I saw James was not among them. My heart leaped. I could tell by their expressions that they had n't yet talked to Lindbergh. Mr. Herrick and Parmely were there, too. The twin beds were empty, unruffled. Then I was in agony. Were they really waiting

for Lindbergh? Was he in another room with Jimmy, giving his story? Were we to get merely a statement from the Ambassador? Mr. Herrick broke the spell: —

'Just in time, Wales. Captain Lindbergh will be right out.'

As he spoke, the bathroom door opened. The tall, spare, blond young man strode into the room. He wore a pair of the Ambassador's silk pajamas with a handsome 'M. T. H.' monogram on the pocket; and a nifty blue brocade dressing gown with Parmely's initials on the cuff. His feet were in heelless red leather slippers.

The Ambassador introduced Lindbergh all round. As we shook hands the pilot looked hard at me and smiled.

'You're the man who told me I was at Le Bourget O.K.,' he said. I was surprised at his memory, his alertness, his absence of fatigue. And I noted that already his keen ears had picked up the proper pronunciation of Bourget with the soft *g*.

'I tried to tell them to let you down — that you'd rather walk,' I said.

The door opened. The butler marched in with a glass of milk and a plate of cold meat sandwiches on a silver tray. Lindbergh sipped the milk slowly. He did n't touch the sandwiches.

'Captain, I think these gentlemen would like to hear your own story of the flight,' said the Ambassador.

Lindbergh sat on the bed. He pulled the dressing gown about him. He removed one slipper, slapping it from time to time against the palm of his hand to emphasize his statements.

We did n't need to guide him with questions or prompting. A few occasional interrogations cleared up technical and unfamiliar remarks. He knew exactly what he wanted to say, and he said it. He was composed, confident, and convincing, and he talked in comprehensive, well-chosen words.

He reached the point where he en-

countered the blizzard after passing the Grand Banks. He told of climbing to get out of the sleet, then of diving to a few feet above the sea to escape it.

'I could feel ice forming on the wings,' he said simply.

Someone interrupted. 'Is there anything significant, Captain, in ice forming on the wings?'

Lindbergh paused. He gave his questioner a searching, almost pitying look. He was frankly amazed at anyone being ignorant of the import of that statement. He smiled.

'If anyone finds himself in an airplane in the middle of the ocean and only ten feet above the water with ice forming on his wings, he'll think it's mighty significant,' said Lindbergh.

For a second his countenance was grave. He was living over again those tense minutes when it was touch and go with him and his ship. He digressed to explain that in his opinion ice forming on the wings of Nungesser's and Coli's plane had been sufficient to plunge *L'Oiseau Blanc* into the waves.

From the first, Lindbergh used the pronoun 'we.' Someone asked who else he referred to.

'To the ship,' said Lindbergh.

'We had reports that you brought along a mascot, a kitten,' said one of us.

'I don't know where they got any such ideas,' said Lindbergh. 'I did n't have a living thing with me, not even a cockroach.'

He told of flying low over the fishing boats off the coast of Ireland, of calling out and asking the way. The amazed fishermen had made no reply.

'Perhaps, Captain, they could n't hear you on account of the noise of your engine,' someone remarked.

'You know, I came to that conclusion myself,' said Lindbergh.

'I hit the coast of Ireland within ten miles of the point I aimed for,' he continued. 'I picked up the tip of England, and I recognized Cherbourg from pic-

tures I had seen. We followed the railway tracks to Paris. I missed Le Bourget at first, so I flew back to Paris and got my bearings from the Eiffel Tower. Then I picked up the floodlights on the field.'

We asked how he had been able to reckon so accurately.

'I don't know why everyone assumes I'm not a navigator,' he said. 'I learned a good deal about flying by the stars when I was carrying the mails. Beside that, I've studied navigation a lot, for more than two years.'

'Did your fuel hold out? Did you have any gas left?' I asked.

'I figure there's about sixty-five gallons left,' he said. 'Enough for another four hundred miles.' When it was checked next day they found sixty-five gallons in the tanks.

'How were you able to keep awake for such a long period?' we asked.

'I did n't have any trouble about that. As a mail pilot I frequently had long intervals without rest. For this flight I practised going without sleep. I'd prop myself in a chair against the wall and stay awake all night. If you can keep awake without doing anything important, you won't fall asleep when you've simply got to keep going. And I was plenty busy all the time.'

Mr. Herrick gave the signal that the interview was at an end. In ten minutes I was back in the Western Union office. It was about 4 A. M., just before dawn. I knew the Saturday night deadlines had been waived. Papers all over the country were ready to make over and issue extra editions as long as the news came in.

There was a cable from Mr. Beck: —

RUSH MORE HI ABOUT LINDBERGH.

I wrote steadily for two hours. I had plenty of human interest stuff now: Lindbergh's narrative, our questions, his replies, how he looked, the Embassy surroundings. The *whole* story. . . .

RICHARD JEFFERIES

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

THERE was once a poor man who in moments of inspiration believed himself to be a prophetic thinker and writer of the world. The world did not think so. He died half a century ago, worn out at the age of thirty-eight. During the later part of his life he was ill as well as poor; and two years before his death he lived in perpetual agony. Some doctors thought his illness was imaginary; that he was a hypochondriac; that the wasting away of his body and the perpetual pains he suffered were due to hysteria. Actually he suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs and intestines, and the intestines were ulcerated as well. Also he had fistula, which is a most torturing thing. All during his life he was working; and the theme of his work was the creation of, the burning hope for, a better, truer, more sunlit world of men.

Richard Jefferies was the son of a Wiltshire farmer. He was a genius, a visionary whose thought and feeling were wide as the human world, prophet of an age not yet come into being — the age of sun, of harmony. He was derided in his father's house, upbraided for idleness and stupidity; considered 'loony' by the neighbors. Since a man can be truly friends with his peers only, Jefferies was friendless to his life's end.

During his boyhood and youth he lived at Coate Farm, in the parish of Chisledon, near Swindon. The farm lay under the chalk downs. Behind the

farmhouse were trees, and then a broad sheet of water, with reeds and rushes and wild fowl, and two islets near the shore. Pike lived in there, with roach and rudd and perch, and other fish. From his boyhood memories of this place the best boys' book in England was written — *Bevis: The Story of a Boy*.

After his death, there was some controversy about whether or no he died a Christian. His life's work was indignantly attacked in the *Girls' Own Paper*. This was stupid; and it was wicked. Stupidity is the same thing as wickedness, or the devil, to this modern age of half-sun. It was wicked because it denied and persecuted the truth of heaven. During his lifetime Jefferies had to fight against much misunderstanding; and it wore him to an early death.

The affinity of Jefferies with Jesus of Nazareth is patent in nearly all his work. If Francis of Assisi is a little brother of the birds, Jefferies of Wiltshire is a little brother of Jesus, of the sun, of clarity, of all things fine and natural and designed and efficient. Jefferies saw with paradise-clearness.

The century that slew him passed away, and still he remained insufficiently esteemed. The following is typical. Thirty-three years after his death, when I was a reporter in Fleet Street, I was talking to an old literary gentleman about Jefferies. It was in

Carmelite House, then the home of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers. It was a wearing life, for men of sensibility. The old chap was a special writer for an evening paper; he was a scholar whose writings were famous to a small circle only, and to first-edition collectors. He was always violently bitter about the British public. 'Don't try and write for a living; keep pigs,' was his immediate reply to the young aspirant who approached him timidly in the little room, always lit by artificial light, where he worked. He waved hand and arm in a sweep of derision of the whole building. Then he began rolling Latin verse off his tongue. His tie was always askew around his tall 1890 collar. Red-faced, big-headed, he looked like a monk with his long white bobbed hair almost touching the shoulders of his cloak.

I felt it a privilege to hear this famous writer talk like that. I had bought some of his books, but had dipped into them only, and never finished them. The famous prose did not stand out of the pages. One day, meeting him again in the corridor, I dared to ask if he liked the works of Richard Jefferies. 'Jefferies? A mere cataloguer of sights and sounds,' he replied, and had nothing more to say, and I knew then what I had suspected, that he had not that *something* that marks out a writer of genius from the writer who is scholarly, pretentious, literary, whose work is a gilt of borrowed gold, imitation of poetic vision. (This was probably youthful intolerance; for he was a passionate writer.) When I saw him coming along a passage, I used to turn away and hide. He had called my Jefferies a 'mere cataloguer.'

During the sixteen years that have passed since the advice to keep pigs (advice which I am ready to take now) I have collected various opinions of Jefferies by other writers, with the intention of quoting them in an essay

on his work, to show why those derogatory or disprizing remarks were merely an indication of a lack in the writers themselves: such lack going hand-in-hand with their non-success as writers with the general public. But it is not worth doing.

The works of D. H. Lawrence, another writer who has much in common with Jefferies, contain many portraits of his detractors or non-appreciators, all of them arising from Lawrence's own tortured sensibility. Such writing is a mistake. It is not truly creative. The writer should shine on his characters with the serenity of the sun.

II

Jefferies was born two, perhaps three, generations before his time. In May 1925, nearly forty years after his death, I made a journey to his birthplace, and stared at the farmhouse where he had been born, at the gable window from which he had looked when writing his first pages. I walked round the broad or lake, and thought how much smaller it was than in *Bevis*. It had been made into a public bathing place, with huts and rails and diving boards; but the fish were still there. There was talk of turning the farmhouse into a Jefferies museum, for a memorial. Soon nothing, I thought, would be left of the place as he knew it, except in those pages of his which glowed and shone with ancient sunlight.

While I was musing thus, standing in the roadway before the farm, an old woman came out of a small cot of tarred wood, obviously the work of a laboring man, and scrutinized me. The little black house stood under a hawthorn, then in pink blossom. 'Come to see the house where Loony Dick was born, have ye?' she inquired. We talked for some time. She was remarkable for her vivacity and straight way of looking at things. Years before the war she had

adopted a foundling or waif from the Union or workhouse; raised him as her own child, found him a job when grown up; and then the war came, and killed him. What she could not make up her mind about at the moment, she told me, was whether or not to adopt another 'chiel.' There were plenty of 'm about, she declared, since the soldiers had gone. Was she too old, did I think? I said surely not, that she had many years to live. Don't ye be too sure, she said, and defied me to guess her age. 'Sixty?' I said. 'Git out,' she replied; 'I knew Loony Dick as a boy, did n't I tell 'ee just now? "Moony Dick," some called him. A lazy loppet, he was, too. A proper atheist. Lots of folks asks me if I have read those books. Why should I read them? I know it all as well as he. He can't tell me anything new. I've had to work all my life. Why should I read in books what most folks knows already?'

(After his death, a relative wrote of Jefferies as a boy, 'Dick was of a masterful temperament, and though less strong than several of us in a bodily sense, his force of will was such that we had to succumb to whatever plans he chose to dictate, never choosing to be second even in the most trivial thing.')

All the strain and desperation in much of Jefferies's writings, and his sickness and premature death, can be traced to the human surroundings of his childhood, youth, and early manhood. Those who called him, to his face, Loony Dick or Lazy Loppet, who laughed at his aspirations and derided his early efforts to be a writer, were to him so narrow and warped and ruined that he could say nothing to them. The poor boy with the instincts of an aristocrat shut himself away from them; he lived in books, and wandered on the downs, spreading himself in the air and grass and sky until he was recharged with vitality and hope, and made eager

once again for a fuller, a happier life for all the warped and ruined human minds he saw about him in both the slums of Swindon and his own hamlet.

After he had left school, the young Jefferies, a mixture of indolence and sharp imperiousness, got a job on a local paper, the *North Wilts Herald*. At night he wrote novels and romances in the seclusion of the gable room, which had a pear tree trained against the outer wall. *Cæsar Borgia, or The King of Crime; Verses on the Exile of the Prince Imperial; Fortune, or The Art of Success* (he sent this to Disraeli, who returned it with a tactfully insincere letter); *Only a Girl* — how he worked, burning candle after candle into midnight and dawn.

Work on a country newspaper is good training for a young writer. There is not the hurried pressure and thwarting of nervous energy as in supplying small and often silly news stories for Fleet Street newspapers; there is no perpetual callousing and humiliation of feelings, no distortion of truth in the manufacture of 'news.' A country newspaper is usually tactful, kindly, and its detail truthful. The meticulous gathering of names and facts of the little things of country life — the more names the better for the circulation of the paper — may be dull at times; but it is not degrading. And the young Jefferies was fortunate in having a sympathetic editor who believed that his young reporter had a distinct talent for writing.

This editor's belief was justified when, at the age of twenty-four, Jefferies wrote a long letter to *The Times* in London; and *The Times* printed it in full, several thousand words, about the Wiltshire Laborer. It was read and discussed in Swindon; the writer became a local figure. His chance! He found himself, suddenly, to be an authority on agriculture.

Imagine the tall, loose-limbed young man striding home from Swindon, paler than usual, the large blue eyes in the softly brown-bearded face almost lifeless in the reaction of excitement, entering his father's house with an added lassitude of his drooping mouth and narrow shoulders, to stand about, silently, almost dully, and say casually, 'My letter's in.' 'What letter, Dick?' asks his mother, ironing on the kitchen table. 'In the paper.' 'The *Standard*? It's early this week, is n't it?' 'No, not that. I mean *The Times*.' His mother glances at it, and puts it down, while her son waits like a hawk for what she will not say. She says she is too busy just now, but will read it later; and he goes up into his room beside the cheese loft, and flops down in his chair, and feels more desperately than ever the awful deadness and dullness of house life and 'civilized' people. They will never understand. After supper he has violent indigestion, and cannot write a word of the new novel.

But he has begun. One day they will know what their son is.

III

In those days, before compulsory schooling taught almost everyone to read, there were in England newspapers and periodicals which were written almost entirely by knowledgeable, or professional, writers. Among them were *Fraser's Magazine*, the *New Quarterly*, the *Standard*, the *Graphic*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Longman's Magazine*, the *National Review*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and others. The editors of these papers and magazines, attracted by the letter in *The Times*, began to ask for and to print Jefferies's essays. A London evening newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, published a series of his articles, anonymously, under the title of *The Game-*

keeper at Home, or Sketches of Natural History and Rural Life; and then another series, *Wild Life in a Southern County*. When these were reprinted in book form, Jefferies was acclaimed as a writer in the class of White of Selborne, and a public of discriminating sportsmen and country people began to look out for everything he wrote.

He was married now, to the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and had a son. After the wedding the young couple had lived at Coate Farm, but soon found that life there was not possible; the ideas of the old people smothered the inspiration of the young author. So they took rooms in Swindon. Then, to be nearer editors, they moved to the suburbs of London, first to Sydenham and then to Surbiton. He worked every day; and the work of this period was always on a high level — informative and of the authentic countryside. Sometimes it was inclined to be static; for he had to write every day to support wife and family. It was then that other lesser writers began to use the label 'cataloguer.'

Most young writers who have had a sudden success ease up for a while, and thereby lose their form. Not so Jefferies. He wrote as before, novels and essays. In a recent critical appreciation of Jefferies, by a living writer who is also a Wiltshire man, I was shocked to read the opinion that all the Jefferies novels could be 'thrown into the wastepaper basket.' But there are some beautiful things in the novels, even in the very early ones, when Jefferies was writing of scenes or incidents he had observed. Most of the early novels have scenes and characters based on what he had read in boyhood and youth; novels based on the fictional idiom of the day, and therefore blind or conventional writing. But among the novels are the exquisite *Greene Ferne Farm*, and *The Dewy Morn*, and *Amoryllis at the Fair*, one of the most lovely calm

and balanced novels of country life and people in our literature. There is a naturalness, a bloom on *Amaryllis* which is not to be found in any of the novels of Hardy or the books of Hudson; and Hardy in the authenticity and detail of his country scenes is in the very rare first class with Shakespeare.

What is meant by the term 'very rare first class'? Let me try to explain this as a thing occurring in certain men and women; and why it happens. This is only what one man thinks, remember; it may be true only in part, or it may be wholly wrong. Nevertheless, it may indicate why the lives of so many men of genius are tragic. This is my belief:

The base or foundation of a first-class talent is eyesight. The man who sees more, who perceives quicker than his fellows, is of larger intelligence only by reason of that superior sight. Some people, educated unnaturally, seldom see for themselves; they don't know why things happen in the way they do: that every effect has a cause. An observant person is never stupid. Wisdom is the essence of observation.

The first-class writer always has first-class eyes. Often he is solitary from his companions in youth because they do not see so quickly or so widely as he does; and therefore do not think so quickly, or so plainly; and tend to ridicule what to them is not usual or ordinary.

It is as wretched for a slow-seeing person to be with a quick-seeing person, after the fact of difference has been established, as it is for the quick one to be with the slow one. Jefferies knew no one like himself, so he kept by himself. The derision and smallness of his fellows sealed him away from them; he was forced into solitude, where his enlarged and numerous faculties watched the actions of other life — clouds, grass, birds, fish, and natural men. He began to perceive why things happened; and reacted violently from conventional re-

ligion because it did not perceive how things happened. He judged religion by its ordinary exponents: the unintelligent mediocrity, men with minds spoiled in early life. In his lonely meditations on the downs he thought about the people in the houses and fields below, and wondered how their lives could be made happier. In such solitude it was inevitable that he should strain to perceive or discover the meaning of life: to strain after that meaning, to try to force his thought through space to a definite meaning.

Later, the sight-records of what he had seen in those early days were used for reproduction on paper.

In the world of men speech came before writing: sound of words before sight of words. The first-rate writer always has a fine ear. He may be deaf in later life; but when young he must have *heard* acutely, as well as have *seen*, unconsciously to prepare the quality and substance of his writing. He writes by ear, balancing his sentences, sometimes automatically but usually deliberately, for their *inner* music, which is the essence of life. It is an alchemic process, a spirit arising from a blend of transmuted sight-records and ear-records.

If you consider a moment, sight is responsible for almost all of the human world as it is to-day. So is sight the foundation of nearly all literature. (Mr. Robert Graves, himself a fine, austere poet, once declared that Keats had an unusually developed sense of taste — 'And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon.')

Some of the villagers in Ham, where I lived during the first decade after the World War, possessed copies of an old romantic novel with most of its scenes laid on the coast and country of North Devon. Someone lent me a copy, and I read first the descriptions of those places in the district I knew. They were accurate, and yet somehow they were

insufficient, unsatisfying. It was not the style, which was no better and no worse than that of a hundred other novels of its period. The descriptions were somehow so bare, so colorless, although the fields were green, the sea was blue, the sands yellow, and so on. The book was pallid, unsunned. In my youthful intolerance I scorned the book; until I learned that the author had been blind from birth.

All writing of the first class comes from exceptional sight and hearing; and insight arises from stored physical impressions of sight and sound. Those who observe quickly and vividly hold us with their detail, which is fresh and vivid; and they hold our attention because, being quick and vivid, their stories or pages have a flow which carries the reader. Now the rare first-class writer has, in addition to keen sight and hearing (it may be because of them), feelings or emotions which are equally keen. He has the keenness of a wild animal. He is natural. He is an authentic animation of the sun.

And because he is wild, natural, it is probable that he will be repressed and thwarted and made miserable in helpless childhood. This may cause him to be an ineffectual rebel, a liar, a bit of a thief, deceitful — if he has parents or mentors who, themselves victims of a repressive and unnatural upbringing, are without true or natural understanding and sympathy. Part of his natural integrity will thus be maimed; and that part will grow inwards, and perhaps mortify, and be the source of desperately sad resurrectional poetry and dream and vision later in life. This is what happened to Shelley, to Byron, to Francis Thompson, to Shakespeare (who outgrew his Hamlet), to Jefferies, to D. H. Lawrence, among many others in our literature.

It can be said of all of them, facilely, superficially, that they have a dual or multiple personality; but the truth, or

cause, is as written above. Jefferies has two distinct styles. One of them is straightforward and concrete: the style of a natural man. The other is a cadent, and often incandescent, flow of words driven from him, as he wrote, by his dæmon (in Shelleyan language): the dæmon being his repressed or mortified self. It is this part of a man that strives to reach to God: the death, or mortification, in him striving to overcome his life.

Because of these two distinct styles, both of them authentic, Jefferies has two kinds of reading public. The one appreciates his straightforward descriptions of country scenes and characters, such as are to be found in *The Amateur Poacher*, *Wild Life in a Southern County*, and *Hodge and His Masters*; and this kind of reader does not like *The Story of My Heart* and the later essays wherein he wrote about himself and his own feelings. And there is the second kind of reader, who is pathologically akin to Jefferies, who prefers his introspective, sensuous writings to his matter-of-fact chapters.

It is always dangerous for a writer to write about himself and his own feelings; but when there is an intensity and power behind them he produces a flow, a blend of sensuous records with emotion; and this is called poetry.

If circumstances or fate permits the metaphysical poet to outgrow the effects of his early mortifications, and through natural love, accompanied by hard physical work (the natural life), to reassert himself to himself, he will become one of the rare first class, like Shakespeare, who, by virtue of his own experiences, real and imagined, understood all human actions and characters with clarity and the sweetness of truth. The rare first-class writer is then a universal representative of humanity, having attained wisdom by trial and error, by discarding parts of his earlier self through struggle and self-searching,

and, above all, by self-criticism. So he achieves natural harmony; and thenceforward will have no regard for his writings, — as a butterfly has no regard for the caterpillar, — but wish only to live happily; and, if he writes at all, will write only for money. Jefferies had just become a writer of the rare first class when the struggle broke him.

IV

Such men are born leaders of men; but early circumstance drives them within themselves, and out of that inner mortification, from their own slain image, they strive to re-create the world. A visionary poet is a frustrated man of action. The natural poet, a very rare thing, is joyous and therefore the friend of all, the born leader, the truly civilized man. The visionary poet, the philosopher striving that future men shall not suffer in childhood as he suffered, the little brother of Jesus (the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief), writes, out of his enlarged and maimed senses, that children of the future shall be happy: that the sun shall shine on all men equably.

Richard Jefferies, the Wiltshire farmer's son, perceived this; and formulated much of it into words half a century before the World War, by whose glare and shock men began to perceive, beyond the faults of their past lives and education and upbringing and conventions and limitations, the idea of a new world, a natural world, a world wherein men would be happy because of the new wideness of thought arising, phoenix-like, from the mortifying battlefields. Of this world there have been many prophets, whose thought arises into life from faraway centuries and civilizations; and the greatest of them is Jesus of Nazareth. This was the realization of Richard Jefferies during the last days of his life: the attar of his wisdom.

Thus for the mind of Jefferies.

And of the dying man himself, what can be said? He wrote, in his last year, 'Three giants are against me — disease, despair, and poverty.'

My wearied and exhausted system constantly craves rest. My brain is always asking for rest. I never sleep. I have not slept now for five years properly, always waking, with broken bits of sleep, and restlessness, and in the morning I get up more weary than I went to bed. Rest, that is what I need. You thought naturally that it was work I needed; but I have been at work, and next time I will tell you all of it. It is not work, it is *rest* for the brain and the nervous system. I have always had a suspicion that it was the ceaseless work that caused me to go wrong at first.

It has taken me a long time to write this letter; it will take you but a few minutes to read it. Had you not sent me to the sea in the spring I do not think that I should have been alive to write it.

An artist friend has described his physical end in words that can hardly be read, by those who love Jefferies's work, without tears.

It was in the early summer, two or three months before his death, that I saw Jefferies for the last time alive. He had then been living at Goring for some short time, and this was my first visit to him there. I was pleased to find that his house was far pleasanter than the dreary and bleak cottage which he had rented at Crowborough. It had a view of the sea, a warm southern exposure, and a good and interesting garden: in one corner a quaint little arbour, with a pole and vane, and near this centre a genuine old-fashioned draw-well. Poor fellow! Painfully, with short breathing, and supported on one side by Mrs. Jefferies and on the other by myself, he walked round this enclosure, noticing and drawing our attention to all kinds of queer little natural objects and facts. Between the well and the arbour was a heap of rough, loose stones, overgrown by various creeping flowers. This was the home of a common snake, discovered there by Harold, and poor Jefferies stood, supported by us, a yard or so away and peered into every little cranny and un-

der every leaf with eyes well used to such a search until some tiny gleam, some minute cold glint of light, betrayed the snake. Weakness and pain seemed forgotten for the moment — alas! only for the moment.

Uneasily he sat in the little arbour telling me how his disease seemed still to puzzle the doctors; how he felt well able in mind to work, plenty of mental energy, but so weak, *so fearfully weak*, that he could no longer write with his own hand; that his wife was patient and good to help him. He had nobody to come and talk with him of the world of literature and art. Why could n't I come and settle by? There was plenty to paint. Though Goring itself was one of the ugliest places in the world, there was Arundel, and its noble park, and river, and castle close by. I must go and see it the very next day, and see whether I could not work there, and come back every day and cheer him. I was the best doctor, after all.

Poor fellow! I did not then know or believe that he was so utterly without sympathetic society except his devoted wife. It was so. I am one of the dullest companions in the world; but I had sympathy with his work, and knowledge, too, of his subjects. Well, nothing would do but that I must go to Arundel the next day, and Mrs. Jefferies must show me the town. 'He would do well enough for one day. A good neighbour would come in, and with little Phyllis and the maid he would be safe.'

Therefore we went to Arundel (a short journey by train), and on coming back

found him standing against the door-post to welcome us.

I have seldom been more touched than by my experience of that evening, finding, amongst other things, that he had partly planned and insisted on this Arundel trip to get us away so that he might, unrebuked, spend some of his latest hard earnings in a pint of 'Perrier Jouët' for my supper.

Do you know Goring churchyard? It is one of those dreary, overcrowded, dark spots where the once-gravelled paths are green with slimy moss, and it was a horror to poor Jefferies. More than once he repeated the hope that he might not be laid there, and he chose the place where his widow at last left him — amongst the brighter grass and flowers of Broadwater.

He died at Goring at half-past two on Sunday morning, August 14, 1887. His soul was released from a body wasted to a skeleton by six long weary years of illness. For nearly two years he had been too weak to write, and all his delightful work, during that period, was written by his wife from his dictation. Who can picture the torture of these long years to him, denied as he was the strength to walk so much as one hundred yards in the world he loved so well? What hero like this, fighting with Death face to face so long, fearing and knowing, alas! too well, that no struggles could avail, and, worse than all, that his dear ones would be left friendless and penniless. Thus died a man whose name will be first, perhaps for ever, in his own special work.

AN ATLANTIC ANTHOLOGY

DAYS AT SEA

THIS level ocean, flat and circular
As a thin disk of steel, a widespread wheel,
Holds at its centre, day after passing day,
The driving ship that seemingly pursues
From one unchanging spot its outward way.

Horizon-locked, the speeding engines make
No headway toward the single curving line
That lies so sharp, so dangerously fine
Against the sky, it might, indeed, cut through —
Like some huge circular saw, nick a quick gash,
Inflict a cosmic flaw
Where we, ship-prisoned, would espy the flash
Of a new zodiac's forbidden sign.

Thus the mind idles while the eye must pace,
Hunger-compelled, the compass points of space
Seeking its natural food: shape, form — birds, trees,
Or failing these, at least the raised irregular waves of storm.
But the ring holds, in cold persistency, nothing
But empty sky, unyielding sea.
O ship, strive forward, speed! — let engines roar;
Force from the circle a straight line of shore.

MAY LEWIS

DESERTED FIELD

How, in this field, the urgent day will slacken
Is known to a few secret things that turn
Silently from the wood and the cold bracken
To this expanse of goldenrod and fern.

There is no wind, where nothing will receive it:
The grasses have been tempered, stiffly spun.
Time, if it found this place, must always leave it
Immemorable and stupefied with sun.

It must be long since the last crooked furrow
Was plotted here; but nothing will testify.
The disingenuous folk of the deep burrow
Might hold the clue, but something in this sky

Renders them innocent, forever under
A summer spell. Nothing they see is strange —
They think, hearing the partridge's slow thunder:
It has always been like this; it will never change.

EDWARD WEISMILLER

AN UNCERTAIN CONVERT

A TALL gaunt man with a black beard
And a greenish clerical coat
Had dropped from the unknown into the Borough.
He had settled himself at Widow Pray's
And started a week of revival meetings at the schoolhouse.
He had found the field so ripe for the harvest
And the Widow's cooking so satisfactory
That he continued the meetings into the second week.

He had labored especially with Old Man Stubbs.
Stubbs was a meek man.
Only a few times a year did he remind the Borough
That he was there.
When his cider was sufficiently hard
He would cast off his shell and become a new being —
Often to the discomfort of his neighbors.

It was after one of these outbreaks that the revivalist
Undertook to save the sinner's soul.
Stubbs had attended several meetings.
Toward the close of one of the last ones
He felt moved to testify.
He arose and lifted his quavering voice.
'When I go out t' fetch m' cows
I feel th' Lord a-follerin' me.
When I drive 'em down the lane
I feel th' Lord helpin' drive 'em.
When I go into th' haymow
I kin hear Him rustlin' round in th' hay.'
He stopped and looked around bewildered.
'Er mebbe that's jest th' rats 'n mice. . . .
I dunno. . . .'
And he dropped into his seat and bowed his head.

WALTER HARD

A ROAD IN CHESTER

THAT hill road had been a proud road.
It had gone straight up to get away from the village quickly.
It had n't made any devious easy turnings
To get to the higher ground.
It stopped just once so you could look back at what you'd done
And get your breath to finish what you'd started.
Having got the hard part over all at once
It took its way more leisurely along the ridge.
Almost level as Vermont roads go,
It kept to the foothills
Which brace the mountains against the sky.
Then it was a cross-state road.
On it rocking stagecoaches used to go
With an extra team to get them past that first hard grade.

Now its days are over.
The village grew up in the valley
And the road followed the winding stream.
Grass grew between the ruts of the hill road.
A few old settlers who'd worked the road when they were young
Made them keep it open.
Then their sons made roads straight down from their farms
Sooner to meet the valley road that went to town.
Now, still a proud road, it climbs the hill
With enough houses near the village to keep it.
Beyond the last house it fades into the woods.
Bush-grown cellar holes and dying apple trees
Pay no taxes to keep up a road.
You can follow it now on foot perhaps
But at times you'll have to look toward the sky
To be sure you're on it.
Even the stone walls which marked the farms
Have been taken by the encroaching forest.
Here and there you'll find signs of a clearing
Where a few gray-barked patriarchal maples
Remember where the farmhouse stood.
If you look carefully you may find the two tracks
Where the iron-shod wheels packed the rocks and soil
Too hard even for seedlings to find a root-hold.
It takes years on years of rotting leaves
To wipe out a proud hill road.

WALTER HARD

EDUCATION AND PROPAGANDA

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

LIBERALS the world over are prone to insist that all interference with educational freedom is obnoxious because it hinders the teaching of the truth. We persist in talking as if truth were something tangible *and* universal. While the world is being rent asunder by deep conflicts over vital issues this assumption is revealed as rather naïve. Neutral truth there is: trees grow, men die. Such things are worth knowing about, and to familiarize children with them is undoubtedly part of education. But is it all? What is the truth about George Washington? If we knew it, would it necessarily be equally valuable from an educational standpoint? To ask these trite questions is to suggest the answer. But what is the truth about the World War? Those most informed disagree most violently. What is the truth about Communism? It would be hard to find two real students who would be in agreement as to the answer to that question. Yet are not Communism and the World War both matters worth knowing about? Do they not both touch vital problems regarding which every educated person is going to have some opinion anyway?

One is tempted to say that these and others of similar nature are altogether the most important questions there are. War and peace and the just organization of society are questions on which our outlook will be profoundly affected by our general ethical views, or,

rather, convictions. Education which had nothing to offer in regard to them, which insisted upon a studied indifference to all issues like them, would be arid indeed. It might be heavily endowed and spend millions upon counting the most distant stars; if that were all, institutions dispensing that kind of information would be golden geese, but they would be barren and worthless. Neutrality is valuable, but it is not enough. We must not try to answer the challenge of contemporary creeds by alleging mental truth as the essence of education. For the vital issues are the most controversial ones. Academic freedom vindicated in terms of neutral truth appears a farce in an age when deep-rooted convictions battle for supremacy.

Unhappily, therefore, teaching in a university must be faced in the light of propaganda as well as education, particularly in all fields involving fundamental social and international conflicts. The critical onslaughts of Marxists and Fascists alike have brought into the limelight the problematical nature of education without propaganda. What they call education we call propaganda, and vice versa. This confusion of terms is bewildering and perhaps discouraging to one who is engaged in education, for the educator scorns the propagandist, just as the propagandist fears the educator. The distinction between the two can-

not be lightly dismissed as one between sincerity and insincerity, or between ability and the lack of it. There is sincerity on both sides, and ability, too. The distinction between education and propaganda is often so complex and obscure that those engaged in one of these activities are honestly unable to say just which it is. And yet the distinction must be made clear. The uncomprehending placidity of liberal circles can no longer be maintained in these days of fundamental social conflict.

It is due to passionate disagreements on social matters that the whole question of education versus propaganda has been made so acute. In countries where the revolutionary myths, whether Fascist or Communist, have triumphed, all educational work is frankly 'coördinated' with the revolutionary ideology. Whether it be materialism or race doctrines, the ramifications of such a revolutionary ideology are very widespread. They certainly cover everything I am interested in studying and teaching at present: history, politics, economics, sociology. Upon closer inspection even academic freedom, which we guard so jealously, turns out to be the freedom to teach what corresponds to the prevailing creed. Being, broadly speaking, a Christian progressive, I am to-day entirely free to say whatever comes into my head, for only ideas in accord with such an American middle-class view are apt to come into my head. If I were similarly in agreement with Communist or Nazi ideas, should I not possess just as much freedom in the Soviet Union or in Nazi Germany? I think that the answer must be in the affirmative.

The opposite question is not much harder to answer: how much freedom should I have to expound Marxist or Fascist doctrines in America to-day? Not a great deal. There are, of course, a few instructors with Marxist or Fascist leanings in the American univer-

sities; there is also a handful of 'liberals' in the universities of Fascist Italy and of Nazi Germany. But that does not prove much. Fundamentally this whole problem transcends the purely personal question of what you and I are able to do or even why we are doing it. The real crux of the matter lies beyond these personal worries, in the realm of social values: is all education propaganda?

II

Before attempting to define the contrast between education and propaganda, a glance at the history of the word 'propaganda' might help. The word owes its existence to the renewed proselytizing zeal of the reformed Catholic Church after the Council of Trent. A committee of cardinals was constituted to propagate the faith. Much of the pioneering missionary work on this continent and in Asia was carried on under their direction. The Spanish mission houses of Southern California and Mexico testify with mute eloquence to the devotion with which this 'propaganda' was carried on. If we understand the word in this original sense, much of what is best in education is undoubtedly propaganda. But such a comprehensive definition does not make propaganda identical with education. The missionaries had to educate the people before they could even begin to instruct them in the principles of the Catholic faith, just as the Communist propagandists must educate the worker so that he will understand the elements of Marxist materialism. But such education is incidental to the central propaganda goal, which was and is to secure the adherence to an organization. *Propaganda always aims at getting people either to do or not to do some very particular thing. Education, on the other hand, is fundamentally concerned with moulding and developing a human being in terms of an ideal,*

as far as his nature allows it. A person may be born a Catholic and he may be perfectly ready to remain one. Catholic education would then aim at making him a 'true,' an ideal Catholic. The same observation holds for all other kinds of education. Education always aims at the perfection of the human being.

The distinction between education and propaganda suggested by these 'definitions' is not a complete one. Education and propaganda are related activities. Education in its efforts to mould and develop a human being, to make him a more perfect person, must employ standards. If I endeavor to make a student as perfect a person as I know how to make him, I shall, of course, do it in terms of what seems perfection to me. I may be a Christian, while you are a Communist and he is a Nazi, still others are Buddhists, Mohammedans, or what not. Each of these 'creeds' claims to possess a vision of human perfection. This claim, this faith, is a vital part of any creed. Perhaps they are all wrong, but as long as we admit that human beings require form, we can perceive the external similarity in the educational efforts of these rival claimants. If we believe in one of these creeds with all our heart, we shall find it harder to perceive this similarity of alien pedagogic endeavor, but it is there. Believing strongly in the Christian ideal, I find it very hard to 'understand' Communist and Nazi education, but with some effort I can see how its proponents understand it. All these efforts to mould human beings according to some ideal, according to some standard of what is good, beautiful, and just, constitute genuine education.

The propagandist, who is essentially a practical organization man, takes a very different stand in matters of creed. He inclines toward a manipulative view of all matters touching his creed. It

is always a question of what an issue will do to his organization, be it the Soviet Union or the Nazi Party. When dealing with spiritual and intellectual matters the propagandist must always ask: 'What is their material, physical value? Do they strengthen or weaken us?' The creed itself, of course, may entail disadvantages from a propagandist point of view. In such cases the propagandist keeps still about such an article of the creed, whereas the educator could not allow such 'opportunism.' If the article happens to be of central importance, the educator must bring it to light and examine it. All politically active creeds have had this problem to face; all have been rent by the conflict between the educational and the propagandist view. When Jesus said, 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God,' He thought of the corrupting effect of wealth. But power is just as bad, and what He said of the rich man might readily be said of the powerful man. Engrossed in the maintenance of his power, he refuses to face a question that might conflict with his creed: he becomes a propagandist.

This difference between the propagandist as an organization man and the educator as a true believer, a visionary perfectionist, and the bitter melancholy of the eternal struggle between the two have been challengingly depicted by Dostoevski. In 'The Great Inquisitor,' which forms a part of the *Brothers Karamazov*, he has Jesus reappear in sixteenth-century Spain. The Inquisition takes Him into custody, and in the ensuing examination the Great Inquisitor tries to show Jesus that it is impossible to allow Him to go about preaching the Word. It would bring the organization tumbling to the ground. 'All has been given by Thee to the Pope,' the Great Inquisitor remarks to the Son of Man, 'and all, therefore, is still in the Pope's

hands, and there is no need for you to come now at all. Thou must not meddle for the time, at least. . . . Thou didst Thyself lay the foundation for the destruction of Thy kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. . . . I swear, man is weaker and baser by nature than Thou hast believed him. Can he, can he do what Thou didst? . . . We have corrected Thy work and have founded it upon *miracle, mystery* and *authority*. . . . We have taken the sword of Cæsar, and in taking it, of course, have rejected Thee and followed *him*. Oh, ages are yet to come of the confusion of free thought, of their science and cannibalism. . . . And all will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the hundred thousand who rule over them. For only we, we who guard the mystery, shall be unhappy. . . . What I say to Thee will come to pass, and our dominion will be built up. I repeat, to-morrow Thou shalt see that obedient flock who at a sign from me will hasten to heap up the hot cinders upon the pile on which I shall burn Thee for coming to hinder us. For if anyone has ever deserved our fires, it is Thou. To-morrow I shall burn Thee. *Dixi.*' Here we have the primordial conflict, two worlds unalterably opposed. The educator is striving toward the one, the propagandist contentedly dwelling in the other.

This difference in creed reveals the basic bifurcation in purpose which leads the educator off in another direction from the propagandist, after having shared a common road. Without attention to these differences in purpose, it is impossible to keep education and propaganda distinct. Many contemporary writers on the subject forget this. Propaganda is described as an endeavor to change human attitudes. Such a definition confuses propaganda and education, for much education also changes human attitudes. As a result, some authors have flatly claimed that

most education should be considered propaganda. Artificially narrowing the scope of education, they assert that education, properly speaking, is merely 'the imparting of knowledge or skill which has reached the scientific stage.' In other words, all matters subject to value judgments are propaganda rather than education. Biology would then be education, whereas English literature would not. Such a view has the great appeal of making possible an absolute distinction between education and propaganda. For the teaching of the three R's has nothing to do with propaganda. Biology contributes very little to the moulding of the human personality. But such a limitation of what constitutes education is entirely artificial. It omits the essence of education. The moulding and developing of human beings, in the image of an ideal, necessarily involves values. Changing attitudes is an essential part of it. But such changing of attitudes is merely an external manifestation of the deeper social purposes of both education and propaganda.

III

Unfortunately for anyone who likes *absolute*, water-tight distinctions, human purposes are never entirely unrelated. The purposes of the educator and of the propagandist, while markedly set off from each other in emphasis, are yet linked by unbreakable ties to the common creed as represented by the organization which stands for it. Neither the educator nor the propagandist can do without the other. The educator needs the support of the organization which the propagandist creates; the propagandist is helped by the efforts of the educator to mould human beings in accordance with whatever ideal he holds. Indeed, the human organization which identifies itself with the ideal (the Catholic Church, the Soviet Union, the Hitler

government) is dependent upon the efforts of the educator. Yet true education, in its turn, produces the propagandist's most severe critics. By instilling the 'ideal' into youth, education creates an outlook which is apt to be bitterly disappointed when confronted with the reality. The fanatic 'believer' is the most dangerous enemy of the organization. It is easy for the opportunist running the organization to deal with the outsider; it is hard to cope with opposition born of insistence upon the confessed ideals. The Communist can easily denounce the capitalist, the Nazi bait the Communist. But they find it very disturbing to be confronted with individuals who are more insistent upon their own ideals than they are themselves. All régimes built on faith eventually deal with such radical extremists by violence: Cromwell smashed the Levelers, Hitler decapitated Roehm and his Brown Shirts, Stalin uprooted Trotsky and his radical followers.

Such constantly recurring conflicts, even among believers of the same faith, may make one wonder if it is not perhaps an idle dream to want the masses to be influenced by the educator rather than the propagandist. Plato certainly proposed such 'true' education only for his guardians — that is, the élite. The masses engaged in agriculture, crafts, and trade were merely to be taught what their special function required. But such an unreal view could be taken by Plato because the profound formative forces of the family as the transmitter of traditional culture were of little interest to him. Under modern conditions, with the weakening of these forces, we have shapeless masses with their hodgepodge of beliefs sprawling all over the landscape. They are pushed about by whatever ism can claim their attention — usually by having the loudest voice. If the individual in them remains unformed and

undeveloped, they are apt to turn into a fearsome mob of robots at the slightest provocation. Hence education, real education, is absolutely essential, if civilization is to be maintained. The propagandist implications of all such education must not deter us. They oblige us, however, to make up our mind as to where we stand. In other words, no education programme can be understood without an answer to the central question: which ideal of perfection does the educator pursue? Nor can we gauge rightly any onslaught of propaganda unless we know which organization the propagandist wishes us to support.

Let us now see how each of them works in certain concrete cases. We have already mentioned the Catholic Christian approach. The Christian ideal as expounded by Jesus Christ in the New Testament is supposed to offer the standard. To be sure, great differences of opinion have developed as to the meaning of the New Testament; within and against the Church much controversy has raged. But the Catholic Church has always settled any such conflicts authoritatively. Concerning many such controversial points the Church has built up an elaborate body of doctrine which one must know to comprehend its ideal as understood by it. This means that the educators have to be educated. A man merely able to read could not, after interpreting the Gospels for himself, go forth as a Catholic educator. In other words, education is authoritatively furnished with a guide, moral as well as spiritual, and an elaborate hierarchy guards this guide, this ideal, against possible misconstructions. When the village teacher and the village preacher expound this doctrine, and when they endeavor to mould the young, they do so according to this standard or set of standards. They will, for example, teach the children

the sacrament of marriage, though very little is found about this phase of human life in the New Testament, and to an uninstructed reader certain stories may even seem entirely contrary to the accepted doctrine of the Church. What we find, then, is an authoritatively fixed body of doctrine as to what constitutes the human ideal of Catholic Christianity, and a hierarchy of human beings, thoroughly acquainted with the basic tenets and the serious controversial points of the doctrine, who endeavor to mould human conduct in terms of this ideal.

IV

It is obvious that such a hierarchy, such an elaborate human organization, needs financial and other support on a large scale. Propaganda is directed toward securing that support. The need for such support is lessened by the weakening of rivals — another goal of propaganda. Propaganda, consequently, may be either positive or negative. This appears as a further striking contrast between education and propaganda. For education can never truly extend to those who believe in another creed. It may, of course, happen that nonbelievers, particularly children, are going to schools whose educational ideal is more or less at variance with the ideal at home. In fact, it is the curse of a great deal of American education that such variations are inevitable as a result of the multiplicity of the children's backgrounds. The general vagueness of educational standards has its deepest root in this confusion of faiths. Under such conditions, the educator is obliged to neglect the essential in favor of the technical parts of education. The three R's, natural science, cooking, typewriting, crafts, sport, are the retreats of educators stranded without a deeper moral goal. Education has deteriorated into technical training.

The position of the propagandist is quite different. In fact, the more homogeneous the community is in its faith, the less room there is for his activities. He is primarily concerned with the nonbelievers. He hopes to sway those who are wavering and to bring them into line; those who are stubbornly opposed he must seek to frighten into inaction. The propagandist activities of the Catholic Church have always varied greatly according to the percentage of nonbelievers in a given territory, and so they ought to, by and large. In a country where most people are Catholic, propaganda can take the form of holding non-Catholics up to contempt or ridicule. At the same time, it can allow considerable latitude to Catholics in living up to their standards. Infringements of these standards will not undermine the position of the Church as an organization.

In countries with a very small group of Catholics, propaganda will be largely submerged in education; for it will be restricted to gaining individual adherents. At the same time, propaganda in such conditions will be much concerned with counteracting hostile propaganda by other groups. It may, in fact, be decided that the best propaganda is no propaganda. As for the few Catholics, the propagandist will be inclined to insist upon strict maintenance of the ideal, in so far as it does not conflict with other prevailing doctrines. He will make the believer 'toe the line' as much as possible. In this respect, too, he will be closely linked with the educator. We can perceive here why the missionaries in non-Christian lands, who were the first servants of propaganda, were primarily educators as well. From all Catholics the propagandist will seek to gain a maximum amount of financial support. In days gone by he also sought to persuade them to give their lives by

joining the military forces; these days may soon be here again.

The most striking difference between Catholic Christian propaganda and education on one hand, and Communist and Fascist propaganda and education on the other, is that their order of importance is reversed. In both these latter-day creeds propaganda looms as the more significant activity of the two. Neither of them has a clearly worked out human ideal, though both of them have certain ideals. It is well known that the Fascists of all brands extol the qualities of the warrior; 'a fighting spirit, courage, valor' — these and similar expressions abound in their speeches and writings. This neopaganism is markedly at variance with Christian conceptions, though the two ethics are claimed by some to be not absolutely irreconcilable.

Nor is this neopaganism entirely without precedent. The late Renaissance held similar virtues dear. Friedrich Nietzsche cried out for them with hysterical violence amid the smug complacency of the late nineteenth century. The cowboys of the Wild West lived them with the gusto of children on a spree. Much educational effort in Fascist countries is devoted to the building up of such qualities. In the Balilla and the Hitler-Jugend the young are brought under the influence of these ideas in a setting which strongly appeals to their emotional desires for identifying themselves with the group, which is so marked a trait of most adolescents. In the schools and universities, history and other social studies are taught with constant reference to the military and the heroic. Even fields like anatomy are brought within the fold. A whole special branch of learning, military science, has blossomed forth within the last three years in Germany.

The Nazis in particular make much to-do about the tradition-bound (or

rather, in their materialistic jargon, soil-bound) folkways. They have popularized these ideas through the well-known slogans about blood and soil, *Blut und Boden*, now mockingly contracted by many Germans into *Blubo*. They hold up the peasant alongside the warrior as a specially desirable human type, and they have attempted to provide him with a distinct and honorific status. This feature of their outlook has educational ramifications also. Young workers and students are made to work on farms in the summer, living with peasants in the country. The hope is that they may thus become familiar with and more sympathetic to this form of life. The Fascists have not gone quite as far along these lines. Rather, Mussolini has concluded a concordat with the Church, and has sur-rendered a considerable part of the educational problem to Catholicism, to the great disgust of many of his anti-clericalist supporters.

Communism, on the other hand, has struggled with the idea of the 'mass-man.' This mass-man is presumably an extrovert who completely identifies himself with the group to which he belongs — a conception of man which has been castigated and ridiculed by a good many writers, such as Aldous Huxley in his *Brave New World* or Ortega y Gasset in *The Revolt of the Masses*. Such a man is not without precedent, either. Rousseau called for him in the *Social Contract* with characteristic impetuosity. English and, even more, American life affords plenty of illustrations such as the 'real college spirit' and the town booster. All the nations were full of them at the outbreak of the war and during its early stages. The Communists frankly claim such a being as their human ideal. The activist, socially impelled and directed; on the way, but vague as to destination; unselfish in a formless humanitarian sense; ready at all times to coöper-

ate in whatever is decreed by the presumed representatives of the community at large; intelligent, alert, rationally-minded; unemotional in a personal sense — such a person would fulfill many of the most persistent ideals of this group as to what a human being should be like. In brief, Fascism and Communism have their standards for the human being, and their special objectives in the realm of moulding these beings into a pattern.

V

Propaganda, however, far surpasses educational activities in the esteem of Communists and Fascists alike, though both will deny it. Their predominant interest in natural things, whether wealth or power, makes them both place great faith in activity. Propaganda is action, is doing things, making up stories, getting them printed and broadcast, launching ceremonies, parades, demonstrations, and so forth. Education is planting things and watching them grow, and is limited by the inherent inclinations and capacities of both educator and educated. An onion won't grow up to be an oak, no matter what you do, and while the tree which bears no fruit may be chopped off and thrown into the fire, there are many different fruits to be nurtured and harvested. Education is long-range work, while propaganda is immediate, pulsing with busy and pressing activity, suffering no delay. Such phrases as 'We acted with lightning speed' are typical for these dictatorial régimes, as is the expression 'We struck a decisive blow.' You can never strike a decisive blow in education. These restless assertions seem a curious contrast and yet they are entirely consonant with such arrogant presumptions as the Communists' claim that their régime is initiating the millennium, or the Nazis' boast that their

order will last 'at least a thousand years.' Why *at least*, one wonders.

In fact, the mass support of these oligarchies of self-possessed fanatics is so ephemeral that it can be held together only by a constant feverish activity which is skillfully directed toward tapping every available 'stereotype' in the particular community through frantic efforts to work up recurrent trances of mob militancy. This is the true significance of popular consultations, five-year plans, and all the other forms of focusing mass attention upon a specific detailed objective. This propaganda task is much more complex than is usually supposed. Take the number of separate groups Goebbels's propaganda has to cope with in Germany to-day. It is bewildering, indeed. Loyal party followers and disaffected partisans, opportunist joiners and moderate opposition elements, Communists and non-Aryans, and finally the uncompromising genuine Christians, both Protestant and Catholic — all these have to be dealt with. Some have to be aroused, some persuaded, still others terrorized. For a concluding argument, the clash between Nazidom and the Christian Churches may serve.

The opposition Hitler's race doctrines have stirred up among genuine Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, has proved a veritable hornets' nest. Strangely, in following Machiavelli, Hitler showed himself well aware of the general danger of offending the religious views of a people. You must never do that, he wrote in *Mein Kampf*. Presumably he did not and does not realize how completely the race doctrine contravenes Christian fundamentals. Christ came to preach the religious community of all men through faith. In doing so, He challenged the tribal particularism of the Mediterranean world. That was the reason for the fierce persecution the early Christians had to endure. Germans with a

firm conviction on this subject have been placed in a similar position. At this point, propaganda efforts break down. Even the Nazis hesitate to disturb religious services. As in Stuart England, the pulpit has become the gathering point of political opposition. Free speech, driven from the street and the assembly hall, finds a fragile home in the Church. This situation brings to light with striking clarity what has been noted before: that in the final showdown both propaganda and education turn upon effective organization. Organization is not sufficient, but it is necessary.

VI

It is at this point that the primordial weakness of liberalism manifests itself. The liberal creed, while certainly a creed like those we have discussed before, lacks doctrinal and organizational support in the day of crisis. Having grown up as an opposition to older authoritarian creeds, it never developed into a closely knit unit itself. To be sure, in its early days of struggle, the Freemasons constituted such a fighting army. There was a doctrine, there were authorities to settle any disputes which might arise over its interpretation, and a body of skillful propagandists to spread it among potential adherents and to strike potential opponents with fear. But the inherent weakness of the creed lay in its negative character. It denounced authority: how then could authority be justified within its own organization after the old authorities had yielded? It questioned discipline: how then could discipline be maintained within its own ranks? It ridiculed doctrine and dogma: how were these pillars of education and propaganda to be kept standing under the liberal edifice? Brooks Adams once showed, in a brilliant volume dealing with the Bay State puritanism in the seventeenth

century, that the doctrine of a free conscience could not be part of an organized religion, for it would give rise to ever new breakups. It could similarly be shown, by tracing the story of liberalism in the nineteenth century, that its basic doctrines were nails for its own coffin.

It may well be that we shall see a revival of liberalism as a reaction to the present sweep of authoritarian rule. But unless such a revival can be tied to effective and organized education and propaganda, it will not last. Those of us who really have faith in the development of the free personality as the ultimate ideal of humanity, in social justice and constitutional government as means toward achieving that ideal, must not lean upon the fragile reed of neutral truth as the central tenet of our education. We must acknowledge our faith and reject those who deny it. Immanuel Kant freed us from the necessity of *proving* faith by showing that all such proofs are frauds. Yet to have a faith is still imperative.

Objectivity, so absolutely essential in scientific work, can be striven for on the basis of faith. So can truth. Objective truth as an ideal is, in fact, part of our Christian heritage. It cannot be maintained as an ideal except within the context of the ethic to which it belongs. Our universities are an institutional embodiment of this ideal. If we are to maintain them, we must not be afraid of the education or even of the propaganda implied in the maintenance of the human ideal whose general ethic they express. 'Who is not for me is against me' is a view, hard and profound, which we must not allow the various Antichrists of the present time to monopolize. This truth was first pronounced by Him upon whose ethic the modern world has been built. It is as essential to our faith as to all its rivals.

THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY

ANONYMOUS

I

As even the most modest of explorers is bound to map the scene for those who come after, I record an adventure when, through no intention of my own, I discovered something new to American life and destined to become very important — the American aristocracy.

For classes do exist, even in this great country. And in our still imperfect social organization some are privileged to hire others to do work for them which they do not want to do themselves, such as cooking and housework. It is not that we who seek to hire think these forms of labor are too low. It is only that there are things for which we feel better fitted. I speak, not as a woman who decides where to spend each season, but as one who must decide quickly how to spend each minute. I am the one who waits at suburban stations, engine running, for my husband's train; who feeds three children in a tearoom while I chat about dentists; whose fur coat is worn in the middle of the back.

Not that there is no longer a real servant class, proud of its skill, of its places, of what it came from and did for itself. But it is mainly foreign-born and it is dwindling. Immigration laws are seeing to it that no more fresh Irish country girls take the jobs of potential cooks from deserving Americans. No more Italian gardeners and German butlers, fabulous vintners and brewers of the prohibition era, are to preempt

the places of stalwart American men. Scotch nursemaids, Swedish laundresses . . . those names from old employment advertisements . . . all are gone. So are the million jokes of thirty years ago that began, "Bridget," said her mistress one morning . . .

But Americans do not want the jobs the foreigners filled with consistent eagerness, if varying skill. Not, it appears, under any conditions. The would-be mistress may do what she will to make the work attractive, easy, profitable. She would do better to learn to do it herself. 'Mistress' is an unknown word in these days when agencies advertise 'American Protestant' (the one who wants a refined home with a small family and will do a little light housework in return). 'Servant,' also, is not a word to be used. Nor 'wages.' If you telephone an agency for a nursemaid now, you must feel equal to a long conversation with a Golden Eaglet with a hope chest who will assure you that she does not really need to work and ask if she may inquire what the salary is. And it is not a job or a place — it is a position. "Bridget," said her mistress, 'indeed!

If statistics are in order, they can be obtained. The daughters of so many cooks are hairdressers . . . the sons of so many gardeners are factory workers . . . last year the sons and daughters of so many families on relief refused to leave home to do housework. . . .

But we have been made to groan too often at the millions of freight cars encircling the globe at the equator to care what they are loaded with this time — even if it is coals. To-day the individual's own story is in vogue — with a full-length portrait and a name and address. I would give mine but for the question of getting anyone to work for me afterward.

II

I began housekeeping with eagerness in 1929, in what I suppose the suave young encyclopædia salesman call the two-car, two-maid class. I remembered a childhood where faithful Irish maids stayed on to help nurse through scarlet fever, where intoxicated encumbrances were borne away by an accustomed police, where mysterious shifts took place until another standby was found with a spangled picture of Killarney which hung on the same wall for years. I knew one had to endure much before the right one was found, — and that silently, because the so-called servant problem was conversationally taboo, — but I was rather looking forward to a good spangled Killarney.

Eventually I found two nice maids and settled down happily for three years and two babies. We moved to the country for the children and I took care of them myself — which is to say, I did what required thought and Bridey what needed muscle. Everything worked well. And then the depression caught up with us. When we finally escaped to the haven of our parents, Bridey went into a convent, paying a thousand dollars for the privilege. The cook found another place where, as no car was kept for her, she bought one of her own. Apparently they had been well paid. And they were worth it.

As soon as we were out of debt and had saved some money I wanted to begin housekeeping again, so little is

one able to resist the flame. But this time I resolved to keep ahead of the depression — no more worry about paying bills on time and keeping up wages. I found a little house where there would be no work apart from that actually inevitable — no turning down of beds or bringing in tea or waiting on table. I would hire someone to come in by the day.

It was a tiny house — three rooms downstairs, two and a half upstairs, and a bath. The kitchen had room for my washing and ironing machines. One could stand in the dining room and reach upstairs for the children and into the kitchen for their breakfast without changing a foot. There was no room for a maid to sleep in, so I knew I could not weaken. Everything was going to be as simple as possible, freed from all anxiety.

The house stood on the corner of a large estate on the outskirts of a city of about thirty thousand. It was to have been a gardener's cottage, but the gardener had a house he liked better and a car to go and come in. We faced a big road and a line of prettily painted small houses with foundation planting, lawn ornaments, and electrified effects at Christmas. Farther down the road the estate ended at an unpaved street with a collection of less fancy cottages. There, I thought, would be the people who would want our work. I had heard the men were all jobless. I had been told, by Bridey and others, that I was 'nice to work for.' It was 1933, and I felt like the harbinger of better times.

As a matter of diplomacy I asked the gardener who did not care for the cottage himself if he knew of a good person. I would pay twelve to fourteen dollars a week. As I expected, someone had asked him to get the place for her — a fine woman, husband an electrician out of work, two daughters in high school, home of her own, nice American stock, as everyone around

there said approvingly of everyone else. No foreigners. I went to see her in a house much bigger and better than mine and liked her. She came and stayed three days. She was an excellent cook and wanted to help her husband, but he could not bear to have her doing that sort of work, and it hurt her daughters' pride, too, so she went to work for less in the ten-cent store.

There was a boy of eighteen who had helped to move us in and to build the henhouse. He asked if his stepmother could have the place. His father was a painter out of work and she wanted to help him. She came and we found that she could make place cards out of pipe cleaners and pine cones and a white silk lily that looked for all the world like a white silk lily, but she could not cook and she was not used to housework. At home she got up in the morning, did all the cooking for the day, and went back to bed. Macaroni, she said, was filling for boys. In the evenings she sat to her husband for her portrait. He was really a painter of houses, but he filled his long period of unemployment with the lighter branches of his profession. Her feet were tender and she found my floors hard. I engaged her stepson to help her, but he refused to hang out a washing because it was beneath his dignity, and left, though not before he had lectured me on making a slave of his mother. He even invoked the blue eagle — all those hours for fourteen dollars. . . . Obviously they had all been getting very angry at home over the macaroni. I had been ordering meat for him at noon and seeing that his stepmother cooked it. I felt that she neglected him. And I had suggested that she go home for a few hours every afternoon, but she said it was too far to be worth-while. But I did not make a slave out of either of them. Just as I had become used to doing her heavy work for her she left because I took the table linen out of the

machine where she was washing underclothes. She walked straight out of the house and I never saw her again, although she lived five hundred yards away. She was terribly angry.

I had tried to get the stepson to work for ten dollars a week — vacuuming rugs, taking the little boys for walks and so on. I had showed him how I would help him go to the state agricultural school the next year. But he said the other boys (the neighborhood was full of idle boys just out of high school) would make fun of him if he came inside the house or was seen with the children. So his girl turned up to ask if *she* could take care of the children. She was a large and handsome girl with illusions. I recognized Joan Crawford's toss of the head and the slow wide smile. Her family was out of work and she seemed pleasant. I told her she could try, and explained about the children's meals and their washing. But she said her mother would not allow her to work like that — cook and wash. She thought I would cook and wash while she played with the children. She went away. She never even washed dishes at home, she said. I heard the boy was very angry to think I had asked her to cook and wash. I seemed to be making everyone furious.

I see now how tactless I was in assuming that people who needed money would be glad of work, and that there was nothing degrading about housework. A woman who came in to iron told me that she and her husband, who was laying curbstones to nowhere on a relief job, had been offered a position as a couple. When I rejoiced for her she looked stricken to see that I could even consider the idea of her husband doing work in a house. They would never be so desperate. I learned how to make conversation about how one goes out only because things are dull at home. Too much 'please' and 'thank you' makes for a strained relationship.

'Let's' is the word, and let's it is. As someone I managed to please said, revealingly, 'The reason I don't mind working for you is that you do half the work yourself. Mrs. M. just sits.' So she had left her good, steady, well-paid job with Mrs. M. And these, I may say, are not the grand, gaunt, New England stock, with attics full of Chippendale, whom shallow summer visitors insult in novels of the soil. These people come of mixed antecedents, and few of them want to own anything beyond the latest and most impressive gadgets half purchased on the installment plan. But they are American, and legion, shaping into a great new class.

III

If you are wondering why I did not call up employment agencies, charitable organizations for finding work, and the little places where the poor but proud leave their thoroughly reliable names, I can say I combed the city, first lightly and then briskly. I even called the hospital. But in all that bitter winter of manufactured jobs, to preserve the self-respect of unemployed welders and bookkeepers, no women had put in their names for regular housework. When pretty girls came round with government questionnaires about whether we had to take boarders I always asked them if there was anyone they knew . . . But obviously they were the brighter birds in a bigger cage. They seemed to think I lacked enterprise as I dried my hands on my apron.

In a panic we built a maid's room in the attic, but in spite of dash and charm it did not seem adequate as more than a guestroom for intellectual friends. So I learned to cook. I learned from experience, so falsely called the best teacher, and from a real cook, an Englishwoman with a past that included the *cordon bleu* and twenty

years in an English household where she had five kitchen maids. She had retired to one of the pretty houses across the way, and no one in the neighborhood 'knew' her because she had been a cook.

Reënforced by my new accomplishment, I felt that I had escaped in part from the watchful eyes which, I sensed, were waiting to see me collapse in my false pride, tie my children to the clothesline, and buy my meals at a delicatessen. But I could not do all the work and still take good and amusing care of the children. So a kind friend on a big estate sent me her farmer's daughter. Julia was charming, with lovely clothes and her own car, and she could do simple cooking. She was frail, but a pleasure to have in the house. I paid her my usual fourteen dollars, took care of the children, and got our dinner at night when Julia had gone home — where her mother had a special meal ready for her, as she did not care for her own cooking. Her mother, in common with all the mothers I could see who themselves had worked, had brought her up to be a lady. She was engaged to a young man who was making good wages, but not enough, she felt, to be married on. And she would not marry him and work too.

Julia found someone to help her with the work. A woman who had once been a chambermaid in New Jersey, and admitted it, so she could fall no farther in the neighborhood's eyes, took over our washing. Her son came to help Julia with the stove. He brought his sister to help with the children when I was not there. It was very expensive. Wages were three times the rent.

I became intimately acquainted with the family of the three who worked for me. The daughter was a sophomore in high school, with a constant permanent wave. She took music and tap-dancing lessons and thought of being a trained nurse, but her mother felt a beauty

parlor offered a more genteel career. The boy was a senior in high school, and his mother gave him a driving license for Christmas so that he could take girls out. He did not like girls or want to take them out, but his mother had read articles for parents in magazines and she wanted him to feel free. And all this with the house royally mortgaged and so many payments on a newer washing machine, and a dining-room suite for an engaged daughter who could not afford to be married, that frequently meals were uncertain.

And here my exploration of American standards of living, said to be the highest in the world, ended. I gave up. I found no solution — except a resolve to teach my daughter to cook well and like it, and my sons too, in case the mothers of the girls they marry have not been so forehanded. And from sentiment I shall teach them those early-American beliefs that debt is to be avoided and a good worker respected, whatever his work may be. . . .

For the upshot was that I had to move into a larger house to save money. With room for a 'real' maid I got my old cook back. Her car is newer than ours and her fur coat sleeker than mine, but she does not expect me to do heavy work for her and she respects her profession. As I do. Still, she is foreign-born. The time will come when I shall again be dependent on the airs and vapors of the American aristocracy. And the American aristocracy will have no time for me, or all the others like me, because it has discovered the secret of eternal joy.

For you cannot deprive Americans of their rights. They know, from election promises, advertisements, and suave assumptions on the radio and screen, that something somewhere owes them a living — and a gay one. And it does not depend on working and saving. Who ever sees or hears those old-fashioned pulpit words to-day?

American men, handsome giants in roadside advertising, insist on short hours, high wages, a full dinner pail, and a pretty wife. And the pretty wives expect a lot, too. Breakfast in a jiffy at the gas range, picnicking in the meadows by the latest-model car. Keep your hands lovely. Insist on the best. Don't let yourself go. A mate, not a martyr. And if actual life falls short of these ideals in five colors, do not bend to it. Better to let one's spirit stand in evening dress in the moonlight, despising the commonplace, adding that final touch. Marshmallow on pineapple, a cherry on marshmallow. The whole on a banana.

Perhaps in time the Great White Father of the government, tired of creating jobs, will throw an aura of desirability about those already existing. He might do worse than dignify houseworkers with a union, buttons to wear and a code. Or, better still, the shinier magazines could cry up the social advantages of housework, its inestimable value as an aid to beauty, to charm. Ultimately it would be pictured as an aphrodisiac, the climax in all our advertising. And then the moving pictures would show someone really working.

But in the meantime only slaves are seen to bend the knee. Only men in the Foreign Legion perspire. Wash a floor with the new patent mop or not at all. And then sit down to relax and stay young. Let the radio whisper flattery while you turn those elaborately illustrated pages where Princess Something tells how to give a party for royalty and Baroness Else tells what she does to make hot days taste different. So she thinks she's better than me, does she? Let her do her own housework, if she thinks she's so good. (Baroness Else grinds her peanuts *into* the whipped cream.) We'll give ourselves that new clay pack facial, and to-night we'll go to the movies. It's amateur night and Mama can clog.

DAYS AT BLUE HOLE

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

THE carriage waited: the postman was coming, and — thank heaven! — he had a letter for me. 'Railway station, please!' I called to the driver, and tore the letter open.

'Dear Miss Smith,' I read, while the carriage-top fringes flipped, and my neck jerked, and the driver jangled his chimes. 'We are delighted to have you come to Blue Hole. Mr. Hairs, the plantation overseer, will meet you at the train. Cordially, Amy Taylor.'

'Miss Smith! She is expecting a lady!' I moaned, catching nervously at my bags. So this was the assurance of a welcome for which I had waited! And how, with my moustache, was Mr. Hairs to recognize 'Miss Smith' in a crowd of strangers? Oh, for the dear familiarity of the hotel I was leaving, with its bathtub in a coop on the upstairs verandah!

At last, that night, the lights of Montego Bay sparkled below in the dark; down the rails toward them the hot train rattled and hooted. Of course the station platform was absolutely packed — I knew it would be; every town along the way had turned out its entire population to welcome the mail. However, 'You are Mr. Hairs?' I said to a tall man who did n't seem to be meeting anybody else, and Mr. Hairs it was.

'Mr. Smith!' cried a friendly lady in the back seat of the car, welcoming me and the bags. 'Amy will be delighted! Women guests are such a bother.

I know, for I have been one myself for ages. Your hostess has grown quite tired of me. In fact, I have been ready a week to go home to my own plantation at Cousins Cove, but how could Amy and I part until it had been settled which you were, a man or a woman? Such an odd name — "Glanville." It had us no end puzzled. Rowland,' she called to Mr. Hairs, 'don't forget to honk at the gate. You see,' she informed me, 'if you turned out to be a man after all, we arranged to honk two longs and a short. Amy was too busy to come with us, but wanted a warning, so as to know which speech to recite as you came up the verandah steps: she of course has had to prepare *two*. My own name,' she finished, leaning back, 'is Hay.'

'I suspect I shall like Blue Hole,' I told her sincerely, and peered out at the fringe of sea waves dimly visible between the palm-tree boles among which we were riding.

'It's a great place,' said Mrs. Hay. 'Something always up! New kittens this morning, in Amy's wardrobe. And last Thursday it was an earthquake. Oh, what a fright we had! Amy and I fell into each other's arms; but Rowland, who is always so brave, said, "Be calm: it's the donkeys fallen from the hill on to the dining-room roof." You got them down, too, did n't you, Rowland,' she went on, 'even if one of them did take the gutter with him.'

Here was the gate, and a Negro boy

springing to open it. Two longs and a short! Here were terrace steps between croton hedges, verandah steps hooded in blossoming jasmine, and Miss Taylor at the top to greet me. And here, no less welcome, were the mosquito curtains closed around me at last, and my eyelids closed over travel-tired eyes. But I grinned before I went to sleep: I was well off, and I knew it.

I

The Jamaican mornings at Blue Hole seemed invariably to begin well. First came the hummingbirds, waiting for a touch of the sun to open the crimson hibiscus flowers outside the window. Then the tinkling grackles would begin to tinkle. And then the donkeys would make their daily experiment, reaching over the fence for a mouthful of *bougainvillæa* blossoms to learn if they still were prickly.

My bedroom opened into a bath, the bath into a fern garden cut into the hillside, and that garden into the main flower garden below the verandah; and since all the doors were always open, this was the way my friend Scamp came in, the plantation dog.

He was a big white kindly fellow, and every morning brought some gift or other, a bit of coral, or a gaudy leaf he had pulled out of the croton hedge. Pleased as Punch to be remembered, I would lift the mosquito curtain to let him in; whereupon he would drop his gift on my chest, then curl up on the foot of the bed, sigh, roll back his eyes for an affectionate and understanding look, and sink into a snooze.

Meanwhile the servants were beginning to stir. From the drawing-room into which my bedroom opened came a noise between a whistle and a swish, and through the keyhole I spied the cause of it: Rhoda was polishing the floor with a half coconut husk. After this process, she perfected the gloss by

planting her two bare feet on two cloths and skating methodically to and fro.

At the same time 'Lil the butler,' as she was called, drew my bath for me. Miss Taylor had read in some novel that Americans take cold morning baths invariably, and a cold bath was what Lil the butler drew. The water was piped direct from a mountain spring; and since spring water is as cold in the tropics as it is in Minnesota, I could n't bear the thought of getting into it.

However, it never would do openly to admit that I was a softy, unable to enjoy a cold plunge like a true American; and so my habit was to splash the water awhile with one foot, then pull the plug and let the ice water shoot out into the fern garden. Thus to this day Lil the butler and Rhoda, whose ears probably were pressed in breathless horror to the far side of the palm-wood wall, think that I actually took those baths.

In the tub one day — dry at the time — I found a lizard, doing his best to climb the porcelain side. Poor fellow, though he moved his legs so fast that they were invisible, he still got nowhere. I offered to help him with a towel, but his response to this was to pop down the drain.

More trustful was the toad, big as a flatiron, that lived under the tub. He was a peaceable wrinkled old codger. When, in the gorgeous tropical sunshine, I would set up the mirror in the fern-garden door and shave, he sometimes would take a half jump and unclothe the little jewels of his eyes, and watch. Or he'd turn his back and sleep. We made no demands upon each other, and so got along very well.

Breakfast was at seven. The tropical day has a drowsy gap in the middle of it, and so must begin early. But for me the days at Blue Hole could not well be too long. I guessed that the

first morning, when from the verandah I looked down on the glistening coconut groves and sea.

Near at hand the poinsettias flamed, allspice trees lifted towers of rich green. Ezekiel, the 'boy,' came and went with a tin on his head, watering the vegetable patch. And in the common at the foot of the hill, where the cattle and goats fed, the plantation laborers already were swinging their cutlasses, clearing the day's allotted acre of the shrubby growths that had sprung up in it since the last rains.

II

After breakfast my habit was to spend the morning at the cove.

On some days, however, a norther blew from Cuba. When that happened, the villagers bandaged their heads in flannel to keep off the toothache, and I, pulling on a sweater, went not to the cove, but to the ragged coral shelf of Barbican, the next plantation, to watch the surf.

The rocks were too sharp to sit on, but I soon learned that a coconut husk eased that misery.

It was a rousing performance. The waves piled up, and exploded into sheaves of diamonds, and churned and spouted, and fell back in shawls of foamy lacework. Nor could I help admiring the crabs that sat calmly in the most exposed places and took all that buffeting: no shock could ruffle their dour decorum. They put me in mind of the Ziegfeld desperado who was so tough that in the electric chair he blew out the fuse.

Usually, however, the mornings were serene. Under the verandah hung a stem of ripe bananas from which Scamp, who was very neat about it, was permitted to help himself when hungry. I had the same liberty, and would fill my pockets and trudge down to the cove.

Before I had come to Jamaica I had formed a happy idea of the place. I had seen pictures of the waterfalls, and in *The Sea and the Jungle* had read that Jamaica was a jewel that smelled like a flower. But I had never guessed what a cove I should find waiting for me to revel in at Blue Hole.

There was a crescent of beach, with coconut trees leaning over it, and sea-grape trees with leathery round leaves just right for picnic plates. There were ramparts of coral rock at the two ends, to dive from, and beyond them was the wickerwork of mangroves, where crabs went climbing. There was a pelican standing guard, and a reef to keep the sharks out.

In the arms of a crooked sea-grape tree I played the mouth organ, ate bananas, and read old Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. As reading, this was not very up-to-date, and while I read it the problems of a distracted world went unsolved. Still, it suited: when I looked up from those hot and hard old stories, sometimes so beautiful, oftentimes so savage, and saw the palm leaves glint, and the long turquoise enamel of the sea swells, and the burning light of the sun on the white coral rock, I would stretch my near-naked self, and startle the pelican with a classic blast on the mouth organ.

On the cove sands lay a dugout canoe that I was free to use. Since a man from Minnesota is never so much at home as when he has a paddle in his hand, I spent much time in that canoe, striking out to sea, or exploring the shores. But the reef was the best fun. I coasted over it, hours at a time, stretched out with head over the prow.

Excitement heats me to this day when I remember those sand-paved caverns, fenced around with incredible mustard-colored antlers, gigantic moss-green cauliflowers, lilac-tinted tubes, where the dissolving gray of weight-

less sea feathers nodded, and sea fans fanned in nets of burning purple. Pink anemones beamed, fantastic fish that I shall not tease myself by trying to describe swam in and out, like movable bright beds of flowers.

Sometimes a school of flying fish, like silver bullets, would come in about the canoe, ricocheting on the glassy water with the sound of a fountain. Or a Portuguese man-of-war would drift by, a clear blue gelatinous bubble as big as your fist, with a clear pink jelly frill on top, inflated to make a sail.

By eleven the sea breeze was lolloping in. It was time for a swim, and to apply cooling grease to a sun-smitten back.

III

After luncheon, a siesta, and then tea.

In the West Indies the Negroes think it a burden to carry things in their hands. They carry everything balanced on their heads. I had soon got used to seeing them do this, though at first, when a woman came down the street in Port Antonio with a writing desk on her head, I had set people laughing by asking innocently, 'Is she a public stenographer?' No, I had got used to seeing the school children balance their spelling books up there, and the laundresses their clothesbaskets. But when, after tea, Lil the butler would clap the tea tray on her head and skip for the kitchen, I never ceased to be surprised.

A Jamaican tea is something to brag about. Wistfully I recall the cashew biscuits, the crisp buttery lacework of toasted cassava wafers. And since Blue Hole is a coconut plantation where two hundred thousand nuts are harvested every year, coconut cake was a luxury Miss Taylor frequently could afford. After such teas I really could not do justice to the delights of dinner, however, unless I went mountain climbing first.

The house, as the story of the previous week's earthquake had forewarned me, is built into a hillside. This makes for safety in the event of a hurricane; indeed the old house more than once has had to stand that chief of West Indian scourges. Miss Taylor liked to recall one storm, when the piano blew out the front door with a rumble and a pop, which ended her music lessons forever. But Jamaican hills are likely to be mountains, and such they were at Blue Hole. Thus I could go mountain climbing as readily after tea as I went reef cruising after breakfast, and every day I did it. Sometimes Mrs. Hay would grasp a stick and come along.

A favorite climb was the Mango Walk. This was the villagers' path to their hilltop gardens where they grew shallots and yams and cocoa lilies in a cooler altitude. It led through steep hillside groves of mangoes and bamboos, and then came out grandly into the open gardens at last. On the way I would meet villagers coming down with yams they had dug. 'Respects to you, my master!' would boom a stately Negro woman, curtsying in spite of the heavy basket on her head; her bright turban and cutlass would make her look most picturesque. Upon hearing such a greeting the little Northern republican would beam with pleasure.

Near the top was a spring in a hollow of the rock, with maidenhair ferns growing all around it. This made my destination. Sitting there to catch my wind, I would look down into the golden afternoon world, past the cocky plumes of the breadfruit trees, and featherduster bamboo clumps, and dense balls of mango greenery, to the coconut flats by the sea, and watch the steamers, blunt and busy, and the white sails of beautiful becalmed sailing ships.

It was a peaceable world, and, best of all, its peaceableness seemed a part of myself. My soul, usually just of the peanut size, swelled out in pygmy

grandeur, and all the dear works of the Creator, spread out so beautifully below, filled it with calm and happiness.

At dinnertime usually came a sudden sunset: the mountains blackened, the clouds turned a dreadful red. In the silence all at once the lapping of waves would rise to us from the black sands of Barbican Bay. But distant sounds soon were smothered in the thick din of night insects; and the Muscovy ducks with their heads under their wings slept perched on the cannons sunk in the terrace turf. No pirates these nights, to set that old battery to barking!

The tropical darkness came with a rush, overwhelming, velvet-black. But in the middle of it, bravely gay, was the verandah dinner table with its old silver and flowered china, fringed napkins standing in the glasses, little nosegays of hibiscus and jasmine, and beaming lamp.

Overhead strange moths flitted, praying mantises jumped into the salad, but nobody minded. Mr. Hairs sat at my left, Miss Taylor dealt at my right. Opposite sat Mrs. Hay, looking humorous and charming, and Mrs. Rankine, Miss Taylor's aunt.

IV

Mrs. Rankine, years before, after a long life of industry and self-sacrifice, had decided to grow old. So she shrank down to the mosquito size, and lost her wits, and never afterward bothered to do much work or talk sensibly. From her own plantation in the mountains her bed had been fetched, — a huge black structure in native mahogany, carved with pineapples and scrolls, — and this was all she needed for a comfort. She did very strange sewing, whose purpose nobody could make out, and said cryptic things in a merry voice, and in general lived a life of mysterious privacy. But she liked the American visitor well enough, and enjoyed being tapped impudently on the arm or winked at now

and then. And though she never said anything herself at table, she laughed more gayly than anybody when some one of the rest of us was witty.

Mrs. Hay was full of puns and droleries. After she had said something especially good she had the habit of covering her face with her hand in mock embarrassment; but since one finger was lost from that hand, she could peep through slyly, and enjoy our laughter. For all her puns and jollity, however, she lived a life of sadness. Her husband, who had been a princely, hospitable sort of man, was dead; their daughter, who was a beauty, had gone off to New York; and Cousins Cove, for lack of money, was falling into ruin.

She left Blue Hole before I did. I shall never forget the night ride when we took her home, now humping over a white bridge, with the sea rushing in beneath, now skirting a bay where the fishermen brandished enormous flaming torches on the rocks. Never did anything make night seem so black as those torches. Then Cousins Cove at last, with the dogs jumping on the dining table in the rapture of having their mistress home again.

But it was a far, lonely, decrepit place to leave that good Scotswoman, and so I am glad to say that she came back to Blue Hole the following Tuesday, and is there yet for all I know. Miss Taylor craved company, too; and in Jamaica, as was true in our own Old South, plantation visitors come often and stay a long time.

Mr. Hairs was a very quiet man, whose British habit of speaking without moving his lips was exaggerated to a point where I could understand but little of what he said. But he was very patient about repeating, and about instructing me in the names of things. 'It's a Betsy-kickup, that bird,' he would say, and break into a smile, for the darky names for things he thought very funny. He looked well on a horse,

and wore the oldest, droopiest, most comfortable hat you can imagine.

Coconut day was his busy day, as it was Mrs. Rankine's. She stood on the verandah watching the sale, and murmuring 'Coc'nut, coc'nut,' and nodding and smiling, while he, down below, dickered with the dozen buyers. But at noon the sale was over. He would retire into his office under the verandah; and the buyers, each man with a fire of his own by the old 'breeze-mill,' would cook their dozen lunches of yams and fish.

Of Miss Taylor's perfections as a hostess it is a pleasure to speak. She was easy, entertaining, and thoughtful. But sometimes she was a bit absent-minded, as you will understand when I tell you how her bathing suit was lost.

We all were going to Orchard, three or four plantations away, to swim. There was a hulk of a wrecked steamer lying on the beach there, to dress in, and it was going to be a frolic.

But when all was ready Miss Taylor's bathing suit was gone. Not ten minutes before it had been on a chair, where several of us had seen it. Now it was nowhere, as an exhaustive search proved. Even Scamp was accused of having run off with it. Poor Miss Taylor was desperate, until Rhoda gasped: 'Lord a-matty, Miss Amy! You got it on!' Sure enough, she had put it on under her frock, in order to make changing simpler when we got to the beach.

Thus it was the aptness rather than the absent-mindedness of her remark at dinner one evening that made it memorable. We were having roast pig, — the Blue Hole porkers, by the way, are fed on breadfruit, coconut, and bananas, — and midway through the meal she turned politely to me and murmured: 'Won't you have more of the filling, Mr. Stuffing?'

At this, Mrs. Hay in a paroxysm retired behind her four-fingered hand;

Mrs. Rankine fetched out a high cackle; and Mr. Hairs, who seldom got beyond a sad grin, had to laugh too. 'Mr. Stuffing' was my name henceforward at Blue Hole, and I never bothered to be undeserving of it.

Miss Taylor, in fact, had sensed from the first that, devoted though I might be to the dear dishes of the dear homeland, what I wanted in Jamaica was Jamaican dishes. So she sent her ranger into the bush for native fruit, star apples with purple flesh, rusty brown naseberries, granadillas whose seeds I drank in their own liquor, sour-sops for sherbet.

There were cocoa-bud soup and pumpkin soup, fried plantain, steamed breadfruit, akee on toast. There were stuffed chochos, and delicious Caribbean fish brought on the run fresh every noon from Barbican Bay; guava preserves, and puddings made of sweet potatoes and ginger. There was coconut water in a tall pitcher with a weighted lace cover over the top, and coffee from the Blue Mountains. And the way I not merely sampled but gorged upon all these good things earned me very legitimately the name Miss Taylor's slip of the tongue had given me.

V

After dinner the mail would be brought by William, who came whistling in the dark. Letters I seldom got, and so I would beg to be excused, and walk down to the sea.

At Blue Hole the night world in some ways is more beautiful than the world by day. When a leaf falls from a coconut palm, as constantly is happening, it is fifteen feet long and a yard wide, and so makes something of a blot on the lawn. But at night you do not see it, whereas the palm leaves overhead, in crisp black silhouette, look finer than ever. I had early become an ardent coconut palmist, and now would stand

enraptured under a not-too-tall tree, with the wigwam of its interweaving lattice pattern about me and the tropical stars blinking through above — until the sound of a nut dropping from some other tree would pull my head into its collarbone socket like a turtle's, and send me skipping into the open.

Beyond the gate was the bridge. Blue Hole's Blue Hole is a spring, of an agate color, broad and shallow; and from it a surprisingly large stream flows through banks of watercress and Job's-tears to the sea.

In daytime, in the water by the bridge, stand the Negro women of Barbican and Sandy Bay, doing their washing. Miss Taylor regarded the custom as most uncouth, but immemorial use had established it as one of the villagers' British rights before she was born, and so she could do nothing about it.

The girls' skirts were certainly tucked up shockingly high. 'Oh, what a pretty gentleman! Good enough to eat!' they would call when I went by for stamps. Or, 'Wonder why gentleman don't carry a cane?' Then they would smack their wet clothes and laugh uproariously.

But at night the stream and the bridge were still as a grave. If a Negro did come galloping on his mule, he would sing to keep himself company in the dark, and would wheel in fright at the glimmer of my white trousers before calling a relieved 'Evening, sir!'

Beyond the bridge was a palmy bit of shore, neat and narrow: here I walked. It was the dark of the moon; there was no horizon; the stars overhead ran down into new mirrorwise constellations under my feet while I paced on this shelf among them.

On such nights, or even more when the moon returned and swamped the world in radiance, there would be music from across the water. Sandy Bay would fall to singing.

Sandy Bay is no great place. When I

bought stamps there, the postmistress would put down the peas she was shelling and pass the time of day. Above her office and bedroom was the district court, a bare clean room where Mrs. Hay and I one day heard a young Negro arraigned for 'furious driving.' Thirty-five miles an hour was his speed, but he had come around a corner on the wrong side of the road, which had caused the mischief. His witness, a healthy black boy, kissed the Bible with a report like a pistol shot, whereupon the young Irish inspector, to whom things Jamaican were as new as they were to me, could not help laughing, even though he was seated by the magistrate. And when the trial was over, here were the school children outside screaming their multiplication tables under a calabash tree, and the fishermen bringing in their catch.

But at night Sandy Bay broke out in music, and across the water I would sit on a palm log and listen.

First there would be drum music, a big drum and a tom-tom contrasting their slow and rapid rhythms; this soon passed into a grand vocal concert of Moody and Sankey hymns. Stanza upon stanza, the tramp, tramp, tramp of chords would march across the mirror of the sea, rich, swelling, and full.

One night's music I remember with special gratitude. A fisherman setting his nets between the singers' side of the bay and mine, unseen and alone on the starlit water, invented melodies of his own, weaving them into the village harmony. He had the ear for it, a fine voice, and a heart that was too full for hems and haws.

VI

Such were the days at Blue Hole.

Of course there were interruptions: church, for example, where the lizards in the cornice set up a heathen chant while the black choirboys in the white

surplices raised their eyebrows very high, at their Christian chanting, in an effort to reach the top notes. People came in to tea, and we went several times to town.

In town there were no end of errands: ice to be got, invariably; cotton prints for Rhoda, three yards of rickrack for Lil the butler; and the mistress of Orchard wanted needles, and would have a man at the gate on horseback to pick them up when we came by.

We swam at the Doctor's Cave, with a cold tongue in a basket to slice afterward for a snack; and picnicked at our own cove, with Ezekiel running back to the house for napkins, or walking up a tree to cut down green coconuts for us to drink from.

However, the final interruption came at last. We breakfasted gloomily indoors that morning. Cooped in the dining room, with the heavy ladles and blue finger glasses glowering from the sideboard, I felt the end already upon me. Mrs. Rankine had got up in the middle of the night to be present, and put on her best dress.

But here were the servants, — Rhoda, and Lil the butler, Ezekiel and William, and the cook whom I had seldom seen, but was most indebted to of any, — all wishing me health and good fortune and a speedy return, while the jasmine leaves over their heads began to show color in the first chilly light of morning. Good-bye, good-bye! And down the steps I went, and down the croton walk, and so after a very long day to Kingston again, where, after all, I was well off, too.

The next letter I got from Miss Taylor began, not 'Dear Miss Smith,' but 'Dear Mr. Stuffing.' It told how Scamp, the day after my departure, had come in with a hunk of coral in his mouth as usual. But then he saw the bed was empty, and was disgusted, and dropped the coral on the floor with a thump. Then he went out through the fern garden, down through the big garden, and so under the verandah, and ate a banana.

I hope to go back to Blue Hole some day, as you can well imagine. If I do, I hope Scamp will be still alive.

SPRING IN THE DUST BOWL

BY CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

EVA, OKLAHOMA
April 6, 1937

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

The kindness of your letter brought us definite encouragement. It is difficult to appraise our present situation with any exactitude, but some incidents and observations from our daily life may help you to judge of the prospects for 1937.

On our bleak Easter morning a jack rabbit sat crouched in the kindling pile by the kitchen door. He was, however, no frolicsome Easter bunny, but a starved, trembling creature with one eye battered out by the terrific dust storms of the preceding week. He made no effort to escape. I bathed his eye and put him into shelter with our guinea pig, hoping that he would live until showers might bring some tinge of green upon our dust-covered wasteland. Another blinded rabbit picked up in the yard had just died in spite of all my care. When these wild creatures, ordinarily so well able to take care of themselves, come seeking protection, their necessity indicates a cruel crisis for man and beast.

After another dry summer in 1936, with only the scantiest production, hope was revived by light rains in late September. This moisture was barely sufficient to encourage the sowing of wheat for the possibility of spring pasturage. Our acreage, like that of our neighbors, was materially reduced. The seed sprouted, but again the hope

of a crop has vanished with the dry winter and the raging winds of spring. We are now reluctantly feeding the last small remainder of the crop of 1931.

High winds and consequent dust storms began early this year and still continue at frequent intervals. While perhaps no more violent than the storms of previous years, their effects, being cumulative, seem more disastrous and overwhelming. On some days the limit of vision has been a row of little elms about thirty feet from the front windows. No eye could penetrate any farther the swirling, blinding clouds of dust which made noonday as dark as late twilight of a clear evening. The worst storm thus far in 1937 occurred immediately after a slight snowfall which again roused delusive hopes. That snow melted on a Tuesday. Wednesday morning, with a rising wind, the dust began to move again, and until late Friday night there was little respite.

Almost as distressing are the more frequent days when the northward-creeping sun shines faintly above the dizzying drift of silt, ground to a fine whitish powder, which gives a ghastly appearance of unreality to the most familiar landscapes. On such days we suffer from a painful sense of helplessness and utter frustration. We need no calendar to tell us that planting time is here again. The cranes went north some time ago. Our hyacinths bloom fragrantly in the windows, and the

Easter lily has a bud ready to open. The hardy yellow roses are struggling to put out a few green leaves on the tips of twigs rising above the dust. The other morning a solitary shrike trilled his spring song from the windmill tower. Yet any attempt to proceed with planting under present conditions would be stubborn and expensive folly.

During the winter and early spring, Will has rebuilt his terraces in anticipation of the rain that may not come. He has also done a considerable amount of listing to prepare the ground for possible moisture and to entrap blowing soil and humus from our own or other land.

The stripping of humus from the top soil is one of our most serious losses during these critical years. A striking evidence of this regrettable waste came to my notice last summer. I was herding our cattle near a temporary lake formed by the run-off in one rain which fell so fast that the unworked, wind-swept fields could not absorb more than a small portion of the precious moisture. Surrounding the lake were thick sheets of pure vegetable material, ground by the winds and washed away and deposited by the flowing waters. Both humus and rainfall should somehow have been saved to fill and fertilize the depleted subsoil. After a recent storm I brushed from one narrow window sill a cupful of pulverized soil. Putting this dust into a shallow dish and adding water, I was shocked by the thick scum of powdered vegetation which rose to the surface. Verily we are losing the 'cream' of our land.

Seeds for field crops are scarce and expensive, and their purchase requires the closest planning. Forage crops are all-important, as we can go no further with cattle or poultry unless we can provide them with home-grown feed. Our seed supplies include cowpeas, pie melons (for winter greens for chickens), sweet clover and crested wheat grass

for experimental purposes, Indian corn, cane seed of different types, Sudan grass, Kafir corn, hegari, broomcorn, and millet. If rains come even by the middle of June, we must somehow secure seed of milo maize, our most dependable grain crop, which, under normal conditions, could still mature before frost.

In attacking the problem of erosion control, one great handicap lies in the scarcity of people left to do the essential work. On a recent drive to our county seat thirty miles away, we could count only sixteen occupied homes, including those within half a mile on either side of the federal highway.

Yet experienced people with ample opportunity for knowing the difficulty of the struggle are advising against general abandonment. As the dirt ploughed up here by the unrelenting winds darkens the sky in cities hundreds of miles away, there is a growing realization that the problem is not simply that of a few unsuccessful farmers who might be as well off in one place as another. People are beginning to understand that such conditions, if left unchecked, are progressive and threaten the welfare not only of other agricultural areas but of towns and cities dependent upon rural prosperity.

I am almost ashamed to remember that some years ago, when we first saw the extreme desolation in parts of New Mexico, I thought that surely our own locality could never experience such tragedy. The answer to that mood of unintentional pride is all around us today in barren fields, ruined pastures, buried fences, dead trees, abandoned wells, desolated homes.

We can easily understand the skepticism of those who ask what the government can do to help, since obviously it has no power to rule the winds or grant the blessing of rain. But other important things do come within its legitimate scope. In fact, to restore

large areas to production and to prevent the increase of the seriously damaged acreage, rain alone no longer seems sufficient. We may say, as Robert Frost said to his young orchard trees, 'Something must be left to God,' and still recognize the need for human toil to counteract the damage already done. Rain and snow must be prepared for by special methods of tillage; all moisture must be conserved; cover of some sort must be procured to retard erosion.

When the entire root system of the hardy yuccas may be seen in places of special exposure, with their thick woody roots writhing on the surface and the finer rootlets extending like guy wires for perhaps twenty feet in different directions, the indications of serious erosion are too plain to be ignored. Often, while trailing the cattle around for scattered grazing, I have been dismayed to notice how tracks of cattle, horses, or tractors, made at some time of dampened surface, now project sharply several inches above the surrounding soil like rude cameos carved by the restless wind.

We cannot criticize the conservation plans of the Department of Agriculture. They embody many of the control measures that our own experience would recommend. They grant large individual liberty in working out contributions to the common welfare. The proposals seem practical and sufficiently generous.

A farmer willing to coöperate may select 15 per cent of his crop land, follow in cultivation any one of several soil-conserving methods, and agree to leave on the ground for protective purposes whatever crop is produced upon that acreage. For his labor, seed, and sacrifice of any harvested crop, he is offered \$6.40 per acre for first-class land.

With the other 85 per cent of cultivated acreage one may do as he will,

though in case of negligence which caused a piece of land to become a menace to surrounding farms any expected benefits would be forfeited. Should one desire to hasten measures for conservation and also augment his Class I payment, he may choose from thirty-three methods of procedure to be applied to his 85 per cent acreage, and so become eligible for payments of from twenty to seventy-five cents per acre. The combination of the two types of payment on a basis of one hundred acres of cultivation might amount to a maximum of \$174.75. This sum hardly suggests idle affluence. It does mean distinct help in constructive efforts to accomplish together what no one can hope to do by himself.

We personally hope for the gradual success of these methods, because for the past two years we have had cane on terraced land. Though the crop was lighter than in normal years, enough stubble and roots remained on the ground to prevent appreciable erosion. Moreover, that particular plot still holds subsoil moisture. Dirt brought up with a post auger from a depth of over three feet retains sufficient moisture to be packed into a solid ball.

Naturally, all these plans must fail, at least for this year, unless rains come soon to settle the soil and prepare a normal seed bed. For that we must trust a government established in the nature of things beyond our utmost reach. It is good to remember that the laws of the universe recognize no favorites and cherish no hostility or small vindictiveness; that before sun and rain, stormy winds, or summer's kind beneficence, we all stand upon one common level.

Your interest and that of other friends have been to us a very real and present help.

Gratefully yours,
CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

THE GERMAN FOUR-YEAR PLAN

BY OTTO JELLINEK

[GERMANY'S efforts toward economic self-sufficiency have aroused much speculation, particularly regarding her attempts to create substitutes for raw materials. Dr. Jellinek, one of the leaders in this vital field of research, describes how German science is coöperating with the government to hasten the success of the Four-Year Plan.

— THE EDITORS]

SINCE Germany's transition from an agrarian to an industrial state in the second half of the last century, she has been dependent upon world trade and the exchange of her finished products for the raw materials of countries which are less thickly populated, more favored in climate, or blessed with mineral deposits. Before the war, Germany had available for payment for imports not only the receipts from her extensive export trade, not then restricted by any serious obstacles to commercial exchange, but also the interest on credits extended and loans made abroad. At the turn of the century the voice of statesmen and scientists, raised in warning against the overdependence of German economy upon the rest of the world, went unheeded. The war taught renewed appreciation of the value of increased domestic production of materials hitherto imported. Indeed, the German war industries were developed under the most unfavorable conditions imaginable. Science and technology were

unprepared for the task, which was rendered all the more difficult by the shortage of workmen and materials.

After peace was concluded, there was at first no further attempt to develop the home-production industries, since there flowed into Germany abundant foreign credits which made it possible to pay for heavy imports. But with the onset of the depression the situation was radically altered. Because of the sudden recall of foreign credits Germany was no longer able to pay for her full import requirements, so that she was forced to limit these sharply; and at the same time she began to realize that no change in the foreign trade situation was to be expected in the near future. The loss of property values abroad, the necessity of paying interest and principal on credits accepted after the war, in conjunction with the numerous restrictions on trade impeding the sale of German goods, limited considerably the possibility of obtaining foodstuffs and raw materials from foreign countries.

In this connection attention should be drawn to the fundamental difference between the objective of the German Four-Year Plan and the distress and privation forced upon the German people by the four war years. Germany to-day is not cut off from deliveries from abroad. German export trade is still of sufficient volume to pay for more than four billion gold marks' worth of imports, so that the Four-

Year Plan is responsible only for providing a maximum requirement which is not excessive in proportion to total consumption. The distress during the war, on the other hand, was due not only to the cessation of deliveries from abroad but also to the great consumption of materials in the field and the lower harvest yields resulting from a shortage of workers and fertilizers. Conditions at that time are strikingly illustrated by the fact that during and after the war there appeared a perceptible shortage of coal in spite of Germany's rich deposits of this mineral, because it was impossible to supply the necessary replacements at the right time and to carry on further developments in the mining districts. Every German who passed through the period of the war recalls with anything but comfort the so-called *Ersatz* or 'substitute' materials he was compelled to use because it had become impossible to provide even the essentials.

It is the goal of the Four-Year Plan to raise the standard of living of the German people and to bring about domestic production of essentials without noticeably restricting the population. Efforts are being made to reduce to a minimum the sacrifices asked of the consumer. Press, radio, schools, exhibits, lectures, and announcements of every kind explain the situation and remind one, for instance, that the per capita consumption of fats has risen some 25 per cent in comparison with pre-war time and that merely a return to former dietary habits would suffice to eliminate temporary difficulties in the supply of fats. Through publications of the Business Institute the housewife's attention is called to the most practical way to plan her meals at different seasons. Eliminating the thoughtlessness of the consumer will make possible the saving of many million marks in import values.

The makers of household articles and

furniture are obliged to observe definite regulations in order to avoid unnecessary consumption of such metals as nickel, copper, and lead. Durability and pleasing appearance are not sacrificed. Here too it is a question merely of gently educating the consumer.

The textile industry is required to use artificial fibres mixed with natural fibres, but careful inspection prevents lowering of quality. Unfounded prejudices on the part of consumers are thus overcome, so that the purchaser of a fabric does not get the impression that he is obliged to content himself with a substitute product of less value.

It has been pointed out that the sealing of wine bottles with caps made of an alloy of lead and tin not only is impractical but calls for importation of 1,650,000 pounds of these two metals. There are artificial materials similar to Cellophane which make it possible to seal the bottles more hygienically and cheaply. Formerly many millions were expended annually to buy cork from abroad. Some years ago an inventor endeavored to manufacture stoppers of wood. In general, wood is not elastic enough for a bottle seal, but the inventor has discovered how to give it the necessary elasticity by cutting ring-shaped grooves in it.

Greater attention is of course being paid to the collection of scrap and waste material. The manufacturers of metal cans, for instance, print a notice on their product reminding the consumer not to throw the empty cans away heedlessly, but to turn them over to one of the collecting stations. This is another case in which a considerable import item can be saved by an appeal to the individual. The examples enumerated show that much can be accomplished even with simple measures.

Very promising are the efforts for an intensification of agriculture. Sheep raising is being energetically promoted, since the number of sheep can be ma-

terially increased without injury to the foodstuff market, and the domestic production of wool can thus be stepped up. The cultivation of flax and hemp, which was not common in the first years after the war, has been extended again. Dairying has made important progress; the agricultural market administration suggests to farmers how to use their feed stocks to best advantage. With the slogan 'No more waste!' distributors and consumers of provisions are taught not only how to use them economically, but also, through appropriate methods of storing and handling the goods, to lessen spoiling, which previously cost the German national economy not less than one and one-half billions annually. To extend the use of fruit marmalade as a spread for bread instead of butter and margarine the sugar industry furnishes the marmalade manufacturers with cheap sugar. The consumption of marmalade increased from 62,000 long tons in 1933 to 125,000 in 1936. As appears from the examples enumerated, — and more could easily be adduced, — much has been done in the economizing of food-stuffs, too, to reduce imports necessary to the German economy.

The new industrial structure envisaged by the Four-Year Plan is probably the most interesting part of the whole plan, not only calling for a high degree of intelligence and energy, but also impressing itself on the entire industrial activity of Germany.

Germany's chemical industry looks back on a glorious past. It has been one of the heaviest exporters, since the specialties produced in Germany — whether medicines, dyes, or aids to the chemical industry — have maintained their share in the world market even under altered conditions of competition. The development of the German synthetic nitrogen industry is an outstanding example of success in producing a previously imported material in

quantity sufficient to satisfy domestic demand, and also in keeping the price so low that it could be exported to compete with the natural product in the world market.

The German economy is now reaping the fruits of an industrial research conducted in part under great material sacrifices and maintained through times of economic stress. Even before the war, patents for the liquefaction of coal were taken out both by Dr. Friedrich Bergius and by the chemical industry; after the war, research in this field was continued intensively, at first probably in the expectation that there would be a natural shortage of oil resulting from the exhaustion of the oil wells, and spurred on in part too by the high prices in the world market, which declined abruptly at the beginning of the depression. Practical experience in this field of industry has made such progress that the cost of producing oil from coal now corresponds to the domestic price of gasoline, although the latter is, to be sure, protected by tariff. In any case, no increase in price worth mentioning is demanded of the motorist. It is estimated that in a year or a year and a half Germany will be able to cover her requirement in motor fuels — that is, approximately 2,000,000 long tons — from her own production.

Great progress is evident in the artificial textile fibre industry. Both the artificial silk industry and the manufacture of cellulose wool experienced vigorous growth in the past year. In 1936 there were manufactured in Germany 55,000 long tons of artificial silk and 45,000 of cellulose wool. Cellulose wool is a new kind of textile fibre that appeared in the market only a few years ago. In 1935 Germany had at her disposal a production of 15,000 long tons; in 1937 this will probably climb to 70,000. The prices of cellulose wool have been kept at such a level as to impose no burden on the consumer in

this case, either, especially since this industry has had the experience of preliminary work covering long years.

While the development of the coal-gasoline and cellulose-wool industries is to be regarded as a normal function of private initiative, for which the government, to be sure, supplied the initial impulse and which was promoted in part by certain easings of credit, problems of a fundamental nature are raised by processes for manufacturing other substitutes for raw materials, processes which are more recent and have not yet attained the same technical maturity as the liquefaction of coal.

Even though experience has demonstrated the truth of the principle that in the course of time *every* technical process with continued development permits a reduction of manufacturing costs, nevertheless production in a new field should be taken up only after mature consideration if costs are materially higher than on the goods previously imported. In such cases the outsider is hardly able to weigh the pros and cons. When it became known that the German Dye Trust was bringing out a synthetic rubber, which was substantially dearer than natural rubber, doubt was expressed whether this novel material was adapted to the German economy. Soon, however, it was ascertained that the synthetic rubber possessed characteristics giving it considerable advantages over natural rubber. Its durability is materially greater, so that automobile tires made of Buna can be used approximately one and one-half times as long as those of natural rubber. The increased life of the *finished product*, involving still other considerable manufacturing costs, amply justifies the increased expenditure for the synthetic product. Furthermore, Buna is less sensitive to heat and does not bubble when brought in contact with oils, so that we have here a new material for use whose field of em-

ployment is much wider than that of natural rubber. It is precisely these specific qualities of Buna which justify the hope that it will be used for special purposes abroad too, so that a material originally intended only to replace former imports in the home market promises to become a new article of export. In this sense, likewise, it supports the aims of the Four-Year Plan.

The science of political economy has not yet succeeded in working out a valid formula for determining the economically tolerable price of a substitute product. So far as goods which are absolutely essential are concerned, the decision to produce a substitute material is settled, not at all by production costs, but by the urgency of the need. In this case, price plays no part. Even when it is a question of goods of less immediate urgency, the world market price should not be chosen as a yardstick, above all not at a time when the exchange of goods from country to country is hampered. Neither the world market price nor the production cost of a raw-material substitute is a fixed quantity; at the outset they may be far apart and yet in the course of time approach each other very closely. As long as labor is available, there is no reason for giving up hope of producing a substitute for a raw material. Aided by the general recovery, considerable reserves have accumulated which are either being used by these new enterprises for capital investments to promote the Four-Year Plan or serving to meet the Reich's need of loans.

In certain cases — that is, where the technical and economic risk appears too great — the state for the time being assumes the responsibility for the economic soundness of the new enterprise. Private initiative is not eliminated in these cases, the entrepreneur in particular remaining interested in lowering production costs. An illustration of this is the manufacture of high-protein

feed-yeast from wood. There are two processes, of which that under the direction of Dr. Bergius permits production of carbohydrates for the nourishment of man and beast at the usual domestic prices. On the other hand, there is a great difference in price between protein feeds derived from wood and those from soybeans which have been imported. For this reason it is provided that the entire production of protein for feed be taken over at a price which covers the cost of production, including interest on invested capital. To encourage the coöperation of inventors, special rewards are offered for technical improvements.

The production of foods from wood shows that Germany's reserves of raw materials are by no means yet exhausted. There is no lack of wood. It has been determined statistically that in spite of Germany's wealth of coal over twenty million long tons of firewood still find their way into stoves. Even a fraction of this is enough to produce considerable quantities of edible protein. More attention to proper management of the forests may be a pleasing incidental effect of this new use for wood.

Occasionally the criticism is made that the entire machine constructed with such an enormous outlay may become worthless if normal trade relations should be resumed; or that the effort to protect newly created industry from foreign competition will perhaps block Germany's path to a free world economy. Neither objection is sound. Even if new raw materials should be created to the value of one billion reichsmarks, the German market would still remain receptive to imports, the extent of which would be limited solely by the possibility of selling German goods abroad. Moreover, the aforementioned examples showing unexpected developments in the chemical industry tend to indicate that the

newly created materials will prove to be exportable. Whether it be a matter of special kinds of artificial resins or of synthetic rubber especially resistant to oils and heat, or whether inevitable by-products will find a market abroad, there is always the hope that Germany will be able to increase her exports in the fields in which she has always enjoyed a position of preëminence. Perhaps some day it will no longer be necessary to feed milch cows high-protein yeast made from wood. Then it will be easy to switch production to ethyl alcohol, which can be used to supplement the German gasoline supply.

If economic interplay ever reaches the point where the freest possible movement of goods contributes to the wealth of *all* nations, with accompanying lessening of the obstacles to trade, then Germany's industrial productivity will suffice, as before the war, to use up in manufactures the raw materials furnished by other countries, and she can utilize the profits to increase her own consumption. The educational work of the Four-Year Plan will be an excellent preparation for this task, for nothing more seriously threatened German economy than insufficient opportunity for the remunerative employment of technical experts and engineers.

Beyond a doubt the experiences that Germany accumulates while carrying out her Four-Year Plan will be of advantage when the problem of careful utilization of raw material assumes importance in other lands as well. The moral buoyancy behind the Four-Year Plan is easy to understand if one considers that the German people are continuing in their great scientific and technical tradition, finding opportunity to demonstrate their love of peace by acting in the spirit of Frederick the Great, who once said that he who wrests increased fruits from the earth does more for his native land than he who conquers a new province.

THE PROFESSOR READS KIPLING

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE professor surveyed his class, as they sat around the long table in the seminar room. He liked nearly all of them, though he wished Johnson would wear a necktie, and Jones would realize that dirty white shoes are no longer a badge of collegiate correctness. The class looked at him, vaguely conscious that he had something of academic moment to announce.

'I hope you all know,' said he, 'that the new Kipling autobiography was published to-day. I expect to find *my* copy when I return to my office.'

There was a polite silence. It was as if he had announced the birth of a son to his wife's second cousin in Omaha. The professor was taken aback by this negative response, and for a full five seconds was quite at a loss for words. It was his task to guide the class in the practice of writing plays, so Kipling had not been any part of the course. This was his first intimation that to these youths of 1937 Kipling was not an exciting phenomenon. The professor pulled himself together with a wry smile.

'After all,' he said, 'I suppose it *was* forty years ago that the "Recessional" was cabled across the Atlantic and printed on the front pages of our newspapers. Not one of you was born. But I was in college. A new Kipling poem or story in those days was international news. It can't be that some of them are n't still good. You'll have a chance to discover at the next meeting of

the class. Jones, how about your new scenario?'

The professor whipped his flagging attention, and listened to Jones's scenario, aware that it was terrifically important to Jones. He could n't at the moment see its importance to anybody else. But how about that editor in Lahore? Did he see anything important in the work his young assistant turned in? The answer was probably waiting in the professor's office. Would the hour never be over?

It was over at last, and, forgetting Jones's problems (at another time one of them would have interested him, for it concerned the reconciliation of reality and fantasy in a contemporary setting), the professor hurried across the campus and tore the new book from its wrappers. He did not open the pages with his finger, as Kipling himself would have done; he employed a reverent penknife. But he could not read consecutively — not now. He was curiously and disturbingly excited, not so much by a new Kipling work as by all the memories a new Kipling work evoked of old Kipling works once new, when he and the world were new also; and, too, by that astonishing passivity of his class at mention of this event. Presently he laid the book down, and sought on his shelves for older volumes, to select what he should read to the young skeptics to-morrow. Verse — it would have to be verse. No time for prose, except maybe that sentence

about Swift and *Gulliver's Travels* — how Swift had turned on a red volcano's glare to light a child to bed. And 'Wireless' — he could tell Jones to read that for help in his problems. Verse, let's see — 'The English Flag,' 'The Three-Decker,' 'The Conundrum of the Workshops.' Yes, those would do. He read them aloud.

'You'll hear the long-drawn thunder 'neath her
leaping figure-head . . .'

'And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with
the startled crows . . .'

(The same mental image came back to him of black bodies dangling in battered palm trees over a coral beach strewn with wreckage.)

'And if we could come when the sentry slept and
softly scurry through . . .'

The professor had no delusion that he could define poetry, and fortunately he did n't have to. But he knew this was vivid writing, sharp imagery drawn from a keen observation of physical facts, and as exciting to him now as it used to be — or almost. He tucked the book under his arm and went to lunch.

'What have you got there?' one of his colleagues in the English Department asked.

'Kipling.'

'Good Lord, why?'

'I'm going to read him to my class to-morrow.'

'They'll think he's a Boy Scout,' said the colleague.

'Meaning you do?' the professor retorted, a bit sharply.

The lunch went none too well after that, and he had no time the rest of the day and evening to read the autobiography. But he read the poems to his class the next morning. The class was polite but unresponsive. They did smile a little at the Devil's question, 'It's pretty, but is it Art?' — but they looked even a trifle pained at 'The English Flag.'

'I suppose,' one of them ventured,

'that kind of chauvinism helped to bring on the World War?'

The professor swallowed hard, and in a secret corner of his brain a still small voice (was it the Devil's?) whispered, 'How about it?' Perhaps it was in answer to the voice that he attempted to point out how Kipling was n't so much the 'Imperialist' here as the Colonial in India, telling the heedless at home how the blood of Englishmen supported them in every corner of the seven seas. He knew what he meant, still better what he felt; but somehow it did sound like an apology, and he switched to the technique, and pointed out the supreme rightness and sharp clarity of the images, the selective realism, the memorable swing of the rhythm. Yet even as he dwelt on this last the same small voice whispered, 'Do you mean, by any chance, "easily memorized"?' On the whole, it was not a happy hour, and he was conscious of a vague impatience in the class to be getting on with their personal problems in expression. He looked at them for the first time across a gulf, and felt a faint stirring of distaste, the most distressing emotion a teacher can experience toward his pupils.

He put Kipling hastily aside.

That night he read the autobiography. It was impossible for him — and perhaps, he reflected, for most men of his generation — to read it with detachment. Kipling had bulked so enormously in his consciousness during his formative years that every mention of those well-remembered tales, those poems he could still repeat almost by heart, roused such a host of associations that the reading would have to stop till they could be attended to. And there was the eternal problem of literary creation, which so intimately concerned him now as a teacher of young literary aspirants, and about which Kipling had such sudden, sharp, illuminating things to say. 'What do

they know of England, who only England know!' — Kipling's mother gave him that line, when any he could hit on kept going 'soft,' and until he got it the poem would n't come right. Once he had it, 'the rest of the rhetoric came away easily; for it was only pictures seen, as it were, from the deck of a long fourteen-footer, a craft that will almost sail herself.' But what critic would know that? Who can so creep into another man's creative processes as to say what is the key line that releases the rest of his rhetoric?

The professor thumbed back in his new book to a passage where Kipling mentions noticing the face and voice of a woman who sold him beer at a little hotel in Auckland. Ten years later, in South Africa, he heard a petty officer tell a companion about a woman in New Zealand who 'never scrupled to help a lame duck or put her foot on a scorpion.' And he goes on, 'Then — precisely as the removal of the key-log in a timber jam starts the whole pile — those words gave me the key to the face and voice at Auckland, and a tale called "Mrs. Bathurst" slid into my mind, smoothly and orderly as floating timber on a bank-high river.'

If Kipling had never told this incident himself, what research scholar of the future could ever have come at the real genesis of 'Mrs. Bathurst,' the professor reflected. For ten years the memory of a chance-seen face 'down under' had lurked below the threshold of Kipling's consciousness. But what had been happening to it in those years? In the dark mystery of the subconscious mind the creative process goes on, and if we know every book that an author ever read we still know next to nothing, really, of his secrets. Every book — But here was no book. Here was a woman serving beer in Auckland, and ten years later a soldier on a troop train in South Africa. How little of Kipling could ever, even remotely, be

traced to books! It came out of life, out of observed reality, out of the heat and strangeness of India, the ripple of water along the rail of a Gloucester fisherman, the sweat of the barracks, the dials of an engine room, the pound of her great drivers on the rails as the 007 bored through the night.

And suddenly the professor stared sombrely at the rug before his fire, and reflected on Kipling's schooling for literature. Suppose, at sixteen, he had entered this quiet college instead of a newspaper office on the jungle edge in Lahore, and suppose he had been taught how to write by a few 'scholarly' professors, with examples set from books; and suppose his adolescence had been prolonged with football and coddling and week-end dances, and not a thing that he wrote ever really mattered except to get him the necessary grades for a degree? A degree! What earthly relation is there between marks, a degree, and literature? What idiocy to grade the creative process! And what idiocy to suppose that people can be taught to write before they have something to write about! It is the something to say which drives you to find the way to say it.

Kipling, of course, was a reporter. He began as a reporter at sixteen, in a hard school, but amid a life incredibly picturesque and colorful. And as he himself said later, 'once a reporter, a reporter forever and ever.' The imagery of his verse was reporting, his stories were reporting; the sights and sounds and motion of life, the drive of machinery, the tramp of regiments, all were there incessantly and with such startling accuracy that they captivated his generation, who seemed suddenly to see them in a new light, or even for the first time. A boy of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, daily he felt them, tried to express them, knew when he failed by the ragging he got from his editor, from his elders in the club, from his

own artistic conscience. Daily, through tropic heat and fever, he had to pack his words into rigidly restricted space. Daily his eye sought copy everywhere, and stored it away in memory. What a training! What a contrast to the piffling little exercises of academic Bunthornes who turn in a few sheets of theme paper a week to some professor, daintily dissecting T. S. Eliot; or to the clumsy compositions of those delightful, carefree boys who are happy to get a 'gentleman's C,' and run over on Sunday to see the girls at Vassar!

The professor was becoming extremely despondent. Did it mean that creative writing (a horrid phrase, he thought, smacking of summer schools, which in turn smack of academic racketeering) — well, then, the actual practice of the art of writing, has no place in a college curriculum? Must the dramatist, to be first rate, get himself fired from Princeton not later than his freshman year, and ship before the mast? What is the test of a bridge? That it shall bear the traffic. What is the test of a dynamo? That it shall deliver power in a steady flow. What is the test of literature? That it shall entertain and move men and women. We say Time is the one true test of art, but that means merely the poem or play is rich enough to entertain and move men and women of later generations. It may be art for its own age, though forgotten in a later.

To make academic grades the test of literature is ridiculous. At best, that is to test the work by one person's taste — the professor's. And nobody is so afraid of his taste in contemporary expression as your average professor. Easy enough to test mathematical accuracy by grades, or chemical experiments, or even literary research (if your student does n't get out of hand, and start having opinions). Easy enough to exaggerate 'accuracy' to the peak

of all the virtues, and crown its attainment with the loftiest of academic degrees. Make education a search for truth, define truth as the ascertainable facts, and grades and degrees are comfortably possible, the researchers in literature can go right on counting the semicolons in the minor poems of Milton, and everybody will be happy. Art does n't belong in the academic curriculum. Life is its laboratory, and no marks but the public's approval can — or should — mean anything to the artist.

The Public! Kipling! An entire generation in the entire English-speaking world are different men and women because he lived and wrote! As the professor once heard somebody say, 'Take the Taj Mahal, Kanchanjanga, and Kipling away from India, and what have you left?' Well, of course you have Gandhi. Kipling most assuredly would not have approved of Gandhi. The professor's classes most assuredly *did* approve of him. Kipling spoke for his age. Even his reportorial imagery was a part of the great realistic movement in literature and the materialistic bent of our minds. There was a generation's universal religion in McAndrew's hymn. And that just won't do any more. Why boggle at the change? The professor learned Kipling in the '90s, and tramped the Appalachian trails to his swinging rhythms. Just how present-day students tramp to the rhythms of Auden and Spender the professor could not guess. Perhaps there was no need. They don't tramp any more. It is something else they ask of poetry. It is something else they ask of prose. They are searching, with pitiful lack of assurance in anything they find, but with instinctive insistence, for an expression of *their* age, *their* emotions, *their* ideals which float so wraith-like in the cloud of the Future. What can possibly be so important as to help some young writer to

find them in himself, and give them tongue? Of course, nothing!

But how can he give them tongue if he has n't the materials of life to draw on, and how are *you* to know it if he does? The professor attempted an answer to his latter question first. It was easier. You know it because you do not test the work on yourself alone, but on the class; their response tells you much. And you know it because you have kept your sympathies fresh, have not attempted to compel composition by rote, and vigorously refuse to permit craftsmanship to count more than 50 per cent in your grading. You must demand of the student that he have something to say, which seems to him important. If you can't do all this, you are unfit to teach aspirants in the arts.

The academic Bunthornes! How insidiously they tend to dominate advanced composition courses for undergraduates — and how little they have to say! They say nothing neatly, or sneer with style. Are they the product of our 'appreciation' courses, or of the sheltered life? Or are our vigorous creators out in the world, perhaps in newspaper offices like Kipling, leaving to the colleges only those feeble aspirants who have tastes but no guts? Then the professor thought of O'Brien, earning his way through college as a waiter, a product of South Boston or some such place, who had just turned in a play about a longshoreman's strike which certainly had guts, and a strange quality of bewildered compassion. Too many little sheltered boys in college, too much æsthetics in all college-taught art. Must be plenty of undergraduates, actually, who have faced realities. How many of them are driven away from art by the rule of academic Bunthornism — or, later, by the dry rot of 'literary research'?

And if literary creation is primary, and the kind of literary scholarship which wins a Ph. D. is far, far down in

the scale of actual values, why should there be no room in graduate departments for the creators? Oh, well, that one's easy! Because you can't grade creation. Imagine going up before the pundits of a graduate school for your orals in novel writing! But why grade literature? Why give any degrees for its creation? Why not say to certain men of promise, 'Come and create, with our blessing, and what help we can give you'? A few foundations do that for a few men and women — too few. But the universities, which should lead the way, keep all their fellowships for 'research,' for the comma counters, not the creators. They do not put the cart before the horse — they put the trailer. It is simply not true that if a man is destined to be an artist he will be an artist come hell or high water. He must have time and opportunity and training, and these may often be beyond his power to make for himself. Or, if he does make them, the struggle may consume the best years of his life. Yes, there should be creative fellowships in art in every university worthy the name of university, and nothing should be asked of the fellows but the best literature they can create. They should be held in too high esteem to be inflicted with examinations and grades. Degrees are for plodders behind the cart.

The professor began to muse on that idea, and smiled faintly as he imagined the faces of the Graduate School faculty after he had proposed the revolution. Faces. . . . The face of a woman selling beer in Auckland. . . . Once he had seen the face of an old man in Franconia, who was watching the first automobile plough through the sand up the Landaff Valley. He had always remembered that face. He had often thought that some day he could . . . The professor's eyes were fixed on the red coals in the fireplace. He thought he was getting it at last. . . . His eyes closed. His chin hit his bosom.

THE HERITAGE OF IGNORANCE

BY GREGORY ZILBOORG

I

ARTEMUS WARD defined ignorance not as lack of knowledge but as 'knowing so many things that ain't so.' An acrid contention, it is not a little discouraging to those among us who are always stirred by the prospect of ever better and ever higher education. For if we accept the old humorist's trenchant thrust as a statement of truth — and a closer consideration will show that accept it we must — we come to the conclusion that it is infinitely more difficult to dispel man's ignorance than to impart knowledge.

In other words, if human ignorance consisted simply in a lack of information, our task as educators would be reduced to reciting clear-cut statements of fact which the ignorant would then learn, accept, and use. This is evidently not the case. What actually characterizes the process of education, sometimes more and sometimes less obviously, is a double procedure: first, we dispel the 'knowing so many things that ain't so,' and then, if this task be successfully completed, we embark upon the relatively simple business of imparting the new information. Frequently we encounter so many difficulties at the first stage that little or no time, strength, or opportunity is left for the second, and the battle for enlightenment is then temporarily lost or its victory postponed. History, always generous on this score, offers us a number of illustrations.

Aristarchus of Samos, the 'Copernicus of Antiquity,' about 250 B. C. originated the conception that the earth moves around the sun and not vice versa. Yet eighteen centuries later when Copernicus, on the basis of more solid fact and sounder thinking, arrived at the same conclusion he was in great danger of being tried as a criminal; Giordano Bruno, espousing the heliocentric theory, finally did lose his life in the bonfire of the Inquisition; and, almost nineteen centuries after Aristarchus, Galileo stood humiliated by the powers that be for propounding the same views. Old and blind, as if truly punished by the Lord for having looked into that devilish glass, his telescope, the construction of which he had perfected just before he lost his eyesight, Galileo left this world a convict of the Inquisition, with his immortal *Dialogue* buried under the heavy tombstone of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* and not to be resurrected from the officially dead until one hundred and eighty years after his corporal death. As to the scientific conscience of Galileo, this was ordered to be eased by a weekly recitation of the seven penitential psalms for a period of three years.

Why all this? Obviously not because the contemporaries of Copernicus, Giordano Bruno, or Galileo lacked the necessary information, but because they knew so many things that were n't

so. This state of 'knowledge,' actually a refractory, aggressive, and intolerant state of mind, frequently proves to be many times stronger (in brutal force, of course) than any curiosity, no matter how aggressive it may be, of scientific men.

It would be a mistake to dispose of this problem merely by saying that it is all a matter of the past, that the well-known struggle between science and theology is not quite a fair illustration, that during the time of the Inquisition the world was uniquely pathological, and that now it is more or less cured of its ailment by the genius of Newton, Boyle, Darwin, Pasteur, and so forth. It would be a mistake even if we were totally to disregard the Hitlerian bonfires on which so many books have recently been burned. For without the red of the official fires, and without the scarlet of blood spilled for scientific discovery, ignorance is still as strangely persistent in modern times as it was many ages back.

Let us cite an instance. It is almost universally accepted to-day that Freud's outstanding contribution to psychology is his discovery of the unconscious. By means of clinical illustrations, he demonstrated that man has an unconscious and that this unconscious plays a decisive rôle in the formation of mental diseases. Yet Paracelsus, at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, stated that it was foolish to assume that children possess no imagination and contended that certain mental diseases in children or adults are due to the *unconscious* activity of the imaginative faculty. It took not less than four hundred years before at least a few people acquiesced in the expression of this thought as it was rediscovered by Freud.

Another instance: when, at the close of the past century, Freud, fresh from the clinic of Charcot in Paris, presented to the Viennese Neurological Society

his observation of hysteria in men, the presiding officer, a scholarly neurologist, permitted no discussion of the paper. Evidently Freud's 'heretical' statement conflicted with tradition. Although Charles Lepois in the seventeenth and again Astruc in the eighteenth century made similar observations on hysteria in men, it seemed impossible even at the dawn of the present century to abandon the 'logical' view that hysteria is the monopoly of women — a traditional belief inherited from the Greeks. Twenty-five centuries ago the Greeks thought of the womb as a nomadic organ which traveled about the woman's body and, when visiting parts where it did not belong, produced *hyst-eria* — a disease, therefore, which was inconceivable in man. This premise established, it functioned as one of Bacon's 'idols' of human logic, a prejudice that has become unconscious and automatic and from which human minds have refused to budge.

Man has seldom found objection to the production of new practical and seemingly useful things, be it a new drug with which 'to poison out disease as we smoke out vermin' (the words are Oliver Wendell Holmes's), a new vehicle, a new tool of destruction, or a new shoe-polishing gadget, but he seems always to have been bent on defending his ignorance by means of logic against the enlightenment which the discovery of scientific facts carries in its wake. Francis Bacon apparently had this in mind when he objected to the 'fructiferous' trends in science taking priority over the 'luminiferous' ones, which latter were and always are threatened with assassination by the hired man of the human mind — traditional logic. There is certainly a striking similarity between the president of the Viennese Neurological Society of almost yesterday and the professors of Padua about whom Galileo wrote to the astronomer Kepler: —

'I wish, my dear Kepler, that we could have a good laugh together at the extraordinary stupidity of the mob. What do you think of the foremost philosophers of this University? In spite of my oft-repeated efforts and invitations, they have refused, with the obstinacy of a gluttoned adder, to look at the planets or the moon, or my glass! Why must I wait so long before I can laugh with you? Kindest Kepler, what peals of laughter you would give forth, if you heard with what arguments the foremost philosopher of the University opposed me, in the presence of the Grand Duke, at Pisa, laboring with logic-chopping argumentations as though they were magical incantations wherewith to banish or spirit away the new planets (the satellites of Jupiter) out of the sky.' (The translation is by Professor A. Wolf.)

Why the state of 'knowing so many things that ain't so' should exercise such a tyrannic censorship over the 'luminiferous' trends of man is a question which would require many tomes to answer, if any adequate answer is at all to be found. But if we acknowledge the fact that ignorance *does* exercise an automatic, almost invisible, though very real and effective censorship over man's thoughts and activities, we have made a serious step forward. The powers that be, or, to borrow a phrase from Milton, the various 'Franciscan and Dominican licensors,' are not the cause of the perennial unfreedom of man's thought, but rather they are expressions, corporal and institutional incarnations, of man's own mysterious weakness. Hence we may say, paraphrasing another word of Milton about the Italians, that it is this weakness that has 'damp't the glory of human wits.'

It is one of man's propensities to look outward for the causes of his own weakness; we are all prone to see the obstacles to free acquisition of knowledge in the political strength of organized

theology of the past, in the selfish ambitions of various political groups or military cliques of modern times, or in an individual — a Hitler or a Mussolini. Yet, if we could temporarily withdraw to some point of vantage, we might perhaps gain a perspective, otherwise sadly vitiated, and catch a glimmer that would suggest a possible answer to the question as to why humanity censors its thoughts at the very time that it appears to be ready to accept a new idea. Is there such a point of vantage? If there is, and if we are to find it, we must proceed with the utmost caution, to avoid stumbling into the pitfall where opinion is mistaken for fact, as the schoolman of the Middle Ages and the theologian of the Renaissance were wont to do.

II

When examples of our present-day ignorance were looked for, reference was made, not to astronomy or to physics, but to modern psychology. This choice was not dictated merely by the professional bias of the writer — a bias which undoubtedly influences one's trend of thought — but was based rather on objective considerations. Psychology is very much in the mind of almost everyone to-day; in the drawing-room and at the dinner table, when we are not discussing communism, fascism, and the next war, we are chattering about Freud, or any of the hybrids of psychoanalysis. Philosophers, medical men, industrialists, mathematicians, salesmen, or chemists all tend nowadays to drift into a palaver on human behavior from marriage to murder, from the psychology of propaganda and salesmanship to love or the chemical reactions which supposedly underlie man's mental activity and social behavior. There is little doubt that we live in what might be called a psychological age, even though it does

appear that our chief practical interests rest in industry and mechanics. Every period of human history has its point of cultural emphasis: the Greeks were preoccupied with the problem of rational, logical philosophy; the late Middle Ages with a synthesis between sophistry and revelation, then with witchcraft, and finally with theology as opposed to a special type of heresy we now call science; the slogan of the eighteenth century was pure reason, until the close of the nineteenth century it was science, and now since the opening of the twentieth century it is psychology (primarily social).

Every important period of history has also had its own 'enemy,' psychologically speaking. The Greeks had theirs, as did the Dominican Friars of the fifteenth century. Aristotle had to flee possible prosecution and he left Athens 'lest injury be done to philosophy'; the slowly moving centuries which succeeded Imperial Rome fought vigorously the demonstration of any new fact that was not revealed or not properly deduced by means of a perverted Aristotelian logic. To-day, driven by the inertia of science of matter, we are apparently unable to find a place for what we loosely call the human psyche. On the one hand, we seem to have become totally liberated from the chains of authoritarian theological science: we are neither frightened nor repelled by the discovery of a new planet, the theory of relativity, the stratosphere or television. We hail new discoveries as corroborations of the greatness of man — that is, ourselves. On the other hand, we are still as puzzled as we were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, if not more so, by the problem of the soul. At the height of the Renaissance, curiosity was awakened to the immense temerity of attempting (from Cornelius Agrippa to John Locke) to penetrate the mystery that surrounded the question of

the soul, but with tradition exclaiming '*Noli me tangere!*' the scientist was driven to anatomy, astronomy, chemistry, or physics — all virginal fields which appeared safer than that which was later to become known as psychology. It would seem, as someone has said, that we are still in the period of Renaissance, that we have not yet completely adjusted ourselves to what was begun four and five centuries ago. True, we have developed what some day promises to deserve the name of scientific psychology and a medical specialty called psychiatry, but we are none the less groping in the dark. We still wonder where and what this soul is (we call it psyche to-day, or the psychic apparatus) for which we search in the test tube, in the electric responses of a frog's leg, in the brain tissue, in various glands. We seem to shy off looking directly at the psychic reactions of man; rather (and perhaps *therefore*) do we labor under the misconception that either the psyche is none of our business or it does not exist at all. We work in our laboratories as if chemical reactions were all that existed, and the psyche were something material, some chemical substance, a sort of ectoplasm.

In this almost universal trend it is not difficult to detect an old, essential prejudice. We seem unable to divest ourselves of this assumption which, impressive merely because it is couched in the respectable terms of such earnest scientific disciplines as chemistry, physiology, or anatomy, makes the development of modern medical psychology so difficult and arouses so many passions where psychological or psychiatric problems are involved. Yet, paradoxically, psychiatry as a topic grows daily in popularity and the problem of human psychology holds the centre of interest while everyone looks everywhere — into the stomach, the brain, the glands — except into the human

mind (the psyche) for a solution to his various problems. If a man is sad, dejected, anxious, he is offered a change of air, sedative pills, a change of scenery, or the admonition 'Get hold of yourself' to cure him of something which has nothing to do with the seashore, veronal, golf, or that metaphysical rather than scientific concept — free will.

As one peruses old medical books and compares those of Hippocrates with the books of later centuries and even many of to-day, one is impressed by the sameness of advice, despite the fact that the explanations offered for using the same remedies have changed and the general approach to a disease has taken on the cast of greater authority through the use of more precise scientific terminology. One is impressed by the *invisible* tradition of 'knowing so many things that ain't so.' Thus even to-day the woman who feels out of sorts and somewhat tense, is restless and physically below par, says that she is feeling 'bilious' and proceeds to take a cathartic or a 'liver pill.' She is not aware that in doing so she faithfully follows the prescription of the Father of Medicine, Hippocrates, who twenty-five centuries ago considered the seat of the soul to be in the liver and the black bile, therefore, the cause of sadness — hence *melancholia* or *atrabilia*. This invisible tradition gradually crystallized toward the close of the fifteenth century into the following authoritative and incontrovertible principle: The soul is by definition perfect and immortal; hence, it is invulnerable, inviolable; hence, it cannot be sick, because to be sick means to become imperfect, and what is perfect by definition cannot become imperfect through accident; hence again the simple conclusion: since the soul is perfect and can never be sick, *it is never sick*. The body alone can become sick, and it is the body that should be

treated. In other words, let the domicile of the psyche (the body) be in good condition and the psyche will take care of itself, as it always does *by definition* and not *through demonstration*. This led to the acceptance, some four hundred years ago, of the principle that a patient in whom physical remedies and drugs were of no avail, or in whom a mental illness appeared to be chronic (that is, incurable), was not sick, but possessed by, or sold out to, the Devil.

This sounds ludicrous to the modern ear. Yet not more than seventy-five years ago the same principle was still advocated by the leaders of the medical profession (the Devil, of course, was no longer in the vocabulary of the learned gentlemen), and to-day in many quarters it has changed only to the extent that the discussion of the basic invulnerability of the soul has been dropped. We still proceed along the same purely anatomico-physiological lines, or such poor substitutes as vague economico-sociological considerations. When those who attempted to establish a scientific psychiatry on a broader basis started to study the psyche as any other natural phenomenon, and came finally to the conclusion that a great number of neuroses and severer forms of mental diseases are curable by psychological methods, they were met with what amounted to derision. In many respects American psychiatry has advanced much further than European, yet only recently, in a leading American publication devoted to psychiatry, an article appeared under the title, 'The Cult of Curability' — an obvious even though oblique admission that in matters pertaining to the psyche we may not speak of curability. Thus it should be clear that our ignorance of the human psychic apparatus has been and in many respects still is based on a traditional misconception, as it were, invisibly inherited and tenaciously although perhaps unwittingly followed,

obviously to the detriment of our genuine knowledge.

Apparently, the old principle '*Mens sana in corpore sano*' has still a great fascination for men, though it obscures their vision. While it is true that there are some few mental diseases which are due to bodily disintegration, we should not overlook the very healthy mind of a Herbert Spencer, who suffered from a painful physical disease most of his productive life, or the sanguinary and criminal psychopathy of a Henry VIII, who enjoyed the health of the proverbial horse. It is this traditional misconception that not only has kept psychopathology out of scientific medicine — or led medicine to turn a cold shoulder to true psychopathology — but has also delivered most of the psychological problems from time immemorial to the priest of the primitive temple, to the priest of the church, to the philosopher, to the charlatanic layman, to the questionable proponent of the 'common-sense' doctrine, or to the journalistic commentator on everyday events. This is the reason why the philosopher Kant, sincerely believing that the great pioneer of public health, Hufeland, was quite out of order when he was interested in mental disease, urged him to leave the mentally sick in the hands of the philosophers. It is for the same reason that the present-day layman accepts without resistance the advice of a surgeon or an internist in matters of physical disease while he counters almost every suggestion of the psychiatrist with a 'logical,' 'common-sense,' 'rational' theory of his own. We do seem to avoid systematically learning the true psychological facts, preferring the traditional knowledge of things that ain't so.

We can now say that the first prerequisite to finding our point of vantage is getting rid of an assumption to which we have been clinging, either openly with the support of formal logic, or

inferentially with the support of our silent but efficacious prejudices. We must realize that the human being for some reason — which reason we may never know — inwardly assumes that what exists, or what he thinks exists, is *unalterable*. It is this assumption, dictated by an inner human need, which aroused the opposition against Copernicus, Giordano Bruno, and Galileo. Galileo pleaded with the objectors of his day, attempting to explain to them that the marvels, the beauty, the mystery, and the glory — in short, the perfection that is our world was in no way impaired when one recognized its changeability. Galileo's pleadings were of no avail because in those days it was as difficult for man to admit of a change in the relationship between celestial bodies as it is to-day to admit that what we call human psyche is a natural phenomenon which can be subjected to analysis, to a cold consideration of its biological nature, and that such a study would in no way impair the greatness of human religion or the genius of a Shakespeare, a Rousseau, a Voltaire, or an Einstein.

It is not necessary to outline here the methods of such a study or the findings which it yields. What is important is plainly to realize that what we call human mind is merely a biological characteristic of the *Homo sapiens*, that therefore it is the subject of a number of natural laws rather than master of these, and that what we call mind is not our intellect alone, but all our feelings, conscious and unconscious, all the inner drives which guide our thinking.

Let us look at a certain species of termites, the *Eutermes*. This has a subspecies called the syringe termite or the *nasicornus*. The *nasicornus*, without eyes and without ears, possesses only a syringe-like nose for the bulk of its head, yet is the most efficient defensive soldier of the community. As

Maeterlinck has informed us, by means of this formation on, or in place of, their heads these termites 'project on their foes from a distance of two centimetres — at a guess, for they have no eyes — a sticky liquid which paralyzes them, and which the ant, their immemorial enemy, dreads even more than the mandibles of the other soldiers; this elaborate weapon, a kind of perambulating artillery, is so markedly superior to the other that it enables one of these termites, the *Eutermes monoceros*, to organize expeditions in the open, notwithstanding its blindness, and to make sorties en masse by night in order to collect from the trunks of coconut trees the lichen of which it is so fond. A curious magnesium photograph, taken by E. Bugnion in Ceylon, shows an army on the march, flowing like a brook for many hours between two rows of smartly lined-up soldiers who have their syringes turned outwards, so as to frighten the ants away.'

Evidently, in its process of evolution the community of termites was led to develop (to invent) a particular mode of self-defense, a special poison gas. Man also boasts of such an invention. The fact that in order to achieve it man had to use his mind, the science of chemistry, and the complex armamentarium of his technological equipment may be looked upon as another method of biological adaptation. There are those who feel, perhaps, that this reduces man to the level of a termite and therefore casts aspersions on his inventiveness, his scientific genius, and what not; there are others, however, who would feel that man's greatness is not impaired a whit if his scientific and social functioning is regarded as a highly specialized expression of development according to biological laws.

What interests us here is not the ethico-sociological implications of the fact, but the scientific value of understanding human beings. Such an ap-

proach helps us, first, to rid ourselves of the assumption that the human psyche is more perfect than the human body, and, second, permits us to inquire boldly into the *mental mechanisms* which are at play when man thinks, feels, or acts. This is exactly what modern psychology based on psychoanalysis does. Known in this country under various euphemistic labels, such as dynamic psychology, psychodynamics, or deeper psychology, modern psychology deals empirically and pragmatically with the problems of the human psyche; it studies the psychology of the child and of the primitive man not, as has been done for ages, in order to see how much more intelligent we are than the babe, nor how much more clever we are than the Papuan, but in order to find which psychological forces we civilized grown-ups have *in common* with the babe and the savage. This is also the method used by the medical or biological research worker who studies rats, guinea pigs, and monkeys in order to see what physiological characteristics man has in common with them.

Here, then, is our point of vantage, the foothold we were seeking from which to observe the causes that 'damp the glory of human wits' and led humanity to defend its ignorance with a vehemence far greater than that with which it has ever fought for genuine knowledge.

Let us turn to a few specific illustrative considerations.

III

A small boy, three years of age, sits with his parents in the rear seat of an automobile, obviously enthusiastic about the sensations caused by the motion of the car. The countryside is hilly and the road follows the curves of the landscape. Each time the car begins to climb or descend the boy

exclaims, 'A hill!' A sudden rather steep descent, and the passengers, the boy included, instinctively throw themselves backward to counteract the downward pull. 'It is a strong hill!' exclaims the boy. Just as the biologist learned to see many a mystery of life in the microscopic dots and filaments observed in a single living cell, so does the psychologist see in this amusing exclamation of a tot of three many a mystery of the human mind. By what singular twist of primitive imagination did the boy arrive at the conclusion that the hill was 'strong'? He obviously measured the *strength* of the hill by the effort he was forced to make to keep his body balanced in a vertical sitting position; he had to use strength and objectivized this strength by endowing the hill with the property which he himself possessed; he *projected* his strength *into* the hill. We call this mental mechanism *projection*.

This single mechanism enters into incalculable normal and abnormal human reactions. Should a person be the bearer of unusual charges of hatred and aggression of which he himself is afraid, he frequently becomes unaware of his own hatred and hostility and seeks in the *outside world* the causes of his discomfort — that is, he *projects* his hostility outward. If he carries his projections too far he develops persecutory delusions: people don't like him, they look at him in a queer fashion, detectives are after him, somebody wants to kill him, the whole world is against him. There is as little essential psychological difference between such a severe case of paranoia and the boy's 'strong' hill as there is chemico-physiological difference between the normal sugar content of the blood and severe diabetes.

Man thus projects not only his efforts and apprehensions but also his aspirations. Idealizations, dreams of perfection, the great variety of elaborated

conceptions of Heaven and Hell, the deeply seated belief in immortality, the profound faith in a better future of business, state, or humanity, are all magnificent or tragic offsprings of the primitive mentality which utilizes the mechanism of projection. In itself it is a *natural* manifestation of man's drive to master and to reconstruct the world; depending upon various psychological contingencies, it is this mechanism which leads the individual to become a Napoleon or a chronic *dementia præcox*.

Let us look into another curious and yet quite ordinary mental mechanism. A baby who sucks its thumb when not fully satisfied with the bottle has found a substitute for the bottle; it *displaces* the feeling it has for the bottle to the thumb. This simple and universal phenomenon demonstrates the mechanism of *displacement*. The primitive mind displaces some of its fears to small things and thus endows them with magic meanings. Vicissitudes of life complicate the picture in the adult, but the propensity to displace feeling from one thing to another persists. Our language recognizes this in the expression 'taking it out on the dog.' The disgruntled salesman who has been reprimanded for inefficiency by his boss remains obediently silent, but the anger which he dare not vent against the boss accumulates and finally breaks through at the lunch counter when he curses at the man who serves him an allegedly unpalatable sandwich. The salesman displaces his anger to the waiter, not deliberately, but automatically and, he honestly believes, justifiably. He did not say to himself, 'I cannot tell the boss where to get off, but I shall tell it to the waiter in the lunchroom.' It is an *unconscious* combination of displacement and projection, as if to say, 'I am not inefficient; it is the waiter!'

The frequency with which a human being automatically looks into the out-

side world to find material to justify his own state of mind is obvious from this last example. Our poor salesman is actually convinced that the sandwich is not good; without this conviction he would be unable to find the proper outlet for his anger against his boss — an outlet which in his own mind is valid and acceptable. In other words, he *rationalizes*.

The number of different mental mechanisms is large enough to produce complex and variegated combinations of human reactions. However, on the basis of the two mechanisms which have been outlined here, it is not difficult to see that human knowledge finds its greatest enemy in that inner perception of one's needs which the individual projects and displaces to the outside world. Since these projections and displacements come from the very depth of man's emotional needs, they carry with them a sense of incontrovertible conviction which is not easy to shatter. These displacements and projections weave themselves into endless postulates and opinions. They are man's own inventions, they are what the psychiatrist calls fantasies coming from the unconscious emotions and are created with extraordinary condensed spontaneity. Strangely enough, these fantasies color, influence, and frequently dominate and control the intellect whose supposed function is to control them. Thus 'knowledge of so many things that ain't so' is born, nurtured, developed, and clung to with all the tenacity which is characteristic of a biological need. It is this perverted need that real knowledge seeks to combat. Hence the perennial conflict within man between fact and fancy, a conflict which comprises civilization, science, mental disease, war, revolutions, religion, and philosophy.

Man is therefore chiefly interested in scientific investigation of *material* nature, since this helps him not only to gratify his curiosity but — and this primarily — to gratify through the outside world his own fantasy of and aspiration for mastery and omnipotence. It is quite evident that he is least of all capable of using his own emotions and his own sense of weakness as the subject matter for his own scientific study, for he cannot relinquish the conviction that his own projected fantasies are realities, and he cannot give up the fantasy of his own perfection, of having been created in the Lord's own image. Realizing how man combines his self-aggrandizement with projections and unwittingly repeating a thought of Saint Augustine, Voltaire remarked: 'If it is true that the Lord created man in His own image, man returned the compliment.' That is why matters psychological have been bound up throughout the history of humanity with magic, revelation, religion, and speculative philosophy, and that is why there has been and still is so much opposition to psychiatry and particularly to psychoanalysis.

Real knowledge, then, begins only with man's realization of his own imperfection. Instead of realizing it, man projected his fantasy of perfection into the universe and found himself laboring under the concept of preëstablished harmony, a concept which Oliver Wendell Holmes once called a contrivance of the philosopher Leibnitz. It is this projection that kept psychology as its own untouchable property, building up a gigantic heritage of ignorance — a heritage held so jealously in trust by this 'contrivance' that it did not begin to totter until psychopathology entered upon 'the morning of its medical life' in our own days.

I WAS REALLY VERY HUNGRY

BY M. F. K. FISHER

I

ONCE I met a young servant in northern Burgundy who was almost frighteningly fanatical about food, like a mediæval woman possessed by a devil. Her obsession engulfed even my appreciation of the dishes she served, until I grew uncomfortable.

It was the off season at the old mill which a Parisian chef had bought and turned into one of France's most famous restaurants, and my mad waitress was the only servant. In spite of that she was neatly uniformed, and showed no surprise at my unannounced arrival and my hot dusty walking clothes.

She smiled discreetly at me, said, 'Oh, but certainly!' when I asked if I could lunch there, and led me without more words to a dark bedroom bulging with First Empire furniture, and a new white bathroom.

When I went into the dining room it was empty of humans — a cheerful ugly room still showing traces of the *petit bourgeois* parlor it had been. There were aspidistras on the mantel; several small white tables were laid with those imitation 'peasant-ware' plates that one sees in Paris china stores, and very good crystal glasses; a cat folded under some ferns by the window ledge hardly looked at me; and the air was softly hurried with the sound of high waters from the stream outside.

I waited for the maid to come back.

I knew I should eat well and slowly, and suddenly the idea of dry sherry, unknown in all the village *bistrots* of the last few days, stung my throat smoothly. I tried not to think of it; it would be impossible to realize. Dubonnet would do. But not as well. I longed for sherry.

The little maid came into the silent room. I looked at her stocky young body, and her butter-colored hair, and noticed her odd pale voluptuous mouth before I said, 'Mademoiselle, I shall drink an *apéritif*. Have you by any chance —'

'Let me suggest,' she interrupted firmly, 'our special dry sherry. It is chosen in Spain for Monsieur Paul.'

And before I could agree she was gone, discreet and smooth.

She's a funny one, I thought, and waited in a pleasant warm tiredness for the wine.

It was good. I smiled approval at her, and she lowered her eyes, and then looked searchingly at me again. I realized suddenly that in this land of trained nonchalant waiters I was to be served by a small waitress who took her duties seriously. I felt much amused, and matched her solemn searching gaze.

'To-day, Madame, you may eat shoulder of lamb in the English style, with baked potatoes, green beans, and a sweet.'

My heart sank. I felt dismal, and

hot and weary, and still grateful for the sherry.

But she was almost grinning at me, her lips curved triumphantly, and her eyes less palely blue.

'Oh, in *that* case,' she remarked as if I had spoken, 'in *that* case a trout, of course — a *truite au bleu* as only Monsieur Paul can prepare it!'

She glanced hurriedly at my face, and hastened on. 'With the trout, one or two young potatoes — oh, very delicately boiled,' she added before I could protest, 'very light.'

I felt better. I agreed. 'Perhaps a leaf or two of salad after the fish,' I suggested. She almost snapped at me. 'Of course, of course! And naturally our *hors d'œuvres* to commence.' She started away.

'No!' I called, feeling that I must assert myself now or be forever lost. 'No!'

She turned back, and spoke to me very gently. 'But Madame has never tasted our *hors d'œuvres*. I am sure that Madame will be pleased. They are our specialty, made by Monsieur Paul himself. I am sure,' and she looked reproachfully at me, her mouth tender and sad, 'I am sure that Madame would be very much pleased.'

I smiled weakly at her, and she left. A little cloud of hurt gentleness seemed to hang in the air where she had last stood.

I comforted myself with the sherry, feeling increasing irritation with my own feeble self. Hell! I loathed *hors d'œuvres*! I conjured disgusting visions of square glass plates of oily fish, of soggy vegetables glued together with cheap mayonnaise, of rank radishes and tasteless butter. No, Monsieur Paul or not, sad young pale-faced waitress or not, I hated *hors d'œuvres*.

I glanced victoriously across the room at the cat, whose eyes seemed closed.

II

Several minutes passed. I was really very hungry.

The door banged open, and my girl came in again, less discreet this time. She hurried toward me.

'Madame, the wine! Before Monsieur Paul can go on —' Her eyes watched my face, which I perversely kept rather glum.

'I think,' I said ponderously, daring her to interrupt me, 'I think that to-day, since I am in Burgundy and about to eat a trout,' and here I hoped she noticed that I did not mention *hors d'œuvres*, 'I think I shall drink a bottle of Chablis 1929.'

For a second her whole face blazed with joy, and then subsided into a trained mask. I knew that I had chosen well, had somehow satisfied her in a secret and incomprehensible way. She nodded politely and scuttled off, only for another second glancing impatiently at me as I called after her, 'Well cooled, please, but not iced.'

I'm a fool, I thought, to order a whole bottle. I'm a fool, here all alone and with more miles to walk before I reach Avallon and my fresh clothes and a bed. Then I smiled at myself and leaned back in my solid wide-seated chair, looking obliquely at the prints of Gibson girls, English tavern scenes, and hideous countrysides that hung on the papered walls. The room was warm; I could hear my companion cat purring under the ferns.

The girl rushed in, with flat baking dishes piled up her arms like the plates of a Japanese juggler. She slid them off neatly in two rows on to the table, where they lay steaming up at me, darkly and infinitely appetizing.

'*Mon Dieu!* All for me?' I peered at her. She nodded, her discretion quite gone now and a look of ecstatic worry on her pale face and eyes and lips.

There were at least eight dishes. I

felt almost embarrassed, and sat for a minute looking weakly at the fork and spoon in my hand.

'Perhaps Madame would care to start with the pickled herring? It is not like any other. Monsieur Paul prepares it himself, in his own vinegar and wines. It is very good.'

I dug out two or three brown filets from the dish, and tasted. They were truly unlike any others, truly the best I had ever eaten, mild, pungent, meaty as fresh nuts.

I realized the maid had stopped breathing, and looked up at her. She was watching me, or rather a gastro-nomic X-ray of the herring inside me, with a hypnotized glaze in her eyes.

'Madame is pleased?' she whispered softly.

I said I was. She sighed, and pushed a sizzling plate of broiled endive toward me, and disappeared.

I had put a few dull green lentils on my plate, lentils scattered with minced fresh herbs and probably marinated in tarragon vinegar and walnut oil, when she came into the dining room again with the bottle of Chablis in a wine basket.

'Madame should be eating the little baked onions while they are hot,' she remarked over her shoulder as she held the bottle in a napkin and uncorked it. I obeyed meekly, and while I watched her I ate several more than I had meant to. They were delicious, simmered first in strong meat broth, I think, and then drained and broiled with olive oil and new-ground pepper.

I was fascinated by her method of uncorking a vintage wine. Instead of the Burgundian procedure of infinite and often exaggerated precautions against touching or tipping or jarring the bottle, she handled it quite nonchalantly, and seemed to be careful only to keep her hands from the cool bottle itself, holding it sometimes by the basket and sometimes in a napkin.

The cork was very tight, and I thought for a minute that she would break it. So did she: her face grew tight, and did not loosen until she had slowly worked out the cork and wiped the lip. Then she poured an inch of wine in a glass, turned her back to me like a priest taking Communion, and drank it down. Finally some was poured for me, and she stood with the bottle in her hand and her full lips drooping until I nodded a satisfied yes. Then she pushed another of the plates toward me, and almost rushed from the room.

I ate slowly, knowing that I should not be as hungry as I ought to be for the trout, but knowing too that I had never tasted such delicate savory morsels. Some were hot, some cold. The wine was light and cool. The room, warm and agreeably empty under the rushing sound of the stream, became smaller as I grew used to it.

My girl hurried in again, with another row of plates up one arm, and a large bucket dragging at the other. She slid the plates deftly on to the table, and drew a deep breath as she let the bucket down against the table leg.

'Your trout, Madame,' she said excitedly. I looked down at the gleam of the fish curving through its limited water. 'But first a good slice of Monsieur Paul's *pâté*. Oh yes, oh yes, you will be very sorry if you miss this. It is rich, but appetizing, and not at all too heavy. Just this one morsel!'

And willy-nilly I accepted the large gouge she dug from a terrine. I prayed for ten normal appetites and thought with amused nostalgia of my usual lunch of cold milk and fruit as I broke off a crust of bread and patted it smooth with the paste. Then I forgot everything but the exciting faint decadent flavor in my mouth.

I beamed up at the girl. She nodded, but from habit asked if I was satisfied. I beamed again, and asked, simply to

please her, 'Is there not a faint hint of *marc*, or perhaps cognac?'

'*Marc*, Madame!' And she awarded me the proud look of a teacher whose pupil has showed unexpected intelligence. 'Monsieur Paul, after he has taken equal parts of goose breast and the finest pork, and broken a certain number of egg yolks into them, and ground them *very*, very fine, cooks all with seasoning for some three hours. *But*,' she pushed her face nearer, and looked with ferocious gloating at the *pâté* inside me, her eyes like X-rays, 'he never stops stirring it! Figure to yourself the work of it — stir, stir, never stopping!'

'Then he grinds in a suspicion of nutmeg, and then adds, very thoroughly, a glass of *marc* for each hundred grams of *pâté*. And is Madame not pleased?'

Again I agreed, rather timidly, that Madame was much pleased, that Madame had never, indeed, tasted such an unctuous and exciting *pâté*. The girl wet her lips delicately, and then started as if she had been pin-stuck.

'But the trout! My God, the trout!' She grabbed the bucket, and her voice grew higher and more rushed.

'Here is the trout, Madame. You are to eat it *au bleu*, and you should never do so if you had not seen it alive. For if the trout were dead when it was plunged into the *court bouillon* it would not turn blue. So, naturally, it must be living.'

I knew all this, more or less, but I was fascinated by her absorption in the momentary problem. I felt quite ignorant, and asked her with sincerity, 'What about the trout? Do you take out its guts before or after?'

'Oh, the trout!' She sounded scornful. 'Any trout is glad, truly glad, to be prepared by Monsieur Paul. His little gills are pinched, with one flash of the knife he is empty, and then he curls in agony in the *bouillon* and all is over. And it is the curl you must

judge, Madame. A false *truite au bleu* cannot curl.'

She panted triumph at me, and hurried out with the bucket.

III

She is a funny one, I thought, and for not more than two or three minutes I drank wine and mused over her. Then she darted in, with the trout correctly blue and agonizingly curled on a platter, and on her crooked arm a plate of tiny boiled potatoes and a bowl.

When I had been served and had cut off her anxious breathings with an assurance that the fish was the best I had ever tasted, she peered again at me and at the sauce in the bowl. I obediently put some of it on the potatoes: no fool I, to ruin *truite au bleu* with a hot concoction! There was more silence.

'Ah!' she sighed at last. 'I knew Madame would feel thus! Is it not the most beautiful sauce in the world with the flesh of a trout?'

I nodded incredulous agreement.

'Would you like to know how it is done?'

I remembered all the legends of chefs who guarded favorite recipes with their very lives, and murmured yes.

She wore the exalted look of a believer describing a miracle at Lourdes as she told me, in a rush, how Monsieur Paul threw chopped chives into hot sweet butter and then poured the butter off, how he added another nut of butter and a tablespoonful of thick cream for each person, stirred the mixture for a few minutes over a slow fire, and then rushed it to the table.

'So simple?' I asked softly, watching her lighted eyes and the tender lustful lines of her strange mouth.

'So simple, Madame! But,' she shrugged, 'you know, with a master —'

I was relieved to see her go: such avid interest in my eating wore on me.

I felt released when the door closed behind her, free for a minute or so from her victimization. What would she have done, I wondered, if I had been ignorant or unconscious of any fine flavors?

She was right, though, about Monsieur Paul. Only a master could live in this isolated mill and preserve his gastronomic dignity through loneliness and the sure financial loss of unused butter and addled eggs. Of course there was the stream for his fish, and I knew his *pâtés* would grow even more edible with age; but how could he manage to have a thing like roasted lamb ready for any chance patron? Was the consuming interest of his one maid enough fuel for his flame?

I tasted the last sweet nugget of trout, the one nearest the blued tail, and poked somnolently at the minute white billiard balls that had been eyes. Fate could not harm me, I remembered winily, for I had indeed dined to-day, and dined well. Now for a leaf of crisp salad, and I'd be on my way.

The girl slid into the room. She asked me again, in a respectful but gossiping manner, how I had liked this and that and the other things, and then talked on as she mixed dressing for the endive.

'And now,' she announced, after I had eaten one green sprig and dutifully pronounced it excellent, 'now Madame is going to taste Monsieur Paul's special terrine, one that is not even on the summer menu, when a hundred covers are laid here daily and we have a head-waiter and a wine waiter, and cabinet ministers telegraph for tables! Madame will be pleased.'

And heedless of my low moans of the walk still before me, of my appreciation and my unhappily human and limited capacity, she cut a thick heady slice from the terrine of meat and stood over me while I ate it, telling me with almost hysterical pleasure of the wild

ducks, the spices, the wines that went into it. Even surfeit could not make me deny that it was a rare dish. I ate it all, knowing my luck, and wishing only that I had red wine to drink with it.

I was beginning, though, to feel almost frightened, realizing myself an accidental victim of these stranded gourmets, Monsieur Paul and his hand-maiden. I began to feel that they were using me for a safety valve, much as a thwarted woman relieves herself with tantrums or a fit of weeping. I was serving a purpose, and perhaps a noble one, but I resented it in a way approaching panic.

I protested only to myself when one of Monsieur Paul's special cheeses was cut for me, and ate it doggedly, like a slave. When the girl said that Monsieur Paul himself was preparing a special filter of coffee for me, I smiled servile acceptance: wine and the weight of food and my own character could not force me to argue with maniacs. When, before the coffee came, Monsieur Paul presented me, through his idolater, with the most beautiful apple tart I had ever seen, I allowed it to be cut and served to me. Not a wince or a murmur showed the waitress my distressed fearfulness. With a stuffed careful smile on my face, and a clear nightmare in my head of trussed wanderers prepared for his altar by this hermit-priest of gastronomy, I listened to the girl's passionate plea for fresh pastry dough.

'You cannot, you *cannot*, Madame, serve old pastry!' She seemed ready to beat her breast as she leaned across the table. 'Look at that delicate crust! You may feel that you have eaten too much.' (I nodded idiotic agreement.) 'But this pastry is like feathers — it is like snow. It is in fact good for you, a digestive! And why?' She glared sternly at me. 'Because Monsieur Paul did not even open the flour bin until

he saw you coming! He could not, he *could* not have baked you one of his special apple tarts with old dough!’

She laughed, tossing back her head and curling her mouth voluptuously.

IV

Somehow I managed to refuse a second slice, but I trembled under her surmise that I was ready for my special filter.

The wine and its fortitude had fled me, and I drank the hot coffee as a suffering man gulps ether, deeply and gratefully.

I remember, then, chatting with surprising glibness, and sending to Monsieur Paul flowery compliments, all of them sincere and well won, and I remember feeling only amusement when a vast glass of *marc* appeared before me and then gradually disappeared, like the light in the warm room full of water-sounds. I felt surprise to be alive still, and suddenly very grateful to the wild-lipped waitress, as if her presence had sustained me through duress. We discussed food and wine. I wondered bemusedly why I had been frightened.

The *marc* was gone. I went into the crowded bedroom for my jacket. She met me in the darkening hall when I

came out, and I paid my bill, a large one. I started to thank her, but she took my hand, drew me into the dining room, and without words poured more spirits into my glass. I drank to Monsieur Paul while she watched me intently, her pale eyes bulging in the dimness and her lips pressed inward as if she too tasted the hot, aged *marc*.

The cat rose from his ferny bed, and walked contemptuously out of the room.

Suddenly the girl began to laugh, in a soft shy breathless way, and came close to me.

‘Permit me!’ she said, and I thought she was going to kiss me. But instead she pinned a tiny bunch of snowdrops and dark bruised cyclamens against my stiff jacket, very quickly and deftly, and then ran from the room with her head down.

I waited for a minute. No sounds came from anywhere in the old mill, but the endless rushing of the full stream seemed to strengthen, like the timed blare of an orchestra under a falling curtain.

She’s a *funny* one, I thought. I touched the cool blossoms on my coat and went out, like a ghost from ruins, across the courtyard toward the dim road to Avallon.

AWINDING WE DID GO

BY JO PAGANO

I

IT all began with the exhibition of auto trailers which, one fateful day, my parents and I attended in company with my father's *paesano* and boon companion, Gianpaolo Maccalucci.

Looking back on it now, with the more trustworthy judgment which reflection brings, it is easy to see what at the time we failed to see — that is to say, how craftily, and with what artful cunning, the exhibition was designed to play upon the susceptibilities of innocent folks. In one corner, for example, of the great barnlike room, a bandstand had been erected — a bandstand festooned with garlands of artificial flowers and occupied by a Hawaiian string orchestra playing 'Aloha Oe,' 'South Sea Island Magic,' 'Song of the Islands,' and the like, melodies which seemed to hold forth the promise of sylvan groves, the moaning surf at sunset, brooks and fields and the starry heavens. . . . And as if this, indeed, were not enough, great cardboard panels lined the walls, upon which had been painted, in tasty colors, scenes similar to those just mentioned — scenes whose counterpart, so ran the imagination, one could easily discover in a trailer.

As for the trailers themselves, these had been arranged in decorative positions all about the hall — sleek, shiny affairs in most part, with such impressive titles as 'The Cross Country Clipper,' 'The Airflight Torpedo,' 'The

Chromium Cloud.' Surely nothing could have been more efficient than the inner arrangements, with their compact beds, tables, stoves, pantries, and so on, all fitted neatly together with knobs and sliding gadgets, like modernistic apartments in miniature. And not only that, but (if we may believe the catalogue) each of the more up-to-date trailers was constructed according to 'the airplane principle known as *monocoque*, giving a lower centre gravity, a higher road clearance, and the *absolute elimination* of side sway, bobble, weaving, and tail wag'; the couplings possessed 'zerk fittings for greasing'; the locks were '*pick and crow bar proof*'; and — to top it all off — each was equipped with a 'jack-action-bogie-wheel.'

Yes: no stone had been left unturned (or rather, more appropriately, no blueprint had been left unexplored) to make these floating palaces the ultimate achievement in perambulatory delight. Except for one detail, they had all the comforts of home.

My mother, naturally, was from the very first firmly opposed to the idea of my father buying a trailer. What sensible reason, she demanded, could he advance for putting out the money, when we had only to sit in our own home to enjoy comforts and conveniences which not even the most elaborate trailer could boast of?

'If that is n't a woman for you!' cried my father, with exasperated de-

risation. 'Can you move the house out to the country and look at the scenery? Can you take it to the mountains or the seashore? All you think of,' he added reproachfully, 'is to sit home and save your money. What did we work so hard for, if not to enjoy our old age?'

Like my father, our *paesano* had also been utterly bewitched by the displays at the exhibition — for days, in fact, he had talked of little else; but it was not until one ill-fated afternoon some two weeks or so following our attendance of the exhibition that things came, so to speak, to a head. This day will long remain in our memories, for it was on this day that Gianpaolo, in a perfect frenzy of excitement, came bursting into our house with momentous news. He had run across a chance to pick up a second-hand trailer dirt cheap!

'Joosta one hundred and feefty dollars cash!' he shouted to my father. 'Theenk, *paesano*! Joosta one hundred feefty dollars cash!'

'You don't tell me!' said my father, his eyes gleaming with interest; but before he could continue —

'*Ma chè!*' grunted my mother. 'There must be something wrong with it, you can bet your life on that. You can't tell me —'

'But no, *cara signora!*' cried Gianpaolo, turning his big nose to her and blinking his solemnly furtive eyes aggrievedly. 'Nothing wrong, nothing wrong . . .'

It was, he went on to say, the opportunity of a lifetime — and it was only by a stroke of sheer luck that he had happened to run across it. The niece of his wife's brother-in-law's cousin, one Angelina Madotti, had just arrived in the city from the East Coast with her husband and eight children, having made the entire journey in a trailer which, since they now had no further use for it, and since the trip had eaten up all their ready cash, they were will-

ing to dispose of for the paltry sum he had mentioned.

'Well, then,' said my mother, 'why don't you buy it, if it's such a bargain?'

At this our *paesano* shifted his eyes; he fumbled with his hat; he stood first on one foot and then the other.

'Well,' he said hesitantly, 'I'm a leetla beeta short, right now.' ('Right now!' cried my mother afterwards. 'And when, God save us, was he ever anything else?') 'I was theenking,' said he (finding, it would seem, a sudden fascination in the design of the rug), 'maybe eefa *you* could spare the money —'

'Oh no!' said my mother decisively, before he could get any farther. A hundred and fifty dollars? Oh no — we could not afford it — it was out of the question —

At this Gianpaolo's features assumed an expression of wounded dignity; and, lapsing into Italian, 'I only thought,' said he, 'to do you a little favor. . . . When I saw the magnificent conveyance,' he continued, still speaking Italian, and with a furtive sidelong glance at my father, 'I thought to myself — But of course, if it's out of the question, it's out of the question,' he said, breaking off abruptly. Clapping his battered felt hat back on his head, he made as though to leave.

'Wait!' cried my father, placing a restraining hand on Gianpaolo's arm; and as Gianpaolo, his features still wearing the expression of wounded dignity, turned expectantly, 'Don't pay any attention to her,' said my father mollifyingly; 'you know how she is when it comes to spending money.'

'Now, Luigi!' commenced my mother warningly; but before she could continue, '*Statte zitta!* (Keep quiet!)' he grunted. 'It will do no harm to take a look at it, will it? Come,' he added to his friend, throwing a fraternal arm about Gianpaolo's shoulders. 'Let us be on our way.'

'Luigi!' said my mother furiously. 'If you come home dragging a trailer after you, I swear to you I'll —'

'Quiet, quiet!' he retorted with a complacent chuckle; and, planting a kiss on her startled mouth through his moustache, he followed Gianpaolo out of the house.

'Quick, Robert!' said my mother, turning to me imploringly. 'Go with them — and in Heaven's name see that he does n't do anything rash!'

II

It took us only a few minutes, piloted by Gianpaolo in the Maccalucci Ford, to reach the house, a ramshackle frame structure standing behind a sagging picket fence the other side of the railroad tracks. Gianpaolo opened the gate, and we followed him across the weed-ridden front yard, up two creaking steps, and so into the house. He did not bother to knock; he simply threw open the screen, and bellowing 'Angelina! Angelina!' proceeded nimbly down the hall on his squat bandy legs.

Angelina appeared, in a doorway at the back which led, presumably, to the kitchen — a Junoesque, swarthy-visaged woman, with a great mass of coal-black hair, bright black eyes, and rosy cheeks.

'Yes, Gianpaolo, what is it?' she said, wiping her arms with her apron; then suddenly espying my father and me, where we still stood, in mannerly attitudes, just inside the front door, she turned a curious glance in our direction. Gianpaolo motioned to me and my father to come forward.

'Oh, you want to see the trailer,' she said, when Gianpaolo had introduced us and explained our mission. 'It's in the back yard. If you'll follow me —' She turned and started back through the kitchen, saying over her shoulder, 'You must excuse me — I was just making some *conserva*.'

We did not at first see the trailer, for it was hidden from our gaze by an out-jutting corner of the house. We followed Mrs. Madotti down the back stoop and around this corner.

'Well, there it is,' she said, gesturing perfunctorily toward a huge, boxlike affair that stood, like an old-fashioned outhouse, amidst a litter of tin cans and refuse in one corner of the back yard.

'You see?' chortled Gianpaolo gleefully in Italian. 'What did I tell you? Is it not a beauty?'

My father gazed at the strange-looking contraption doubtfully.

'Of course, eet needs a leetla paint,' said Gianpaolo — lapsing, as was his wont when excited, into 'English.' 'But that'sa nuttings! Joosta wait till you see her insides!'

Unlike the elaborate, up-to-date trailers we had seen at the exhibition — all of which had their doors at the side — this had a door at the rear. With Gianpaolo in the lead, we went up the steps and so into the interior. Mrs. Madotti remained outside, leaving entirely in Gianpaolo's hands the task of guide — a task which he performed with gusto. 'Looka the bed! And the stove! Ain't she a jeem-dandy, by golly?'

To all of which, at first, my father lent a none too receptive ear. His mind, no doubt, was still filled with memories of the magnificent trailers we had seen at the exhibition, with their steel bodies, gleaming metal fixtures, and so on: he looked dubiously at the wooden walls, the rusted pipes of the sink, the frayed curtains on the windows, the sagging bed against the wall.

Oblivious, it would seem, of all this, Gianpaolo continued with his pæan of praise.

'Twenty-five dollars — maybe thirty — and she'sa good as new!'

My father looked about the trailer with growing approval.

'Yes,' he muttered. 'A little paint here and there — and maybe a new stove . . .'

'Don't you think you'd better talk it over with Mamma first?' I suggested, remembering her parting admonition.

'Quiet!' he roared, fixing me with a scowling glance. 'Since when,' he shouted, his face growing blood-red at the mention of her name, 'do I have to ask *her* permission every time I want to blow my nose? That,' he cried, 'settles it!'

And, reaching for his checkbook, he started out of the trailer, calling for Mrs. Madotti.

For days after, my mother would not talk to my father: *this* time, she swore, she would teach him a lesson. My father, however, had long since become used to her tactics. Pretending that nothing had happened, he rose every morning with the sun and, assisted by Gianpaolo, set energetically about the task of cleaning the trailer. Gradually it became transformed: the dirty gray walls began to shine with the successive coats of bright red paint; the last crusts of rust had been removed from the bolts and pipes; the closets were spick-and-span; and even the bed had been hammered into a semblance of comfort.

But the great moment was when my father and Gianpaolo made a secretive trip downtown, to return with a shiny new oil-burning stove which, with a prodigious display of sundry groans, grunts, and wheezes, they fitted into the interior of the trailer, in the place formerly occupied by the rusty, grease-encrusted relic.

It was this stove which finally led to my mother's capitulation. Thoroughly domestic as she was, she could not for long resist the temptation to see for herself how efficiently it worked; and so, though she had sworn to my father that she would never set foot inside the trailer, she finally allowed

him to persuade her — 'Just this once, mind you!'

Once he had succeeded in getting her inside, the rest proved less difficult than one might have expected. She looked with genuine interest at the various contrivances with which the interior was fitted.

'You see?' cried my father, pointing proudly at the pantry and the icebox. 'What did I tell you? All the comforts of home!'

My mother nodded her head; then, suddenly collecting herself, 'I still think it was a waste of money!' she muttered, in order that he should realize, as usual, that he was not to have too easy a victory.

III

And now for the events which form the real substance of our tale. One bright summer's day we set forth in the trailer in search of the 'golden winding road' whose praises had been sung so eloquently in the catalogues, and of which the displays at the exhibition had conjured up such tantalizing images.

We numbered ten all told — Mr. and Mrs. Maccalucci, their five children, my parents, and myself; and we were all in the most festive of spirits when we started out. For days we had pored over innumerable bright-colored prospectuses, and though there had been some dissension in the beginning we had finally agreed on a place, unknown to any of us, which bore the enchanting name of Camp Paradise Valley and which was some two hundred miles distant, high up in the mountains.

For Camp Paradise Valley, then, we were bound — and, as I say, in festive spirits; even my mother, despite the objections she had put up in the beginning (Who was to take care of the house while she was gone?), had finally been persuaded that a little vacation

might be good for her sciatica. As for my father, he, of course, was in a perfect ecstasy of anticipation.

For the first few hours nothing untoward happened. We had made an early start — it was not yet eight o'clock when we left the city limits; by noon we were well on our way, traveling across peaceful farm lands. Since my father had borne the expense of supplying the trailer which made possible our expedition, Gianpaolo had insisted that we use the Maccalucci Ford for tow car, in order that, as he put it, everything should be 'feefy-feefy' (and also, I suspect, to get in the good graces of my mother). It being impossible for all of us to ride in the trailer at once with any semblance of comfort, we had agreed to take turns for this privilege: Carlo, the oldest of the Maccalucci sons, was driving, having for company his two brothers and Lena, the older of his two sisters. The rest of us — that is to say, Mr. and Mrs. Maccalucci, their youngest child, Mary (a long-legged girl of thirteen), my parents, and myself — were seated in the trailer, in various attitudes of repose, surveying, through the windows, the peaceful landscape outside.

Every so often, my father, who had placed himself next the largest window, would call our attention delightedly to various details of the pastoral scene outside; beside him, Gianpaolo (who had taken, ever since we started, authoritative charge of the expedition, though he was no more familiar with the country through which we were passing than any of us) would nod proudly, in a manner that suggested he was himself responsible for the multiple charms of the countryside. Meanwhile, my mother and Mrs. Maccalucci were seated next to each other on the bed, chatting amiably.

We had just left flat country and, after ascending a winding road which led over a small hill, were starting on

the down grade when suddenly, as the Ford attempted to negotiate a turn, there was a screeching and grinding of brakes. We in the trailer had only just time to hear this screeching and grinding — then the trailer, thrown off balance by the sudden stop, whirled sidewise, swinging and tottering. My mother and Mrs. Maccalucci uttered terror-stricken screams; my father and Gianpaolo, clutching at the swaying walls of the cabin for support, jumped to their feet, bellowing excitedly; little Mary was flung head foremost against the pantry door. The trailer, meanwhile, spun half round; there was a mighty snap as the coupling which fastened it to the Ford broke loose; then it started swiftly downhill, swaying wildly from side to side as it went.

Through the windows, as it sped, we could see the Ford, with the faces of the Maccaluccis staring at us in open-mouthed amazement. Inside the trailer, all was pandemonium: the shrill screams of the women mingled with the excited bellows of the men; then *boom!* — we came to a sudden, bone-jolting stop as the trailer went off the road and into a ditch. The force of the impact sent all of us sprawling; the pantry door flung open and dishes shattered on to the floor; the stove (that wonderful bright new oil-burning stove!) was wrenched loose from its fastenings.

And then — as suddenly as it had happened — it was over.

Dazed, bruised, trembling from shock and fright, we commenced to pick ourselves up, staring at each other with that bewildered idiocy familiar to victims of sudden accidents. Almost at the same moment those from the Ford, shouting at the top of their voices, came running up the steps and into the trailer, stumbling over each other in their anxiety to reach us. This started the pandemonium all over again. Everyone began talking at once.

The Ford, it seemed, had almost run head-on into a large boulder that had slipped down the hillside and on to the road. It was to avoid hitting this that Carlo had stopped suddenly, with the results already described.

'Boy, it's lucky we were n't all killed!' he cried excitedly. 'Another foot, and —'

'Donkey!' shouted Gianpaolo in Italian, nearly tearing his son's head off with a smashing cuff alongside the ear. 'Why did n't you watch what you were doing?'

My mother, meanwhile, was still weeping and wailing hysterically; we led her out of the trailer and on to safe ground.

'I'll not go another foot in it! Not one foot!' she wailed. '*Povera me! I knew* we should never have left home!'

'Come, come,' said Mrs. Maccalucci, putting an arm around her soothingly. 'Everything's all right now. Think how much worse it could have been!'

As soon as the excitement had died down a little, we examined the extent of the damage. Aside from the broken coupling and a few cracked boards, the trailer itself, fortunately, was uninjured. When it came to the interior, however, that was another story. There was hardly a dish, cup, or glass left whole; canned goods and pans were scattered everywhere.

'*Che brutta fortuna!* (What a misfortune!)' mourned my father, examining the broken coupling dolorously.

'Eet'sa nuttings, *paesano*,' said Gianpaolo reassuringly. 'Soon we get to a garage, we'll feex him joosta likea new!'

Now that it was all over, he again resumed authoritative command. He shouted to his sons to drive the Ford over and get out the tow rope. In a few minutes we had pulled the trailer out of the ditch and back on to the road. The boulder that had caused all the damage we rolled safely out of the

way, the broken crockery we threw into the ditch. A few minutes more and we had reattached the stove to its original position. There remained only the task of persuading my mother to get back into the trailer, before proceeding.

'Eet's alla righta now, *cara signora!*' said Gianpaolo. 'Don'ta be afraid!'

'Sure, sure — it's all right now!' the rest of us chimed in. The trailer had been bound with rope and wire to the Ford; we had only a few miles to go until we could reach a garage and have the coupling repaired. Such an accident could not happen again in a thousand years!

Still she refused to enter: she would, she vowed, walk first. It was all my father's fault! If he had not bought the trailer in the first place —

At this my father, losing all patience, turned upon her in exasperation.

'Quiet, woman!' he roared. 'Do you want us to spend the rest of the trip here on this road? Now then!' he shouted. 'In with you! Not one more word!'

And, picking her up bodily, he set her inside the trailer.

'*Ah, povera me!*' she wailed. 'I shall never see my home again — never! I feel it in my bones!'

'Pay no attention to her,' said my father; and, giving the signal to Carlo, he commanded that we proceed on our way.

IV

The nearest town, according to the maps, was six miles off. Moving with extreme caution to prevent the trailer from pulling loose again, we headed in this direction; one hour later we limped into the outskirts, looking for a garage. By now half the afternoon was gone, and our nerves were frayed, our spirits completely dampened. Only Gianpaolo retained a confident demeanor.

'Don'ta worry!' he kept saying to

my mother. 'We'll get heem feexed joosta likea new!'

The town was little more than a single street, lined with a few houses, stores, and a fruit cannery. Down the middle of this dusty thoroughfare, followed by the gazes of the natives, we crawled, keeping anxious eyes on the lookout for a garage. At last we saw one — a ramshackle frame building resembling an old-fashioned blacksmith shop.

Carlo piloted the Ford to the curb, and we parked in front of the garage. Accompanied by my father, Gianpaolo went in search of a mechanic, returning after a few minutes with a lanky, stoop-shouldered individual dressed in a greasy mechanic's uniform. We all gathered anxiously around while he examined the broken coupling.

'Well, what you think?' said Gianpaolo.

The mechanic did not answer for a moment, staring gloomily at the broken coupling; then, rubbing his chin reflectively, 'I donno,' he said. 'That's a pretty bad break you got there. Donno's how's I could fix it. Yep,' said he, shaking his head pessimistically, 'donno's how I could fix that blamed thing a-tall.'

'Not fix it!' we cried, staring at him in horror.

'I got my doubts,' he said. 'She's snapped clean through the middle. Take a new piece there,' he said, pointing, 'and a new piece there,' pointing again. 'Have to sodder that piece,' again pointing, 'then bolt them two pieces together.' He shook his head once more. 'Pretty tough job. Donno's how I could fix it a-tall.'

'You've got to fix it!' we cried with one voice. 'What'll we do?'

His myopic eye roved over our anxious faces.

'Best thing I'd say is, you'd better send for a new coupling. That one's about shot to hell. Yes sirree!' he said,

chuckling mirthlessly. 'That blamed thing's just about shot to hell!'

We looked at each other in dismay; then we all began chattering at once. He had to fix it! It might take days before a new coupling arrived: surely it was not broken *that* bad!

He ceased chuckling and looked at the broken coupling gloomily again.

'Well, I donno,' he said, shaking his head doubtfully. 'Be a pretty blamed hard job, but if you want me to try it —'

We got the trailer into the interior of the garage. For upwards of an hour, while the mechanic, on a worktable at the back of the shop, pounded at the broken coupling (to the accompaniment of judicious advice from Gianpaolo and my father), we waited; at last he pronounced it finished. Taking new heart, we gathered around while he attached the contrivance in its proper place. Carlo climbed in the driver's seat; the rest of us stood anxiously by and watched while he steered the Ford back on to the street, holding our breath lest the coupling should snap again. And wonder of wonders! It held!

We had hoped to make the Camp by nightfall of the first day, but owing to the delay caused by the accident we had traveled less than halfway as the sun commenced to set. Rather than proceed along unfamiliar roads in darkness, we decided to camp for the night at the foot of a mountain, covered with wild flowers, through which a small stream bubbled merrily. We pulled the trailer off the road and parked it near the stream.

'Ahhh!' sighed my father, inhaling and exhaling vigorously. '*Che bell' aria fresca!* (What lovely fresh air!)

Good cheer had once more returned to our little party, and we set merrily about getting supper ready. Gianpaolo and my father got out the great five-gallon, wicker-encircled jug of wine

with which they had fortified themselves before leaving; my mother and Mrs. Maccalucci, assisted by the daughters, set the table with what was left of the dishes.

The pantry, it goes without saying, had been well stocked before we started out. There was a whole Italian ham, of the kind to be sliced wafer-thin and sprinkled with black pepper before serving; a variety of cheeses; canned goods of every description; pickled hot peppers; several dozen eggs, a slab of bacon, coffee, a half-dozen loaves of sour Italian bread, a twenty-five-pound sack of potatoes, and so forth, and so forth.

We had not eaten since noon, and the strenuous journey, combined with the brisk country air, had given us enormous appetites. Frank, the youngest of the sons, went to the stream with a big bucket for fresh water to make the coffee; my mother got out the largest of the frying pans to fry the potatoes. Pouring oil into the pan, she set it on the stove and struck a match to one of the burners. It was then that the second of the major calamities attending our expedition was discovered. The stove would not light!

'*Sangue de la Madonna!*' cried my father. 'Now what?'

We all gathered around while, with wrinkled brow, he examined the stove. It took only a moment to discover what the matter was: in the force of its collision with the wall, when it had broken loose from its moorings, the feed line connecting the burners with the fuel oil had been broken — a catastrophe we had not observed at the time.

'*Che brutta fortuna!*' mourned my father, while the rest of us clucked our tongues and shook our heads in dismay.

'Well, we'll just have to eat a cold supper, and that's all there's to it!' said my mother, looking at my father

with a glance of commingled triumph and reproach.

'That's all you know about it!' retorted my father, squaring his shoulders resolutely. What was the matter, he demanded, with building a campfire and cooking outside?

'A campfire!' cried my mother. '*Me* cook on a campfire? Are you out of your head?'

'Sure, sure!' said Gianpaolo, coming at once to the support of my father. It would take only a minute to make a stove; he himself knew just exactly how to do it — a few rocks, the grill from the defunct stove, and she would see! And without waiting for further protest on her part he commanded his sons to gather firewood.

In a few minutes they had collected a great heap of dried twigs and branches from the surrounding country; Gianpaolo meanwhile, assisted by my father, gathered together several boulders. These he placed carefully side by side in the form of an open horseshoe. Pouring some of the coal oil from the stove on the wood, he struck a match to it — and lo and behold, there was a stove! We all gathered around delightedly as the flames leaped and crackled — all, that is, except my mother, who maintained throughout an attitude of profound cynicism.

Despite her grumbling complaints, however, she would not permit anyone but herself to do the cooking. Rolling up her sleeves, she commanded us to bring the food from the trailer, and set with pursed lips about her task. It was not an easy one. The makeshift stove was only a couple of feet above the ground, and she had to bend low above the crackling flames in order to reach the pans. In addition, the lights of the trailer and the open fire had attracted a swarm of moths and insects of all varieties, which came out of the surrounding darkness in droves to pester us. While my mother sweated and

grumbled and stirred the food, the rest of us, using rolled newspapers for weapons, tried to keep the insects from dropping into the open pans — without, I am afraid, as complete a success as we could have wished for.

There have been, I suspect, more appetizing meals than that which we now enjoyed: the potatoes were partly raw, partly burned; the vegetables smelled, and tasted, of smoke tinged with the odor of coal oil; the coffee was weak as dishwater. Still and all, it was food, and food in plenitude — which, in our present state, was what we most desired. Using slices of the ham and great chunks of cheese and bread to temper, as it were, the flavor of the rest, we munched greedily; and when we had finished, the last dish had been licked clean.

The problem of where all of us were to sleep we had settled before leaving. The one bed was to be occupied by my mother, Mrs. Maccalucci, and little Mary. My father and Gianpaolo were to sleep on one mattress on the floor, the oldest daughter on another. Carlo and I were to occupy a third mattress; the other two sons were to sleep in the car.

By the time we were ready to retire, those of us in the trailer resembled so many sardines. Not an inch of space on the floor was left uncovered; the mattresses had had to be jammed right up against each other; the outjutting sink, icebox, shelves, and stove necessitated bending the ends back in such a way that it was impossible to lie fully outstretched. We were all too tired to care. We did the best we could, interlocking legs and arms where necessary, and even pillowing our heads against our neighbors' backs; and so at last, worn out from the day's journey, with our bones aching and our stomachs growling plaintively, we sank into the deep and dreamless slumber of the completely weary.

V

Why should it have rained in the middle of that night? There was not the slightest hint of it in the heavens when we retired. Yet sometime toward two o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the sound of rain on the roof — not just a few drops, but whole torrents of it, shattering down on to the roof with a savage force that seemed to hold something of the diabolic in it.

Once awakened, we found sleep, for the rest of that miserable night, well-nigh impossible; we tried to plug the cracks, but the rain seeped through; furthermore, we were all suffering as a result of that horrible supper.

Sometime during the middle of the night two of the tires of the Ford developed leaks in their inner tubes, leaks which let all the air out of them. The tires had seemed all right when we started out — Gianpaolo himself, by his own word, had looked them over carefully. Yet when we arose in the cold, damp gloom of the early morning, and prepared to take up the second lap of our journey, there they were — two flat tires.

Well, we changed the tires, and after a cold breakfast of bread and cheese, without even hot coffee to bolster our frayed nerves, we started out again. How different, now, was the complexion of our journey! When we left home all had been gay: innocents that we were, it had seemed that we were leaving far behind the cares of a mundane and prosaic world; that somewhere off in the mountains, in that green valley of the enchanting name, we should find joys hitherto denied us. Already the vision was fading; already a kind of grimness, of irritable desperation, was beginning to color our journey. With each mile we traversed, the Camp seemed to be getting farther away. Then, too, we had commenced to squabble among

ourselves. The incident of the flat tires had started a breach between my father and Gianpaolo ('Donkey! Why did n't you make sure they were in good shape before we started?') which had grown steadily wider; my mother had chosen to resent Mrs. Maccalucci's resentment of my father's quarrel with her husband; once or twice I saw Carlo, the oldest of the Maccalucci boys, eyeing me malevolently.

Still we did not turn back. For Camp Paradise Valley we had started; and to Camp Paradise Valley we would go. Presently we came to a sign at the foot of a towering mountain just beyond which (according to the maps) lay our goal. The sign bore the ominous inscription: 'Detour to Paradise Valley.'

This was really too much. We stared at the sign, then at each other.

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' swore my father, scowling at the sign malevolently. '*Che cosa è?* (What thing is this?)'

We got out of the trailer and surveyed the sign dismally, then the road which we should be forced to take if we wished to go farther. It was a narrow, little-used road, leading right up over the mountain, toward what precarious heights and curves none could say. What to do? My mother, for one, was all for turning back.

'Go back?' echoed Gianpaolo, his brows wrinkling angrily. After we had come all this way? Was she crazy?

At this my father scowled at Gianpaolo. Quiet! he roared. How dared he talk that way to my mother?

Gianpaolo's face flooded beet-red. Quiet? Quiet? And who was to tell *him* to keep quiet? Ever since they had started out my father had behaved as though he were the Lord of all creation! Who did he think he was, anyway?

So! said my father. That's the way it was, was it? After he had gone to all the expense of buying that broken-down trailer just to help out Gianpaolo's poverty-stricken relatives, *that* was the

thanks he got! He narrowed his eyes and clenched one huge fist. For two cents —

'Luigi!' cried my mother, grabbing my father by the arm. Was he out of his mind? To fight here on the road with Gianpaolo — and for what? We were all tired and nervous, that was the matter — now enough of this foolishness!

'That's right, that's right!' the rest of us chimed in. No one had meant to hurt anyone else's feelings; in the name of Heaven, let's not make things any worse by fighting among ourselves. . . .

And so on and so forth. At last we patched it up between them and got them to shake hands. With this the rest of us, remembering the rudeness with which we had been behaving toward one another all day, looked at each other shamefacedly; Mrs. Maccalucci, kissing my mother tearfully, told her she was sorry for the way she had been acting; even Carlo, as though seized by a guilty conscience, held a match for my cigarette.

But though we had managed to prevent, by the narrowest of margins, the outbreak of civil warfare, we had not yet settled the problem of what we should do about the detour.

It might be best, after all, if we turned back, said Gianpaolo, bowing gallantly to my mother. If the *cara signora* was really nervous at the thought of attempting the climb —

Ah, but *no!* said my mother graciously, paying him back in kind. After we had come all this way? No, she would not be the one to spoil everything; if the rest of us were of a mind to make the attempt, she could not but accede to the general desire. . . .

'There's only one thing to do,' broke in my father. 'We'll flip a coin.'

He took out a silver dollar.

'Heads we proceed, tails we turn back. Agreed?'

We nodded our heads, and he flipped

the coin. High in the air it went, describing a gleaming half circle, then, with a merry little tinkle as it glanced off a rock, fell into the dust of the road. We ran to it excitedly.

It had fallen — need I say? — head uppermost.

VI

For the next half hour the Ford puffed valiantly, and, though the trailer creaked and groaned, it nevertheless stuck to its proper place in the ever-narrowing road. On our right, as we climbed, was the mountain; to our left we could see the sheer drop to the valley below. My mother had long since refused to look out the windows; she sat with white face and tightly screwed eyes, her lips working in an inaudible prayer. No one spoke; we hardly dared to breathe. And still we climbed — up, up, and still upward, around and around, then up again, until it seemed that the sky alone could be our final goal. At last we were at the top. Breathing prayers of relief, we stopped for a moment. Off in the distance was a green, tree-filled valley, — Paradise Valley, no less, — which to our anxious eyes seemed as beautiful as the most enchanting of mirages. We looked at it wonderingly, almost not daring to believe that it was really there. Eagerly we got back into the cars and started the descent.

The road was narrow and deep-rutted, and the weight of the trailer was such that the Ford had difficulty negotiating the curves. With bated breath, not daring to look at the dizzy drop on our left, we clung to our seats, while the Ford, with steaming radiator and smoking brakes, crawled along, hugging the side of the mountain. And then, all at once, it happened.

We were just rounding a particularly steep and narrow curve when the Ford, with a frantic tooting of its horn, stopped short. Those of us in the trailer,

remembering only too well what had happened the other time Carlo had applied the brakes suddenly, jumped to our feet in terror and looked out the windows. Directly below the Ford was another car, headed in our direction, also with trailer attached. A collision had been averted by only a few feet.

Swearing prodigiously, my father and Gianpaolo got out of the trailer.

'Back up! Back up!' shouted Gianpaolo to the other driver — a big, red-faced man with a drooping moustache.

'Like hell I will!' yelled this individual. 'You back up!'

At this moment a woman's head was poked out the window of the other trailer.

'Henry! What's the matter?'

'There's some blamed foreigners blocking the road! Want me to back up.'

'Back up?' she echoed, glaring in our direction. 'Well, don't you do it, do you hear? Make *them* back up!'

'That's what I'm gonna do,' said he.

'Ees thata so!' cried Gianpaolo, advancing toward the other driver, with my father close at his heels. 'Ees thata so!'

'You're dern tootin',' said the other driver. 'Don't you know anything about road laws? On a hill, the car coming down's supposed to back up. I ain't gonna budge.'

By now the rest of us had got out of the trailer. While Gianpaolo, supported by my father, argued heatedly with the driver of the other car, we gathered around. Carlo was still waiting in the Ford; finally he set his brake and also got out. This brought the woman out of the other trailer, followed by two small grimy urchins, who stared at us contemptuously while their father argued with Gianpaolo.

'There ain't no use in you arguin',' said the former. 'I know my rights, and I'll be damned if I'll move an

inch. Now get that blamed thing out of the way so I can get past you!’

‘For the lasta time,’ said Gianpaolo, waving his fists before the other’s nose, ‘I’ma telling you to move. And be quick about it!’

‘And for the last time, you little runt, I’m tellin’ *you* to get out of the way, if you know what’s good for you!’

At this Gianpaolo looked as though he would be seized with apoplexy. Swearing mightily in Italian, he fell upon the door of the car and jerked it open, making a wild grab for the driver.

‘Gianpaolo!’ screamed Mrs. Mac-calucci, running to stop him. The other man’s wife, also screaming, ran forward; the rest of us tried to pull Gianpaolo off the other driver, who, flailing with arms and fists, was doing his best to defend himself.

At that moment we heard a terrible grating sound from the direction of the abandoned Ford. We jerked our heads around. *The Ford was moving!*

‘Look out!’ someone screamed.

What happened next occurred so swiftly it seemed to occupy less time than it takes to tell it. While we stood, paralyzed with that inertia which seizes people in the face of sudden catastrophe, the Ford, with its brakes slipped free and the weight of the trailer behind propelling it forward, headed straight for us down the steep road. We scattered like rabbits to safety against the mountain side; the Ford, screeching horribly, rushed head-long toward the edge of the precipice. Still we could not believe it was really happening. *It would surely stop in time.* But it did not stop: with a last terrible screech that seemed to hold within it something of the mournful, as of a final

farewell, it hurtled over the side. The trailer, tottering precariously, seemed to hesitate on the edge for a moment — then it too was gone.

We stared at the spot whence it had vanished, stricken numb by the terrible sound of the cars bumping and crashing down into the depths; then with one movement we rushed to the edge and looked down.

The Ford, rolling over and over, was still dropping; the trailer lay against an outjutting mound of stones, crushed to splinters. . . .

So ended our pilgrimage in search of Paradise Valley — the valley which, alas, we never reached after all. That we were not meant to reach this valley from the beginning it is now plain to see; and though each of us has aged at least ten years we are grateful for one blessing — that none of us was in the trailer when it went over. The tale of how we were taken to the nearest town by the other driver, who, at first our enemy, became, after the catastrophe, our savior; and of how, worn and exhausted with shock and fright, we returned to the city by train, is in itself a story. For the present, however, this story is ended — ended, that is, except for the one question which has haunted us ever since: the question whether or not *something*, we know not what, was intent on making sure that we should not find that which we had set out for.

My mother alone is unharried by such conjectures: to her the reasons for all that occurred can be summed up in one simple sentence: *If my father had not bought the trailer in the first place, it would never have happened!*

And, after all, this may be as good an explanation as any. . . .

JAPAN WAVERS

BY GUENTHER STEIN

I

OF the three daring 'have-not' nations that want to change the map of the world, Japan is the first to feel both resistance from abroad and difficulties at home so strongly as to show distinct signs of indecision and wavering in her foreign policy. While Germany and Italy are still marching with certainty toward their respective goals, Japan seems to have been checked, at least for the time being, and has become uncertain of her steps.

The very fact that Japan's diplomacy recently allowed the country to be openly aligned with the two other 'have-not' nations, by the conclusion of the Anti-Comintern Pact with Germany and of the agreement concerning Manchukuo and Ethiopia with Italy, may be taken as proof of how much the country's foreign policy, alarmed by its failures that threatened to bring about complete isolation and unable to stand up against the Army's interference, has lost its bearings. To Germany and Italy these pacts may be neither a great opportunity nor a great risk. But to Japan they mean, as one of the Tokyo newspapers put it, 'the creation of red-hot enemies in order to win lukewarm friends.'

For it must remain doubtful even to the Japanese military themselves whether these actions will ever result in any substantial assistance from Germany and the new Roman Empire. So far there do not seem to be any con-

crete promises in that regard, even though attempts may still be made to secure them. But in the meantime these pacts served to increase foreign suspicion of Japan; to antagonize still further the Soviet Union, China, and to a certain extent even the United States and Britain, all of them countries which Japan came to choose, and finally to fear, as her potential enemies; and thus to create conditions which Tokyo's diplomats, in their half-hearted and restricted way, had long tried to forestall.

Japan's wavering attitude became even more pronounced during the first half of March, 1937, when the cabinet of General Senjuro Hayashi finally succeeded in getting a Foreign Minister in the person of Mr. Naotake Sato, who had just returned from his ambassadorial post in Paris. Faced with a rather embarrassing situation at home and abroad, the new Minister thought fit, in his first speech in the Diet, to strike a note that had not been heard since Japan occupied Manchuria in 1931. He confessed that Japan did not have to fear the outbreak of war unless it was of her own making, denying that any of the country's potential enemies was also a potential aggressor. He put at least half of the blame for Japan's diplomatic failures on the shoulders of preceding Japanese governments. He favored a treatment of equality for China and recommended a waiting

attitude in case the Nanking Government refused to comply with what he called the 'minimum demands' of Japan. He described 'sincerity' on the part of both Japan and the Soviet Union as the condition for the desired improvement in the relations between them, while he defended the German-Japanese pact in a rather lukewarm manner. He finally stated that the causes of British and American anxiety regarding Japan should be examined and allayed.

Yet Mr. Sato realized that he could not promise changes in all these directions but could only talk about views and hopes, and accordingly he framed his speech in abstract terms without giving any concrete plans. But even this abstract statement was sufficient to arouse protest in the Army. There were excited conferences behind closed doors. And a few days later Mr. Sato had to explain away much of what he had said before. He had to urge once more the necessity of plentiful armaments as the indispensable background of successful diplomacy. He had to qualify his statement that war could be avoided if only Japan desired to do so, by saying that Japan 'should not bear everything, whatever the provocation.' And he had to warn the Nanking Government that if China should 'trample international justice underfoot and damage the prestige of Japan' his country would have to take quite another attitude than that of waiting patiently. Inspired press comments followed and suggested the existence of that very disharmony about foreign policy which the Minister of War had just denied in the Diet. The inconsistency of Mr. Sato's statement with the adoption, at the same time, of an almost unbearable record budget for armaments was discussed rather cynically. 'According to Mr. Sato's interpretation, the huge military appropriations would cause a crisis in the

Orient and consequently would not contribute to the maintenance of peace and order in this region.' There was a consensus of opinion among those who know the political situation in their country that there is little hope for the successful establishment of those 'fundamental principles of foreign policy' for which clamor has become ever louder in recent years; even though there remains hope that for some time, at least, Japan's foreign policy may be more moderate.

The new Foreign Minister, however, in one of his contradictory statements, expressed his desire for continuity in the country's diplomacy, and the Premier, when he held concurrently the foreign portfolio, had hinted clearly enough at the 'unchangeable character of Japanese foreign policy,' as usual referring to the country's fundamental aims abroad, which may in fairness be defined as follows: perfection of some kind of merger with China, under Japanese leadership; expulsion of Western powers, especially the neighboring Soviet Union, from positions in the Far East that would enable them to interfere with such a development; and the acquisition from Western owners of such raw-material resources and export markets in the Pacific and elsewhere as Japan feels she needs to back her 'soaring career.' But on the basis of such long-standing, ambitious aims — which are just so many promises to the Japanese nation that pays such a tremendous armament bill — the present hesitating tactics of Japanese foreign policy appear disappointing to the advocates of armed force as well as to those of efficient diplomatic negotiation.

Moreover, the tide of political circumstance has begun to turn against Japan. That imaginary 'national emergency of 1935-1936,' so long heralded by the Japanese military as a justification for their huge armament demands, and so willfully promoted by the prac-

tice of making enemies wherever there was a chance, finally seems to have become a reality. Not that Japan is in any danger of being attacked; but her impatient rise is now being checked, her bluff may be called, her usual political initiative lost to her opponents. A painful diplomatic retreat may soon become the alternative to hazardous military action. It is not easy to be anything but hesitant in the face of such a choice, especially when domestic conditions make the one risk appear as great as the other.

Japan's diplomatic policy toward China has definitely reached a deadlock. It was based entirely on the Japanese theory that a Chinese state in the proper sense of the word never existed and never could exist. 'The Chinese people possess neither the inclination for, nor the conditions indispensably necessary to the formation of, a unitary and united state,' — so the Japanese told the Lytton Commission in 1932, in a semiofficial booklet that was entirely devoted to the proof of this theory, — 'and the rise of a so-called "central government" is only a passing phenomenon and a matter of pure form.' It was from this allegation that Japan deduced her own moral responsibility for leading China to unification in her own way — to a unification without the achievement of which Far Eastern peace, and therefore Japanese progress, could never be permanent. It was on this belief that Japan based all her hopes for a kind of Sino-Japanese merger that would definitely establish her leadership over China. Time has proved this speculation to have been mistaken.

To-day even Japan herself testifies that China, during the last five years, has achieved the impossible; that almost all of China's vast territory has been unified under the Central Government; that further internal consolidation is under way; that there has been

a general and continuous growth in Chinese strength — militarily, spiritually, economically. Japan cannot claim to have assisted that process in a positive way. But, even while she gave the impression of trying to hinder Chiang Kai-shek's work of unification, growing fear of Japan provided the very driving force that for once made China pull herself together.

Japan denied financial assistance to China when it became necessary to stabilize the Chinese currency in preparation for a general financial and economic reform. Yet, to Japan's displeasure, China was successful in her own consequent action and derived much moral encouragement as well as high credit abroad from her courageous action. Japan never used her influence on the semi-independent cliques of Southwest China to urge them to give in to the National Government. She rather regarded expectantly the last struggle between those factions and the Central authorities, and was openly dismayed at the surprising final victory of the latter. Japan kept on demanding coöperation and better understanding from China, but while she made fairly clear all her own immediate conditions and demands, she never deemed it necessary to define what she would do for China in exchange. She kept on asking for the suppression of anti-Japanese feeling, but she missed every chance to cause Chinese feeling to veer round and become friendly or at least neutral toward Japan. She used the assassination of a number of Japanese nationals by Chinese patriots as a pretext for severe diplomatic pressure 'to settle all the issues outstanding between the two countries,' and suffered complete failure in several months of feverish negotiations. She proceeded with her attempts to separate the Northern provinces from the Central Government, and to stir up mercenary Mongolians in the province of

Suiyuan, in order to give Inner Mongolia 'independence,' and was amazed at the fact that Chiang Kai-shek, in preparation of Chinese self-defense, devoted more and more energy to armaments, and got more and more assistance in this work from foreign countries. His troops finally succeeded in routing the Mongolian insurgents, backed though the latter were by Manchukuo and the Japanese Kwantung Army.

'Japan's hopes and aspirations threaten to be defeated by China's unification,' the Japanese press began to say, and when it appeared that the strengthened Central Government would turn its full attention to the Northern provinces whose loyalty survived all Japanese attempts at separation, the Tokyo papers began to threaten: 'We fear that China's unification will be its own misfortune.' But no action was taken, as official circles in Tokyo were undecided what to do.

At the same time, in the fall of last year, certain circles in Japan saw the necessity for a change of tactics vis-à-vis China. The two big parliamentary parties submitted statements to the Premier in which the unheard-of principle of 'live and let live' was recommended as the central idea of future Japanese dealings with China. Far from upholding the time-honored dogma of Japan's being the only stabilizing factor in the Far East, the parties bluntly asserted that Japan and China between them should share the duty of maintaining peace and order in this part of the world. There was no echo from the Japanese Government, but a distinct grumbling emanated from military quarters.

With the stage already set for some kind of decision, and Japan beginning to 'lose face' by the delay of it, Chiang Kai-shek was suddenly captured in Siam by the revolting army of the 'Young Marshal,' Chang Hsueh-liang. Robbed of her powerful leader, China

seemed to revert to chaos. During the two weeks that passed before Chiang Kai-shek was definitely known to be alive and finally set free, and even during the further weeks that it took the Central Government to occupy Siam and quell the rebellion, Japan might have taken decisive action had she still felt as strong as at the time of the 'Manchurian Incident.' She did not. But China's record of calmness and discipline during those exciting weeks, and the success of the Central Government in settling the dangerous uprising peacefully, once more became a proof of China's ever-growing consolidation. Chinese self-confidence grew and made itself felt in a still stronger attitude toward Japan. 'It cannot be denied,' a Japanese newspaper wrote in February, 'that China's attitude toward Japan has changed still more. A year ago the Chinese authorities were saying that the Manchukuo question should not be touched for the time being, and they seemed ready to regard Manchukuo as a *fait accompli*. The same leaders in China are now advocating that the Manchukuo issue be taken up with Japan.'

Meanwhile, Japan's penetration in North China has almost come to a standstill. It looks as though only force, applied on a large scale, could revive Japan's chances there as well as in Inner Mongolia. And even then China may resist by force. Will Japan attempt another military adventure if her diplomacy should fail once more to bring her nearer to her aims, or will she finally give in to China?

II

One's thoughts go back five years, and one sees how little Japan has forgotten the blunder of Shanghai, how little she has yet digested Manchuria. Even now hardly a day passes without a battle being waged in Manchukuo be-

tween the forces of Japan and those of undying Chinese resistance—the 'bandits.' Even if one judges only according to official Japanese announcements, the Sino-Japanese fight in Manchukuo appears to be far from finished, and the Chinese fighting spirit, after five years of battle against heavy odds, appears far from weak. A pamphlet published by the Staff Office of the Kwantung Army last summer gives the number of Chinese fighters left in Manchukuo as thirty thousand, and adds some interesting particulars about them: 'They are scattered all over the country, causing constant destruction of life and property. . . . Manchurian natives have no strong antipathy against the bandits; some even have the psychology of bandits themselves. . . . These number hundreds of times as many as the professional bandits and have long been their recruiting bed. The difficulty is increasing for punitive operations because the native populace sits on the fence and the bandits become more reckless and fierce by dint of their radical thought.'

In the face of such conditions in Manchukuo, after five years of feverish military and economic activities that were backed by all the strength at her command, is it surprising that Japan hesitates about further military commitments in China? And are such territories really valuable enough as a strategic rear in case of war against the Soviet Union so that it would seem necessary to repeat in North China what had been done in Manchuria?

Japanese diplomacy did not prove any more farsighted with regard to the Soviet Union than with China. The second Soviet Five-Year Plan, it is true, was widely propagated in Japan as a justification for greater and greater armaments on her part, and the year of its fulfillment, 1937, was often referred to as that of an impending Russo-Japanese crisis. In spite of

this, however, Japan now seems to be surprised at what this Plan has done for the Soviet Union in general, and for the upbuilding of its Far Eastern territories in particular. Hope that the morale of the Soviet population would break down under the stress of war is not as confident as it used to be.

Japan feels to-day that she not only missed the opportunity for a successful war against the Soviet Union in 1932 and 1933, but also failed to improve diplomatic relations in the meantime. When the two main political parties asked the Japanese Government in the summer of 1936 to reexamine and to decide its foreign policy, the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, a thoroughly nationalistic paper, wrote: 'We feel that Tokyo's attitude when it flatly refused Moscow's proposal for a non-aggression pact, without giving any definite reason, only went to show how unwise Tokyo was.' To this confession—which, until recently, nobody would have dared to make in public—the paper added the suggestion that, after all, the Soviet Union's embarrassing war preparations in the Far East are due to Japan's own armaments and to her diplomatic mistakes: 'Failure in diplomacy will send the friend into the enemy's camp. Is there no indication of our having caused Soviet Russia to look East instead of West, the direction in which she formerly was gazing?'

Ambassador Ohta, who retired from his post in Moscow last summer, even went a step further when he stated in public that, while there was no doubt that the Soviet Union is getting on rather well in all its domestic activities, he was firmly convinced that it did not harbor any aggressive designs against Japan. The military did not like his statement, which ended with a plea for the conclusion of a non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia. But the press eagerly took up these new ideas, and so did the political parties and busi-

ness circles. Yet when the new Prime Minister, General Senjuro Hayashi, was interpellated in the House of Peers on his attitude, February 16 last, he answered dryly: 'The Government has no intention at this moment of concluding a non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union.'

Even the formation of Soviet-Manchukuo-Japanese border commissions, to deal with occasional incidents as well as with the solution of moot points regarding the actual course of certain stretches of the frontier, is still being hindered by Japanese indecision. Soviet pig-iron deliveries to Japan were stopped on account of the Tokyo-Berlin pact, which also prevented, at the last moment, ratification of a fundamental settlement of the long-standing problem of Japanese fisheries in Soviet waters. And Japan to-day complains that her shipping is being hindered in Soviet ports, to which the Moscow Government retorts that it is merely retaliating for the treatment given Soviet boats in Japanese harbors.

Japan is beginning to see that time is working against her in the Soviet Union, still more so than in China, and that a diplomatic *détente* is the only way to prevent an ever more dangerous acceleration of the armaments race. But Japan still dodges a decision.

Ambiguity of will governs Japanese policy toward the Western powers, too. Japan's desire to 'be alone with China' and to prevent that country from playing off Western friends against her; her aspiration to become the predominant naval power in the Pacific; and her ardent wish to acquire raw material resources and export markets from the 'haves' — all those fundamental items of Japan's unchangeable political programme make her leaders regard the United States, Great Britain, and the Western world in general with the eyes of an antagonist.

On the other hand, however, there

is the growing urge to befriend those countries in view of the possibility of war with the Soviet Union. It was probably more than accidental that officials of the Japanese Ministry of Finance recently held a meeting in commemoration of that department's financial achievements during the first Russo-Japanese War, some thirty years ago. American and British financial assistance had been such a decisive factor at that time that it seems as though this aspect of the war must deserve especial attention when Japanese thought is so busy with the possibilities of another one. The Treasury officials know better than anyone else in Japan the economic shortcomings of their country, and they are likely to have warned their diplomatic and military colleagues that, in spite of the great economic progress during the last three decades, Japan even now would have to rely heavily upon the benevolent neutrality if not the more positive assistance of Western countries in case of war against the Soviet Union.

Even if Japan would forget all about her 'fundamental' demands against the Anglo-Saxon powers, she would have nothing to offer them in return for any present or future favors. She cannot or will not give any worth-while guarantees as to her further actions in China, where both the United States and Britain hold such important vested interests, and she cannot and will not give any undertaking for a reduction of her export competition in other markets. That is why the Japanese authorities — diplomatic, military, and financial — try again and again to arrive at some kind of large-scale understanding, especially with Britain; and why, again and again, such conversations turn out to be a mere recitation of Japanese desires, providing a complete blank on the other side of the proposed deal.

It is not surprising, therefore, that

Japanese policy toward the United States and Great Britain has been neither clear-cut nor active recently. In Tokyo, only routine business with Washington and London is being handled, while Japan's 'fundamental' demands against the Anglo-Saxon powers seem to be shelved for the time being — even though the Japanese will miss no chance to remind Washington and London that they exist. Meanwhile China remains the scene of a silent battle between Japan and the Western world, and whatever mistakes Japanese civilian and military diplomacy has made with regard to China have served still more to drive Britain and the United States into the wide-open arms of Nanking.

The huge armament projects of Britain and the United States, which rather dwarf the breath-taking efforts of Japan, do not fail to make a deep impression in Tokyo; so much so that the new Navy Minister, Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, recently described the political situation of Japan at the beginning of the 'treatyless' period as 'extremely grave.' This is one of the reasons why the Navy is rumored to be decidedly on the side of that vast majority of opinion in Japan which heartily dislikes the Japanese pact with Germany.

III

Rising difficulties abroad are not the only encumbrance of Japan's foreign policy. Domestic factors weigh even more heavily upon it. Different from Germany and Italy, Japan is far from being governed by a dictatorship. If foreign observers frequently get the impression that she is, they merely judge from the point of view of an ordinary Japanese citizen who would compare his own political status with that of Americans or Englishmen on the one hand, and that of Germans, Italians, or Russians on the other.

In domestic policy, Japan would seem generally to show all the handicaps and none of the advantages of democratic contest; so that, in the face of the great problems piling up around the country, the cry for the establishment of firm 'national policies' can always be heard from this quarter or that. In spite of her great trials and achievements, Japan has rarely had great personal leaders. Everything seems to work against the rise of outstanding personalities. Certainly she does not seem to have anybody to-day who might be even a potential 'leader' beneath the Imperial Throne, and able either to defy or to consolidate and use the existing undercurrents of a vague fascistic character.

This state of domestic affairs, so deeply rooted in the surviving remnants of Japanese feudalism, may be regarded as a useful safety valve which often prevents rash decisions. But it certainly is a hindrance to the execution of a clear-cut, single-track foreign policy such as the other 'have-nots' are imposing on the world at the moment. In this, also, lies the reason why it is still more difficult to forecast by logical argumentation the actual course of Japanese foreign policy than to predict the decisions of any individual dictatorial mind.

The Japanese economy, which always took its main cue from the desires of the Army and Navy, has more and more been forced into a war economy. It would not be easy for it to be switched back into purely commercial channels unless such action was accompanied by an entirely new deal in foreign as well as domestic policy that would replace the desire for expansion abroad by exclusive concentration on internal reform. Committed to a huge output of armaments to-day, and to ever-growing industrial construction which is to provide for an even larger armament capacity in the future, Japa-

nese economy, therefore, seems to have become a mechanism which automatically works in favor of eventual military action.

Here, too, Japan's growing hesitation is founded on substantial contrasts. The strain caused by the rapid extension of war preparations during the last five years has already grown appallingly. Opinions differ as to the length of time that Japan will be able to stand such an increasing strain; but its limits appear not to be very distant. Inflation may be the consequence of greatly unbalanced budgets, half of which go to the Army and Navy, with a further fifth needed for the service of an ever-increasing national debt. Reserves of gold and foreign exchange have remained distressingly small in spite of the country's tremendous export efforts, which did not even suffice to cover the cost of the increasing imports for direct and indirect armament requirements. For the terms of foreign trade have grown less favorable from year to year. To give some practical examples: during 1936 Japan had to equalize the import of every 100 pounds of foreign raw cotton by the export of 235 square yards of Japanese cotton cloth, as against the 142 yards which covered that bill five years ago, while, in order to pay for a given quantity of imported rubber, Japan had to export in 1936 three and a half times as many rubber tires or almost two and a half times as many rubber shoes and boots as five years before. Similar conditions prevail in every single section of the country's foreign trade.

Agricultural distress and the growing difficulties of the urban lower middle classes cannot be relieved because of the concentration of national forces upon armaments. Even national health suffers from Japan's 'soaring career,' and the Minister of War complained about it some time ago, stating that at present every fifth conscript has to be

rejected because of tuberculosis, while only every fiftieth suffered from this complaint at the beginning of the century, and that altogether forty out of every hundred young men are unfit for various reasons, as against twenty-five a mere ten years ago. The minimum of the stature required for recruits had to be decreased from five feet one inch to four feet ten and one-half inches in order to provide sufficient men for the expected extension of the Army.

Official Japan remains committed to the doubtful thesis that has dominated all her policies from the very beginning of her modernization — that her internal problems can only be solved in connection with her progress in foreign fields, or even after the complete fulfillment of the ambitions of her foreign policy. Yet to the foreign observer it seems that a major economic and social crisis can be averted only by concentration of the nation's energies upon internal reconstruction. An increasing number of Japanese people feel the same way, — as the recent Diet session has shown beyond all doubt, — and even among those who would like to deny such dangers apprehension is steadily growing.

IV

It seems that the peculiar psychology of official Japan rather adds to the difficulties of her foreign policy. The foreign resident of Tokyo, at least, will have the impression that Japanese diplomacy labors under certain psychological handicaps which cannot easily be removed because they are so deeply rooted and so little realized by many Japanese themselves. Possibly the best way to discuss this delicate matter is by suggesting a few of the probable reasons for the Japanese peculiarities in question.

History no doubt plays its rôle. Japan was isolated from the outside

world some three centuries ago, the only foreign intercourse being dealings of haughty and suspicious Japanese feudal lords with Chinese and Dutch traders who, for the sake of modest business, would submit to any humiliation and ridicule. The tradition of diplomacy in the modern sense does not date back any further in Japan than to the days, some eighty years ago, when American men-of-war 'opened' the country to the outside world. The circumstances of this fresh contact, unfortunately, were such that the traditional suspicion and haughtiness with regard to the 'Western barbarians' were considered vindicated and were therefore encouraged rather than alleviated.

At that time diplomatic skill in the narrower sense of adroit management of difficult negotiations was exceedingly well developed in Japan, where it permeated all the private and official relations between members of a highly ceremonious and formalist society which lived in the most complicated feudal state the world has ever known. Decorum and evasiveness as face-saving devices were just as much a matter of course as were the haughtiness, the suspicion, and often the petty trickery hidden behind that 'face.' It was only natural that these 'diplomatic' traditions, fitting though they were for intercourse between feudal people who understood perfectly their every move, would later merge with whatever traditions there were concerning the attitude toward a few isolated foreigners when the necessity for diplomacy on a greater scale arose.

But traditions do not survive unless they are fostered. Japan always tried hard to retain whatever feudal remnants could be kept alive even in a quickly modernizing society. Examples of this tendency, which prevented the rise of modern liberalism in Japan, could easily be cited in every field,

indicating fundamental hindrances to real Japanese progress. The tendency is strongest in the field of education. Its slogan is 'Moral education in a traditional way ranges above intellectual education in the modern way'; its main subject matter is the feudal past; and its aim is the moulding of standardized citizens who will uphold the ideal of an unchanged social structure at home and of glorious expansion abroad.

A narrow outlook on life, suspicion of everything that is alien to traditional Japan, and the cramped attitude of the individual who is discouraged from developing his individuality and his critical faculties — all these are features of Japanese education, so perfected, so intensified by the influences of custom and family, of literature and the press, of the radio and the cinema, that even a long diplomatic training cannot always fully overcome them. The strait jackets of a peculiarly ceremonious, vague, and complicated language and of an involved character script further add to the formation of personalities that must find it difficult indeed to understand any other people.

The higher the education of a Japanese is, — unless it reaches a stage where full intellectual freedom is attained in spite of all the hindrances put up by early training, — the more likely is he to have a kind of mixed inferiority-superiority complex with regard to the world outside Japan. The Japanese masses, in blissful ignorance of Japan's so-called 'debt of gratitude' to China and to the Western world for what it adopted and so cleverly adapted from both of them, will not be bothered by the fact of such inheritance even if they learn about it. (The school readers maintain silence on that point.) But in many a higher-educated Japanese such knowledge tends to collide with the belief so firmly implanted in him that Japan is, and always was, far

superior to any other country in the world. Mostly he will not try to reason out the puzzle, but will repress it among his emotions, whence it often reacts in the most surprising manner.

The ordinary Japanese, with all his lovable traits, does not feel embarrassed by the foreigner and his world. He is frankly interested and slightly amused, but by no means suspicious, envious, or antagonistic, and he keeps up his natural dignity without any difficulty. So does the Japanese who has outgrown his mental prejudices. But those in between always seem to move between the two extremes of good-will propaganda and xenophobia, and often tend to a strange kind of self-deception and self-righteousness. The terms in which these people are accustomed to think of dealings with foreign countries are those of 'sincerity' (which characterizes the attitude of Japan) and 'insincerity' (of which a foreign country will be accused as soon as negotiations prove somewhat difficult); of 'mutual understanding' and 'promotion of the happiness of mankind' (which always is the aim of Japan), and 'unfortunate misunderstanding of Japan's lofty ideals as well as her special position' (which so often seems to be the fate of her partners in negotiation).

Official Japan, it seems, has not as great a capacity for making friends among foreign nations as have its ordinary people. It is more versed in establishing *faits accomplis* than in creating a political atmosphere that will work in the country's favor. But it must be acknowledged that Japan's best diplomats have hardly ever been

allowed a wide enough scope of action by the Army and Navy to show their true worth.

Will Japan's professional diplomats finally obtain their fair chance, now that the anticlimax to the country's recent 'soaring career' has approached? Will they be allowed and will they prove able to establish real peace, instead of one short-lived truce after another, both with China and with the Soviet Union? Will Japan become the first of the 'have-nots' to return in chastened mood to the fold of those nations that work for the maintenance of world peace?

Or will the military services and their sympathizers once more take charge and act, shattering the hopes that are being aroused by the moderate yet weakly founded Hayashi Cabinet? Will there be new trouble, as soon as the snow has disappeared from the barren steppes of Chinese Inner Mongolia, in the province of Suiyuan, where the Japanese Army is so eager to drive in a further wedge between China and the Soviet Union? Will the soldiers try to gain in North China that position of permanent Japanese control which the diplomats have failed to secure for them? Will Japan some time hence, in spite of all dangers, enter upon that war with the Soviet Union which her military still believe is inevitable?

So much seems to be certain: even the leaders of Japan themselves could not yet answer these questions. They are still undecided as to the way that may lead them out of the tight corner in which they find themselves at present, and their inclinations to-day are more in favor of peace than of war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

GRANDFATHER'S SPIDER FARM

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, on a farm on Lancaster Pike, about four miles from Philadelphia, my grandfather began a money-making industry which consisted of raising spiders and furnishing them at so much a hundred to wholesale wine merchants in this country. These merchants would stock their cellars with new, shining, freshly labeled bottles, and in three months, with the help of Grandfather's spiders, see those same bottles veiled with filmy cobwebs. In this way the effect of years of storage was secured.

In those days it was a trifling matter to cover the bins with dust, but cobwebs — that was different! Cobwebs that draped the slender necks of the bottles like delicate lace — that was the seal of slow mellowing and fruition!

Grandfather began to show an interest in spiders when he was nine or ten years old. He discovered a ground spider and was fascinated by the movements of its many legs and the trapdoor it had fashioned for itself. Each day he went to the same spot in the garden and waited for the spider to come out.

As a youth, his interest in spiders developed to a greater degree. He wondered about the silky threads the spiders spun. With growing curiosity he watched them construct ingenious nets for the capture of their prey. He marveled at how the threads served the spiders as safeguards against falling and as a means of support from one elevated object to another. Let a member of the family destroy a spider's web and Grandfather became furious. He would have everyone understand that spiders were his pets. Soon he began to collect and house dozens of them, setting free those that did not spin. The 'dozens' multiplied until Grandfather found himself feeding and caring for hundreds of spiders. That was the beginning of Grandfather's strange, money-making industry.

Grandfather's spider 'farm' grew to such proportions that it occupied several rooms of my great-grandfather's homestead. The walls were covered with wire squares from six inches to a foot across, like the magnified sections of the wire fence used to enclose poultry yards. Behind these wire screens, the walls were covered with rough planking. There were cracks between the walls, and their surfaces were dotted with holes — all for a purpose. Long tables running the length of the rooms held wire frames, wooden boxes, and glass jars.

I was only a child, but I remember well how the wires in the room were covered over by patterns of lace drapery, in the geometrical outlines fashioned by the spider artists, inspired by the mysterious instinct which has made them weave their filmy snares in the same fashion since the world began. When the sunlight streamed through the open door, the room seemed hung with curtains of fine woven lacework. It was like a fairy palace.

Grandfather would rap his stubby pipe against the door and four or five thousand villainous-looking pets, as big as half dollars, would scamper from their retreats in the wall cracks, emerge from their crannies on the table, and cluster against the glass roofing, expecting to be fed.

It was in this room that Grandfather bred his pets. When the infants were big enough to run about, they were transferred to the next room, where they could set up for themselves.

Grandfather's spiders were great cannibals and extremely pugnacious. They ate their children and the children ate each other. The males, smaller and more timid, were devoured by the females even at the time of impregnation. So Grandfather had to get a good price for the spiders that survived their childhood. And he did!

Grandfather's best customer was a gentleman in Hammondstown, New York, who produced large quantities of sparkling wines

and champagne. These he bottled and labeled for the trade. The newness of the bottles and labels, however, made it obvious to careful buyers that the wines were freshly made — obvious until five hundred of Grandfather's spiders 'aged' the bottles within the short period of a few months! From cork to cork delicate webs of antiquity were spun. Corners of the bins were covered with the lacework of Grandfather's pets — all mute evidence of age. You can imagine the effect this had on the buyers.

Wine producers in Egg Harbor, Vineland, and Passaic, New Jersey, resorted to the same method of 'aging' new wines.

Grandfather's spiders were welcome visitors especially in the homes of the *nouveaux riches*. Many private wine cellars were made to look like ancient vaults by the simple process already explained. Overhead beams, demijohns, bottles — all were covered with the interlaced threads spun by the spiders that Grandfather had raised.

To interested friends and relatives Grandfather boasted that raising spiders was a science — not a business. He was very proud of the fact that he knew good spinners when he saw them. He sought out kinds that wove themselves fine large webs of lines and circles. They were selected spiders and grand web spinners. At one time he had about 10,000 spiders, old and young.

His great-uncle in Loire sent him some eggs from France, and what he called a 'queen' spider. This queen spider was housed in a glass dome in a corner of the room. Beneath the dome a web of beautiful pattern stretched across nearly two feet. Grandfather had only to touch one of the meshes and the queen would dance out from her downy nest and run up the vibrating thread to his finger. Grandfather would give her a fly and she would trip back within doors with her booty.

When Grandfather died, the queen made her escape, as did hundreds of other spiders, for no one remained who knew how to care for the pets as Grandfather did. However, until the old home was demolished, spiders continued to spin their webs there — large lacy webs that would have done justice to many a wine bottle.

DRY AS DUST

I HAVE never had to make the irrevocable choice of one book for a desert island and I am reasonably sure I never shall have to; yet if such a contingency should arise I know quite well where my choice would fall: not upon Homer or Vergil; not Dante, Shakespeare, or the Bible; but upon a random volume chosen from the publications of the so-called 'learned societies,' whose infinitely great compendiums of infinitely small knowledge line the shelves of every college library.

In these weighty volumes the disorderly mind and the freedom-loving imagination can find full value of danger and pleasure. This is no place for one who likes his facts neatly wrapped, tagged, and ready for delivery. Let the ordered mind beware! These are the country roads of scholarship: the wheel-worn path that leads to the village dump; the log road zigzagging its way to a high clearing where a solitary spruce stands guardian of the surrounding second growth. These paths are for the wanderers, the vagabonds of the world, those who will journey all day through the hidden valleys and the darkened groves, caring little where night will find them, content alone with the roadside sights and sounds. Only such a person will ever be a learned-journal addict.

There is always some first pleasurable sensation that makes an addict of an otherwise normal person. For me this was a matter of sound, a delight in rich vowels and sonorous words. *The Publications of the Modern Language Association, The Journal of English and Germanic Philology, Speculum, and the Early English Text Society* — I spoke them slowly, savoring each syllable; I spoke them trippingly on the tongue; I chanted them in rhythmic cadence, with more than Gregorian fullness of tone. In a word, I became quite drunk on them. And then, one fatal day, I took the second and final step toward becoming an addict. I opened a volume of the *P. M. L. A.* — volume 31, to be exact — at two o'clock one January afternoon. Four hours later I was still avidly reading and saw no signs of ever getting around to looking up the required reference. But what shoes and ships and sealing wax, what cabbages and kings I had

learned! Where the unicorn first reared his storied head among the roses and the sands of the East, and why such a lordly creature was blessed with only one horn, what Dante ate when he went out to dine, and what Sam Johnson had for breakfast, became matters of everyday knowledge, while the cloud completely cleared from about the knotty problem of Chaucer's father-in-law's stepson and Milton's grandfather's trip to the Orient. I could even give short talks on thirteenth-century plumbing.

From that day my reputation grew. I became a member of the *élite*, the eternally busy students who look up all the suggested references. But alas! I never did learn the inside story of the dating of *Troilus and Criseyde*; I became instead an authority on fourteenth-century food and drink; Milton's debt to Ovid strikes no chord in my memory, but I do know exactly what herbs will cure heart disease, that 'common ailment of the young toward the vernal equinox,' as one twelfth-century physician put it. If the facts of Shakespeare's life escaped me, the color of his eyes and the status of the seventeenth-century bed did not. Instead of becoming an authority along the worthy lines my professors suggested, I became an authority on all the trivia and *débris* of the centuries. I walked along the beach of scholarship, picking up and making mine the orange peels and wave-smoothed glass, the bits of wood and tasseled rope that the tides had floated in from the depths of poetry and legend. A length of battered hemp may be just another piece of rope, and a learned article on 'foures whyte and rede' may be just another footnote to one's *Middle English Reader*. But a piece of rope may have been part of a new hoisted skull and crossbones, or it may have been the one piece of rope that did not hold; and the 'foures whyte and rede' may cast loose all symbolism and become real English daisies in real earth, flowering in a growing garden with a flesh-and-blood Emily.

Where classical legend jostles a minute bit of historical fact and Oriental magic mingles with the fine points of Aristotelianism, you can read for hundreds of pages and never touch the same subject twice, for the turning of every page brings you to a new country and a new century. Stay-at-home souls can spend their afternoons read-

ing one book, knowing that there are 361 pages in the book and that each and every page concerns itself with Milton's family; give me a grab bag where Milton's family may put in an impromptu appearance at any moment and may choose to remain in seclusion for weeks at a time.

What a help in the drawing-room these volumes have proved to be! Genealogy, military history, gardening, or even the weather — no matter where my dinner partner's conversation may lead me, I can still find, tucked away in some corner of my memory, the odd fact or allusion that will fill the gap left by yesterday's rain and tomorrow's snow. When the talk turns to food and drink, as it should often do in all properly civilized families, I assume a look of dreamy superiority and other-worldliness and tell in what proportions Vergil used to mix his drinks of honey and sweet wine; how the Goodman of Paris blended his cinnamon and cloves, and how deeply Chaucer relished his violet and onion salad. It was an experience to dine out in the Middle Ages, as I have known ever since the day I traded an article on the date of Chaucer's birth for a note four pages farther on describing an Italian wedding feast that the poet might have attended, but probably did not. Turn your attention for just a moment to a roast pheasant served with a smoothly blended sauce of parsley, rosemary, white ginger, cloves, and wine. Or consider powdered spices, almonds, and a light Burgundy poured over a well-roasted rabbit. Here surely is a conversational topic of quite equal value to that last little dinner in Paris. 'How strange,' I say, 'that you do not know what they did with cinnamon in the twelfth century!'

'Dry as dust' is the conventional term applied to the scholarship of the learned journals; less complimentary is the term usually applied to those who read them for pleasure. There is, however, no statute against eccentricity even in its most advanced stages, and so to-day, when friends discourse to me on the sterility of scholarship, I reflect to myself how much less fun life and literature would be if I did not know that Chaucer ate violet and onion salad, and that Charlemagne's pet elephant walked all the way from Indo-China for the blossoms from the Emperor's best rose tree.

MY 'NAGEIRE'

ONCE I thought that art, which is too realistic in the Occident and so idealistic in the Orient, emphasized the truth of Kipling's 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' Since earliest times Western art has been realistic and of conventional form, while that of the East has been symbolic of idealism with naturalistic form. For example — flower arrangement in the Western world has insisted upon being rich, colorful, and symmetrical in form. Flowers have been used freely in home decoration — painted on walls and ceilings, woven into carpets and mosaics. Flowers and their natural perfumes are used about the person, the Occidental always surrounding himself with something as nearly like living flowers as possible.

The Orient has done the opposite. Since 660 B. C., or even earlier, Japan has employed the forms of Nature as symbols — a bit of evergreen in a vase, not because of its realistic beauty, but because its character symbolizes some sentimental, spiritual, or idealistic thought. In American flower arrangements an idealistic trend is now employed which is called modern and naturalistic. At the same time in Japan the trend has been toward realism — scenic miniatures — and a colorful bouquet, called the Mori Bana. Once again, it seems, East and West are destined to part company.

Yet the naturalistic ideal of flower arrangement is still part of the Japanese cultural development, even as in my own days in the Flowery Kingdom it was my cultural duty to make a flower arrangement each morning — a 'Nageire,' or 'sketch of Nature' — to please my aged mother.

One day I arranged a wild plum, a very early bloomer (Umme), and I hung as its background a picture which had been painted by the famous Kano Tan yu (1611–1674). Such an old painting was rather faded in appearance, but the spirit of the picture was intensely vivid — a large carp swimming on the surface of the water, swimming slowly, leaving light wave circles and directing himself with his powerful fin. A carp is the symbol of youth, awakening spring; the Umme is the symbol of patience and womanhood in traditional thought in Japan.

This picture expressed noiseless calm, and yet suggested minutely a breath-taking powerful movement. It was a masterpiece, a perfect impression of an early spring scene. My Nageire in front of it added the naturalness of a highly scented white woodland flower that invites the song of birds. Such an ideal harmony of arrangement centralized the whole atmosphere of the room and gave it the simple beauty of Nature. So highly did my mother prize the arrangement that — unexpected honor! — she permitted it to remain two days instead of one.

The great master Sen no Rikyu, she said, had stressed spontaneity in order to be natural in an arrangement. 'One must be guided by the *spirit* of nature — a flash of originality — not merely by rules.' Yes, surely an outburst of pure inspiration is the vital thing to seek. It is priceless, and should be the goal of each of us in every flower arrangement. No other can attain such heights of respect — even one single flower, when it connects our thoughts and heart with some sentiment, person, or event in our lives. The sense of idealism makes it of transcending value, lingering long in memory, while the spirit of the realistic bouquet perishes as its petals and sensuous appeal wither away.

It is interesting to note that shortly after the Nageire was founded by Rikyu (1520–1591) a poet named Matsuo Basho (1644–1694) perfected the simple naturalistic type of poem called Hokku, limited to seventeen syllables. Its spirit exactly paralleled the Nageire, which I like to call a Hokku poem. Yone Noguchi has written: —

'The Hokku Poems are the expression of mood or force of the writer's poetical exertion; and the aim they have is hardly connected with the things or matter actually stated, but casts a light on the poetical position in which the writer stands.'

So, as we in America develop idealism or poetry in our sophisticated flower arrangements, we must strive for naturalism *spiritualized*, art added to nature, awakening the beholder to beauty *beyond nature* — flowers and settings arranged in a Hokku poem of short, swift strokes which lead the thoughts to some hidden beauty or a sentiment unlocking something deep in our hearts.

SHOGO MYAIDA

Steel across the Golden Gate



THE opening of the Golden Gate Bridge on May 28th links San Francisco directly with the relatively undeveloped country to the north, making much-needed room for expansion available at a convenient distance from the business district.

The main span of the Golden Gate Bridge is the longest in the world—4200 feet from pier to pier. This is four-fifths of a mile—700 feet longer than the nearest rival. If the golf phenomenon, Jimmy Thomson, should drive a ball from one of the piers it would drop into the water less than a quarter of the distance across.

Each of the towers is a skyscraper in its own right. Soaring 746 feet above the water, they rank among the ten tallest structures in the world, and the amount of steel in each—22,000 tons—compares favorably with that in an office building of the same height. Each tower holds up a load, resting on its top, of 84,000 tons—equivalent to the weight of two Washington Monuments.

The cables, from which the roadway is

suspended, are three feet in diameter and each is made up of more than 27,000 small steel wires. A total of 80,000 miles of wire was used—enough to encircle the earth at the equator more than three times. Each cable is strong enough to lift the liner Queen Mary, with a good margin of safety.

The construction of the towers and the steel-work that carries the roadway was handled by Bethlehem Steel Company. This is consistent with the history of the Bethlehem steel-construction division—an organization which has been identified with many of the major structures which have been built since the opening of the century. Among these are the locks of the Panama Canal, the George Washington Bridge, the Ambassador Bridge and a host of lesser structures.

Though Bethlehem has the facilities to build structures of the size of the Golden Gate Bridge, no steel construction job, even a modest highway bridge, is too small to be handled with all the efficiency of which this organization is capable.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A SON of Sweden, **Hugo Johanson** (p. 641) picked up his English while he sailed the seven seas. In the *Atlantic* for August 1936 we published his first contribution, 'Bread Line.' A subsequent letter enabled us to fill out our picture of the writer himself: —

I went to sea as a small boy. I came to this country in 1923 to make my fortune, and I succeeded admirably. After three years of rear-ranking in the American Army in the Orient, I became an itinerant laborer. During the next five years I tackled almost every known underpaid, disagreeable task. Of course, sometimes I soared to astonishing altitudes. Once I was a bellhop and a bootlegger, and I have had a short, wistful, not entirely unsuccessful, fling as a pictorial photographer. My life from 1931 on is told in 'Bread Line.' If I do write another short story (probably I'll have to unless I can find a job) I'll submit it to you. If you turn it down, I dare say you'll do it gracefully.

Mr. Johanson did write 'another' short story (which leads this issue), a story whose beauty is the more remarkable when one remembers that it is still difficult for the author to think and write in English.

Count Raoul de Roussy de Sales (p. 652), once — and always — a Parisian, signs himself 'Jacques Fransalès' in the articles he sends back to France as the New York Correspondent of *Paris-soir* and *Paris-midi*.

Knowledgeable, widely read, shrewd in his analyses of men and policies, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 660) reminds us of the pressure which individuals and minorities can bring to bear upon the government of a democracy.

A war correspondent, **Henry Wales** (p. 668) after the Armistice continued to maintain his headquarters in Paris as the chief representative of the *Chicago Tribune*. On May 21, 1927, his duty led him to observe one of the most thrilling events in modern history — an event which must rank with King Edward's abdication in its effect upon the world at large.

Henry Williamson (p. 681) pays his affectionate tribute to an author whose spirit and style set a model for the nature writers of the twentieth century. Richard Jefferies — a name which Englishmen were slow to honor — died on August 14, 1887.

May Lewis (p. 689), who makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic*, is a New York poet with one book, *Red Drumming in the Sun*, to her credit. Here is what she tells us of her present poem: 'Many, many hours of hard work went into the making of "Days at Sea," but as a poem it began on land — sitting in a park before sailing and storing visual impressions of birds and trees — to "last" during the voyage. Then, in mid-ocean, the poem swam up to the surface and I lifted it aboard ship.'

A junior at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, **Edward Weismiller** (p. 690) has already asserted himself in the field of poetry. His first volume of verse, *The Deer Come Down*, was published last October in the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Walter Hard (pp. 691–692) is a Vermonter born and bred. For years he has been a familiar figure in the town of Manchester, superintending until recently the operation of the village drug store, and applying to local needs a wisdom and helpfulness which have now qualified him for a seat in the State Legislature. Several volumes of his poems have already appeared, among them *Sall of Vermont* and *Vermont Vintage*.

A German by birth, **Carl Joachim Friedrich** (p. 693) studied at the universities of Marburg, Frankfurt, Vienna, and Heidelberg. He received his doctorate from Heidelberg in 1925, and the year following answered the call to Harvard, where he now holds a professorship in the Department of Government. His experience and his sympathies have made him increasingly wary of that menace which now threatens Education in so many lands.

'Just who are the American Aristocracy?' asks a housewife who shall be **Anonymous** (p. 702). The fact that she is the mother of an energetic young family and in steady need of help gives point to her argument.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota and a member of the diminishing tribe of essayists, **Glanville Smith** (p. 707) is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship which enables him to explore the islands of his imagination.

Caroline A. Henderson (p. 715) and her husband, Will, are still making a valiant fight to pre-

READY-as America goes forward!

IT IS certainly no news that America has been passing through a depression.

The railroads, like every other business in the land, have had their problems, and plenty of them.

And like every other enterprising American business, the railroads have faced those problems with honesty and patience, with resourcefulness, *most of all with determination to go ahead.*

A vast range and variety of betterments in railroad practice and equipment is the result—such betterments as air-conditioning, for example, which makes a railroad passenger car today the cleanest, quietest, most comfortable way to travel.

Conspicuous also is the notable step-up in passenger schedules, to a point where many limited trains now *average* mile-a-minute speed. And freight transport also has been speeded up—an average of 43%.

But the real story of railroad enterprise is scarcely told by these figures, for it is a story of *speed with safety* unmatched by any other transportation in the world!

In its details it is, perhaps, an undramatic story—of light rails replaced by heavier



ones—of roadbeds improved—of brakes and couplings bettered—of locomotives increased in power—of courageous investment matched by constant thrift in order that service might be maintained and even improved in the face of reduced revenues.

The big fact, however, stands clear: the American railroads today are *ready* as America goes ahead—ready to provide that indispensable reliability combined with adequate means and men to move tremendous tonnage, which a recovering nation demands.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

REPRODUCED BY UNCLAS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COLUMN

serve their farm, which is situated in the centre of the Dust Bowl. In the *Atlantic* for May 1936, we printed a series of letters by Mrs. Henderson describing the odds which she and her few neighbors had to contend with that summer of 1936. The fight still goes on.

Chemist and economist, **Dr. Otto Jellinek** (p. 718) has participated in Germany's endeavor to be self-sufficient. Since 1925 he has been the associate of Dr. Friedrich Bergius, Nobel Prize winner.

Walter Prichard Eaton (p. 723) is Professor of Playwrighting at Yale University and, so one gathers, an admirer of Rudyard Kipling.

Born and educated in Russia, **Gregory Zilboorg** (p. 728) is a graduate of both the Psychoneurological Institute of Petrograd and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. A practising psychiatrist in New York City, he is the author of *The Medical Man and the Witch during the Renaissance* and one of the editors of the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*.

From her present residence in Switzerland, **M. F. K. Fisher** (p. 737) sends this thumbnail sketch of herself:—

I was born in Michigan in 1908 and most of my life I have enjoyed very much. I spent my childhood on a California orange ranch, and then went to two boarding schools, one too strict and the other too lax. The two years between graduation and my marriage to Alfred Young Fisher I spent in accomplishing a difficult but very amusing feat—I went to six universities. As soon as I was married, we came to France, where my husband took a doctorate and I studied at the University of Dijon and went to Beaux Arts. One day I discovered that no self-respecting *restaurateur* will pay much more than a tolerant and patronizing half-attention to a woman's ideas for a good dinner. I knew that long suffering had made them so, but, like everyone else, I felt that I was different. I decided to try to be intelligent about the art of eating.

California supplies **Jo Pagano** (p. 743) with a special blend of Italian-American humor. John Steinbeck, another writer worth watching, finds the ingredients of his delightful fiction in this same sunlight and soil. There's hope in the West.

Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Tokyo, **Guenther Stein** (p. 755) is an observer known for his fair-minded and long view.

Those who are concerned about the threat of Inflation will do well to read in the Financial Column the admirable exposition by **H. B. Elliston**, Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Margaret Dana's article, 'Fear the Facts and Fool the Women,' in the April *Atlantic*, has been so widely discussed that we think it only fair to share with our readers the results of the ensuing controversy. Consumers near and far were prompt to applaud her downright appeal for fair and recognizable identification of fabrics—particularly of rayon. Requests for permission to reprint the article poured in; to date, upwards of 100,000 copies of the article, or extracts from it, have been distributed among trade executives and interested laymen by such organizations as the National Better Business Bureau, Inc., the American Retail Federation, the Fairchild Publications, Inc., and so forth. In addition, the article has been warmly commended by the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, by various consumers' groups, and has been debated at length by the directorates of several large corporations. The campaign is having positive results, as witness the fact that two large department stores in New York City have recently taken definite steps to acquaint the public and their employees with a more complete knowledge of the fibre content of goods offered for sale. From such evidence it appears likely that from now on consumers will know better whether they are buying silk—or its substitutes.

Never were two camps of opinion more clearly defined than those which vociferate to-day on the subject of Labor. The *Atlantic* attempted to present both points of view in the April issue, and in so doing aroused the cheers and the cross fire that were to be expected. By word of mouth and by letters, lawyers and business men have endorsed the 'fairness' of George E. Sokolsky's article, 'The Law and Labor.' A lawyer of national prominence in the Middle West pronounced his argument 'irrefragable.' 'Among the helpful things in the *Atlantic*,' writes J. Horace McFarland of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 'are the writings of George E. Sokolsky. The recent discussion on law and labor has been . . . completely informative. . . .'

Meanwhile from a skilled laborer, Gene Richard, author of 'On the Assembly Line' in the April issue, there comes this statement taking issue with Mr. Sokolsky's premise:—

Dear Atlantic,—

Mr. Sokolsky summarizes the labor situation dealing with the facts he has come to know, and attempts to create the impression that he is coldly neutral. It would be unethical for me to say that I do not think that Sokolsky speaks from the standpoint of 'what is good for society as a whole.' His whole text is based on technicalities, to the extent that his outlook seems to me divorced from the field of human relations. As a member of society who gains his livelihood from labor, I form my conclusions quite withdrawn from the conditions which bear influence on such people as Sokolsky. I am an 'underdog' at the mercy of the industrial policies of the country. I sell my body and time to the task of doing a small operation on the



Photograph of a typical aluminum alloy, through a microscope to produce a magnification of 500 times.

NEW METALS MADE TO ORDER

Useful Alloys of Aluminum Do Not Just Happen

SOMEWHERE in the literature describing nearly any new product you will find the statement "made of new alloy." More and more frequently you find the words "of aluminum" finishing up the phrase.

The word *alloy* has become an industrial commonplace, yet the very fact of alloys is one of the significant things in modern industry.

For industry can progress only as its materials improve. The metals, including aluminum, are among industry's important materials. And alloys are simply

metals built to industry's own specifications.

An alloy begins with a metal having certain dominant natural characteristics; additional qualities are developed by deliberate combination with other metals. The result is virtually a new metal, with certain properties greatly improved and with new kinds of usefulness.

The natural characteristics of aluminum are lightness, resistance to corrosion, and excellent heat conductivity. When there is a need in industry for these intrinsic advantages, coupled with a new set of physical properties, such as greater strength or hardness, research is called upon to develop a new alloy.

The specifications demanded become a definite problem for attack in the laboratory by metallurgists and other scientists who are grounded in the theory and the history of alloy development.

After they have determined the best

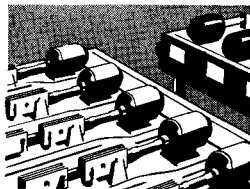
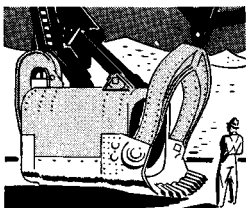
metals, and the amounts of each which need to be combined with aluminum to meet the specifications, the alloy is put through thousands of tests to determine whether the desired qualities have been achieved, and particularly whether the results are uniformly dependable.

The experts in manufacturing have their innings, too. Can the alloy be cast or worked as intended? How does it machine? What of welding? How about surface finish? And finally, what of the cost? Can the alloy be made at a cost which will enable industry to use it with true economy?

It takes men to make an alloy — many men. It takes extensive (and expensive) equipment. And it takes time.

Research has already developed many different alloys of aluminum, each with its own special combination of useful characteristics. How many more will be needed by industry, only time can tell. Some we are searching for at this writing, and what we are learning in such study will be helpful in meeting the even stiffer specifications which industry most certainly will be laying down tomorrow.

This is one of the ways we are accepting our responsibility to industry and to the general public; one of the ways in which we are trying to better our own business and our profits by making aluminum an increasingly useful metal.



The COLUMN

rod which goes into the — motor. Honestly, my ideas will be influenced by this. There are a majority of people just like me.

If the labor situation is to be considered in relation to the law, then why not first establish a premise which will enable us to consider the law in a deeper light than its pure technicality? Laws are made after a material situation dictates the need for them. If Mr. Sokolsky accepts this, then I will remind him that a new situation has arisen. Property laws have been violated on a wholesale scale, but not without reason. A country so rooted in a tradition of fair-mindedness as is ours does not expect any part of it to turn to lawlessness without cause.

Sokolsky would infer that the new type of union is first contesting the old for its dual unionism and then setting up another dual union. It is interesting to note here that the new union does not have within itself the weakening structures of dual unionism. The new union proved to labor that it was equipped to put up the kind of fight that labor was crying for. Labor, as a mass, does not think clearly. Labor will follow a policy when it sees in that policy a gain, whether or not it is thinking and able to justify that policy. We were becoming so confused by all this political and economic oratory that we were fertile ground for such a seed, and in our desperation we have welcomed the new method. I am not one to advocate lawlessness. As a functioning part of the 'conveyor line,' my substance calls out for action. Like other units of the laboring masses, I will respect an honest effort to fight my case. When the law endeavors to adjust itself, I am asking that I do not remain the 'forgotten man.'

GENE RICHARD
Flint, Michigan

And, in lighter vein, 'The Housewife and the Assembly Line.'

Dear Atlantic, —

As I awake, I am disturbed by the thought that the day is only beginning; there is no escape, I must carry on! I have a comfortable home, but here I must ever work, consequently it has lost all beauty. As the conveyor belt brings dishes to wash, food to prepare, and other tasks, I am gripped by a terrifying sensation. A silence settles over me like an enveloping cloud, and I listen, gratefully, for the *pssfft* of the oil burner, unconsciously realizing the temperature has struck seventy. Gradually I grow accustomed to the stillness, and settle down to the regular routine.

I am now doing two people's work, but I have to be very careful not to be too efficient or they may think a maid unnecessary. As it is, I can play no golf, and how I long for the open spaces! I was raised in the West when it was younger, too, and mingled with trees that really did their stuff. Now my big adventure is to discover that the cutworm has felled my zinnias.

My friends complain of this same unbearable existence and I find that the routine breaks down all reserve. They laugh and talk, though sometimes telling things better left unsaid in their desire to escape monotony.

Lack of exercise causes us to gain weight. Some are just plain fat, others fat in bunches. A few think beer is responsible for their inability to see the ball when within hitting distance, but the majority are sure that glands, not overindulgence, are the cause. Though halitosis is not prevalent, I occasionally encounter it. I can't say this is directly attributable to the assembly line; it might be a sluggish liver.

There are days when my mind simply will not behave. In imagination, I argue with politicians or fight a tradesman who has bested me. Most of the time, though, I exist in a state of peace and contentment, doing what I can for the happiness of those around me, a sure sign that I am going crazy.

Night comes. Oh, blessed darkness that brings my family back to eat and sleep and to disturb the stillness of the house and make it home!

MABEL LYNN FRY
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Albert Jay Nock's portrait of Haiti in the May Atlantic brings forth this response from another admirer of 'the Bright Isle.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Albert Nock has caught with his usual skill the charm of Haiti, which I visited just after he did, and he does not exaggerate its marvelous beauty. I confess that I found myself wondering whether we ought to wish the island to change in any respect; whether better clothing, modern houses with plumbing, good mattresses, radios, movies, automobiles, and better roads would really make the Haitians any happier. They are safe in their natural state and they have what is necessary for the simplest kind of existence, and one of the loveliest countries on earth. They are free from all industrial problems — no sit-down strikes, no WPA, no Federal projects on the landscape, no C.I.O., but just the joy of living close to a bit of soil which is their own and cannot be taken away from them. I only regretted that they were utterly destitute of music. The Voodoo drum is their only instrument, and the Voodoo dances their only dissipation. Ought the island to be spoiled so that the people may wear soft shirts, buy canned goods and Irish potatoes, and read a sensational and misleading press? I lean much more toward Mr. Nock's point of view than I thought possible before I went to the Bright Isle.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
New York City

A lotus-eater who disagrees.

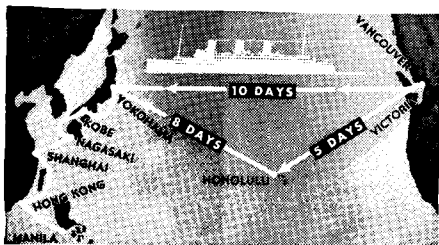
Dear Atlantic, —

Many a time I've wondered why we who live in the tropics should writhe, inarticulate, while the casual tourist, like a hummingbird darting from flower to flower, only rather less picturesque, takes a fleeting look at us and returns home, smugly and publicly congratulating himself that his life is lived in more civilized parts. No. We have had too many of Mr. Nock's kind lately, pricking our not too delicate sensibilities with outlandish statements and misleading half-truths. The tropical worm must turn.

In the first place, and gently, may we suggest that Mr. Nock, by his own account, is unfitted for the rôle of chronicler? How else could he remain on the steamer's sweltering deck when he might more profitably have been sweltering ashore, even in

TO THE ORIENT

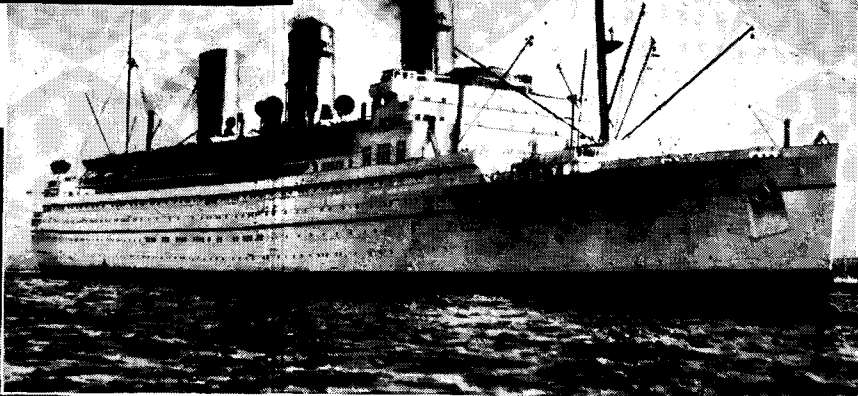
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An outrigger shoots the surf at Waikiki

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The COLUMN

dusty, God-forsaken Guanta? Touring from the deck of a steamer has much to recommend it in the tropics, but it does not provide one with the 'something to write home about' that most of us, even the non-journalists, are seeking. I am reminded of the twelve American tourists who were on board a freighter that came to this estate a fortnight ago to load sugar. Not one of them was interested enough, or curious enough, to set foot ashore, although a walk of three minutes, in the pleasantly cool late afternoon, would bring them to our compound of several hundred Javanese, Hindus, and blacks, where, to borrow Mr. Nock's phrase, they could see 'how the other half lives.'

Do not, I beg you, having read 'A Letter from the Tropics,' in the April issue, picture us all as anæmic, irritable vegetarians. In my seven years just north of the equator I have never met a single one, though I'll not deny that here, as elsewhere, we have both anæmia and irritability. In our establishment, meals of the same size and heartiness as one would eat in North America are consumed with good appetite, for by lunch time we have a full morning's active work behind us, with the promise of more in the afternoon. Tea we follow with tennis, which may or may not be strenuous, depending on the available opponents, not on the temperature. Never, never have I felt 'too lazy to lift a hand.' It is possible that change of climate, as well as idleness, is responsible for the falling-off of Mr. Nock's appetite. Everyone has had a similar experience in the tropical sunsets that many parts of the United States enjoy. But for us who live here a splendid steak, roast young duckling, or mixed grill holds just as much pleasure as if we ate it in New York in January. Nor can you picture us as waddling about in overweight abandon, though our Dutch neighbors certainly do incline to *avoiropois*, here as in Holland. Speaking personally, our twosome is under, rather than over, average. One of us is in magnificent physical condition; the other, your humble correspondent, in definitely better health than when living in the temperate zone.

Mr. Nock (after how much experience of it?) grandly dismissed a vast region 'below Haiti' as unfit for human habitation — on his part, at least. One wonders what he demands of a place to live in. Is it night clubs, a daily yellow journal, hordes of people, reeking traffic jams, streets hemmed in by skyscrapers or slums, huge factories belching smoke, a tempo of living that is increasing insanity at an alarming rate? Then assuredly the tropics would not appeal to him. On the other side of the picture, however, there is a growing number of Americans who desire to eschew such a life and who, discovering our amenities, have written so many articles that the periodicals are salted with this 'literature of escape.' They do not exaggerate. If anything, they fail to enumerate many points of which, being newly arrived, they may not be aware.

I quite realize that philosophy is Mr. Nock's theme and have no quarrel with him there; but as he is a seeker for truth, let him try to present the truth.

RUTH SHIELDS MAC NIVEN
Plantation Alliance, Dutch Guiana

We reprint with a chuckle a letter addressed to Mrs. Della T. Lutes, whose 'Sunday Night Supper' appeared in the *Atlantic* for April.

My dear Mrs. Lutes:

Your report of the Sunday night supper is so vivid, carries me back fifty years so completely, that it was hard for me not to begin this letter with 'Dear Delly.'

Eheu, fugaces! I can see that table, with the cider and cookies, the cake stand with the high post. Those beans, with a comforting chunk of pork on top, skin-side up, scored and browned. Devil's Food, Angel's Food, White Mountain cake. I can hear your father talking about people traipsin' and gad-din' around. And I'll warrant he could harness and hitch up without a lantern — as I still can in a barn I know.

Ham smoked with hickory or — better still, in my opinion — corncobs. Pulling taffy! (Is it still done?) Singing around the parlor organ: gospel hymns. 'Upidee . . . ' *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

There was a Delly in my neighborhood, too. She started down cellar with a pitcher one day to get some cider, slipped and fell most of the way. Her old mother ran to the head of the stairs and called down: —

'Delly, did you break the pitcher?'

This, as I have written, was fifty years ago, and women were not supposed to swear, but Delly said, 'No, you — old fool, but I will!' and thereupon smashed the pitcher on the hard earthen floor of the cellar.

Thank you for the supper.

S. MILES BOUTON
Ashville, New York

'The item of depreciation.'

Dear Atlantic, —

If Mr. Clifford B. Reeves had figured correctly in his article in the April *Atlantic*, he would have shown home ownership even more of a gamble than he did make it out to be.

Mr. Reeves neglected to take into consideration the item of depreciation. (Tsk, tsk, and him a banker too!) Oddly enough, an old house is not worth as much as a new one, and if you pay \$16,000 for a building over a period of twenty years, you will not have a \$16,000 domicile when you own all of it, but only an \$8000 house. So, if you wish to do a proper job of accounting, you must add each year to the other expenses of home owning enough money to set up a sinking fund which will retire your original outlay over a period of forty years — that time is usually considered the life of a house.

Naturally, with this addition, Mr. Reeves's estimate of an 11 per cent return to the landlord is entirely too optimistic, and landlords know it!

I am in the mortgage business, and during the last eighteen years I have assisted at the financing of several thousands of new structures, and have been asked to assist at the financing of several tens of thousands additional. In not one of these cases has anybody suggested erecting a one-family house for the purpose of leasing it to a tenant and sitting back to enjoy his return — 11 per cent or otherwise. There were plenty of other cockeyed schemes, but none as cuckoo as that!